THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192, No. 36. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

...ed Weekly
Fo... by Benj. Franklin

MAR. 6, 1920

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Beginning: The Book of Susan—By Lee Wilson Dodd

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At right, Ketchum Hotel, Tulsa, Okla. Archt: Geo. Winkler, Tulsa, Okla. General Cont.: Van Horn & Brickner, Tulsa, Okla. Roof. Cont.: Builders' Supply Co., Tulsa, Okla.

Below "Mid-Co" Bldg. (Mid Continent Oil & Gas Co.), Tulsa, Okla. Archt: Schumacher & Atkinson, Tulsa, Okla. Gen. Cont.: Hoffman Bros., Kansas City. Roof. Cont.: Builders' Supply Co., Tulsa, Okla.

Below S. H. Kress Building covered with a Barrett 20-Year Specification Roof. Roof Cont.: Tulsa Roofing Co., Tulsa, Okla.

At left, Kennedy Building, Tulsa, Okla. Architect and Gen. Cont.: A. W. Black & Son, St. Louis. Roof. Cont.: Builders' Supply Co., Tulsa, Okla.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
E. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1920 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 36

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

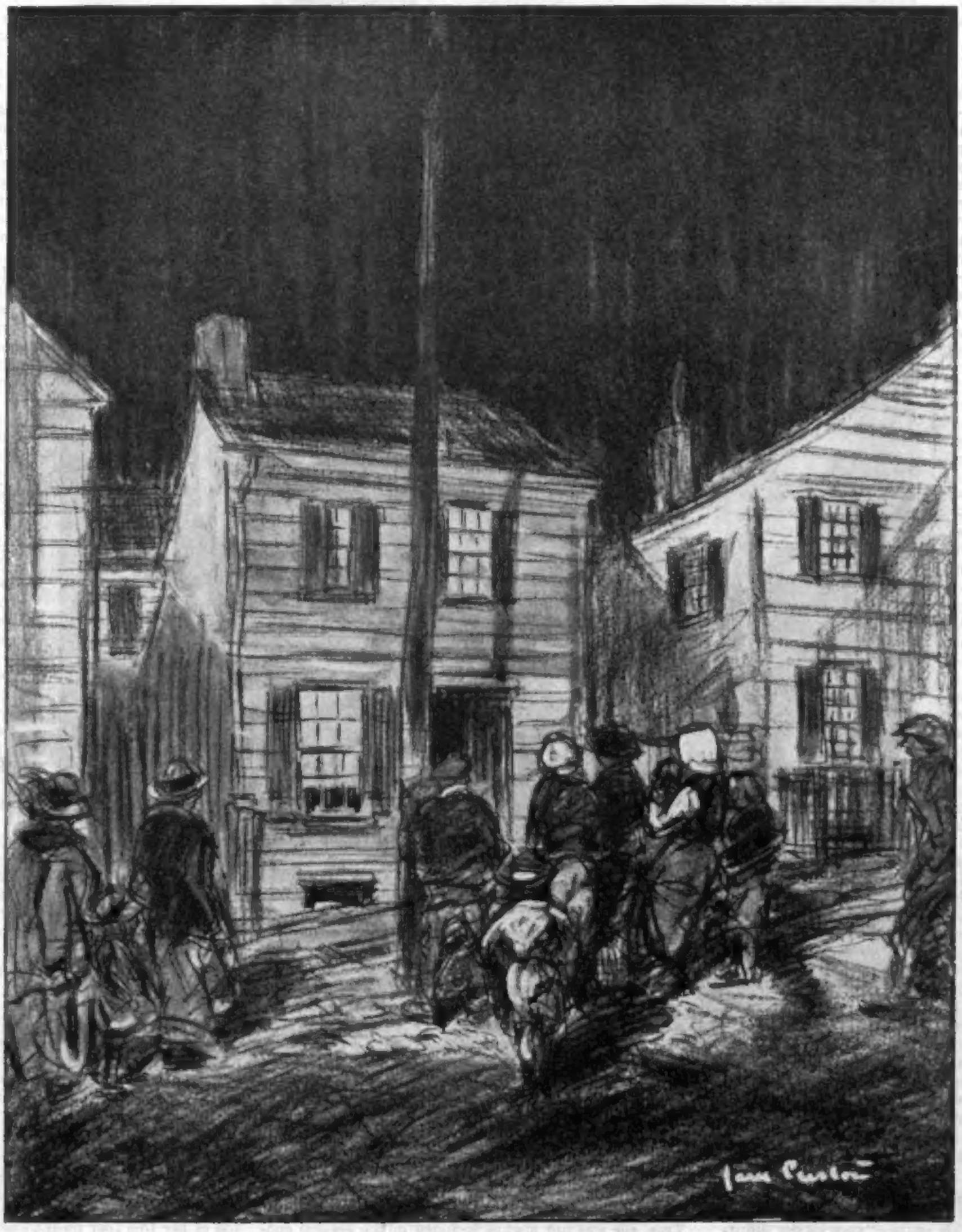
By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT HAPPENS that I twice saw Susan's mother, one of those soiled rags of humanity used by careless husbands for wiping their boots; but Susan does not remember her. John Stuart Mill studied Greek at three, and there is a Russian author who recalls being weaned as the first of his many bitter experiences. Either Susan's mental life did not waken so early or the record has faded. She remembers only the consolate husband, her father; remembers him only too well. The backs of his square, angry-looking hands were covered with an unpleasant growth of reddish bristles; his nostrils were hairy, too, and seemed formed by Nature solely for the purpose of snorting with wrath. It must not be held against Susan that she never loved her father; he was not created to inspire the softer emotions. Nor am I altogether certain just why he was created at all.

Nevertheless, Robert Blake was in his soberer hours—say, from Tuesdays to Fridays—an expert mechanic, thoroughly conversant with the interior lack of economy of most makes of automobiles. He had charge of the repair department of the Eureka Garage, New Haven, where my not-too-robust touring car of those primitive days spent, during the spring of 1907, many weeks of interesting and expensive invalidism. I forget how many major operations it underwent.

It was not at the Eureka Garage, however, that I first met Bob Blake. Nine years before I there found him again I had defended him in court—as it happened, successfully—on a charge of assault with intent to kill. That was almost my first case, and not far—thank heaven—from my last. Bob's defense, I remember, was assigned to me by a judge who had once borrowed fifty dollars from my father, which he never repaid; at least, not in cash. There are more convenient methods. True, my father was no longer living at the time I was appointed to defend Bob; but that is a detail.



Susan's Intuitions Had Been Correct. It Was the House With the Crowd in Front of It

Susan was then four years old. I can't say I recall her, if I even laid eyes on her. But Mrs. Bob appeared as a witness, at my request—it was all but her final appearance, poor woman; she died of an embolism within a week—and I remember she told the court that a kinder husband and father than Bob had never existed. I remember, too, that the court pursed its lips and the gentlemen of the jury grinned approvingly, for Mrs. Bob could not easily conceal something very like the remains of a purple eye, which she attributed to hearing a suspicious noise one night down cellar, a sort of squeaking noise, and to falling over the cat on her tour of investigation—with various circumstantial minutiæ of no present importance.

The important thing is that Bob went scot-free and was as nearly grateful as his temperament permitted. His assault—with an umbrella stand—had been upon a fellow reveler of no proved worth to the community, and perhaps this may have influenced the jury's unexpected verdict.

Of Susan herself my first impression was gained at the Eureka Garage. Bob Blake just then was lying beneath my car, near which I hovered listening to his voluble but stereotyped profanity. He had lost the nut from a bolt, and, unduly constricted, sought it vainly, while his tongue followed the line of least resistance.

I was marveling at the energy of his wrath and the poverty of his imagination when I became aware of a small being in plaid calico beside me. She had eager black eyes—terrier's eyes—in a white whimsical little face. One very long and very thin black pigtail dangled over her left shoulder and down across her flat chest to her waist, where it was tied with a shoe string and ended lankly, without even the semblance of a curl. In her right hand she bore a full dinner pail, and with her left thumb she pointed toward the surging darkness beneath my car.

"Say, mister, please," said the small being, "if I was to put this down would you mind telling him his dinner's come?"

"Not a bit," I responded. "Are you Bob's youngster?"

"I'm Susan Blake," she answered; and very softly placed the dinner pail on the step of the car.

"Why don't you wait and see your father?" I suggested. "He'll come up for air in a minute."

"That's why I'm going now," said Susan.

Whereupon she gave a single half skip—the very ghost of a skip—then walked demurely from me and out through the great door.

II

BOB BLAKE in those days lived in a somewhat dilapidated four-room house, off toward the wrong end of Birch Street. His family arrangements were peculiar. He had never married again; but not very long after his wife's death a dull-eyed, rather mussy young woman with a fondness for rouge pots had taken up her abode with him—to the scandal and fascination of the neighborhood. It was an outrage of course! With a child in the house too! Something ought to be done about it!

Yet oddly enough nothing that much worried Bob ever was done about it, reckoning the various shocked-and-grieved forms of conversation as nothing. As he never tired of asserting, Bob didn't give a damn for the cackle of a lot of hens. He guessed he knew his way about; and so did Pearl. Let the damned hens cackle their heads off; he was satisfied!

And so eventually, I am forced to believe, were the hens. In the earlier days of the scandal there was much clitter-clatter of having the law on him, serving papers and the like; but, as hen cackle sometimes will, it came to precisely naught. Nor am I certain that, as the years passed, the neighborhood did not grow a little proud of its one crimson patch of wickedness; while I am perfectly sure that more than one drab life took on a little borrowed flush of excitement from its proximity.

Of course no decent, God-fearing woman would ever greet either Bob or Pearl; but every time one passed one of them without a nod or a "How's things to-day?" it gave one something to talk about at home or over any amicable fence.

As for the men, they too were forbidden to speak; but men, most of them, are unruly creatures if at large. You can't trust them safely five minutes beyond the sound of your voice. There was even one man, old Heinze, proprietor of the Birch Street grocery store, who now and then cautiously put forth a revolutionary sentiment:

"Dey lifs alvays togedder—lige man unt vife—nod? Vere iss der diffurunz, Mrs. Shay?"

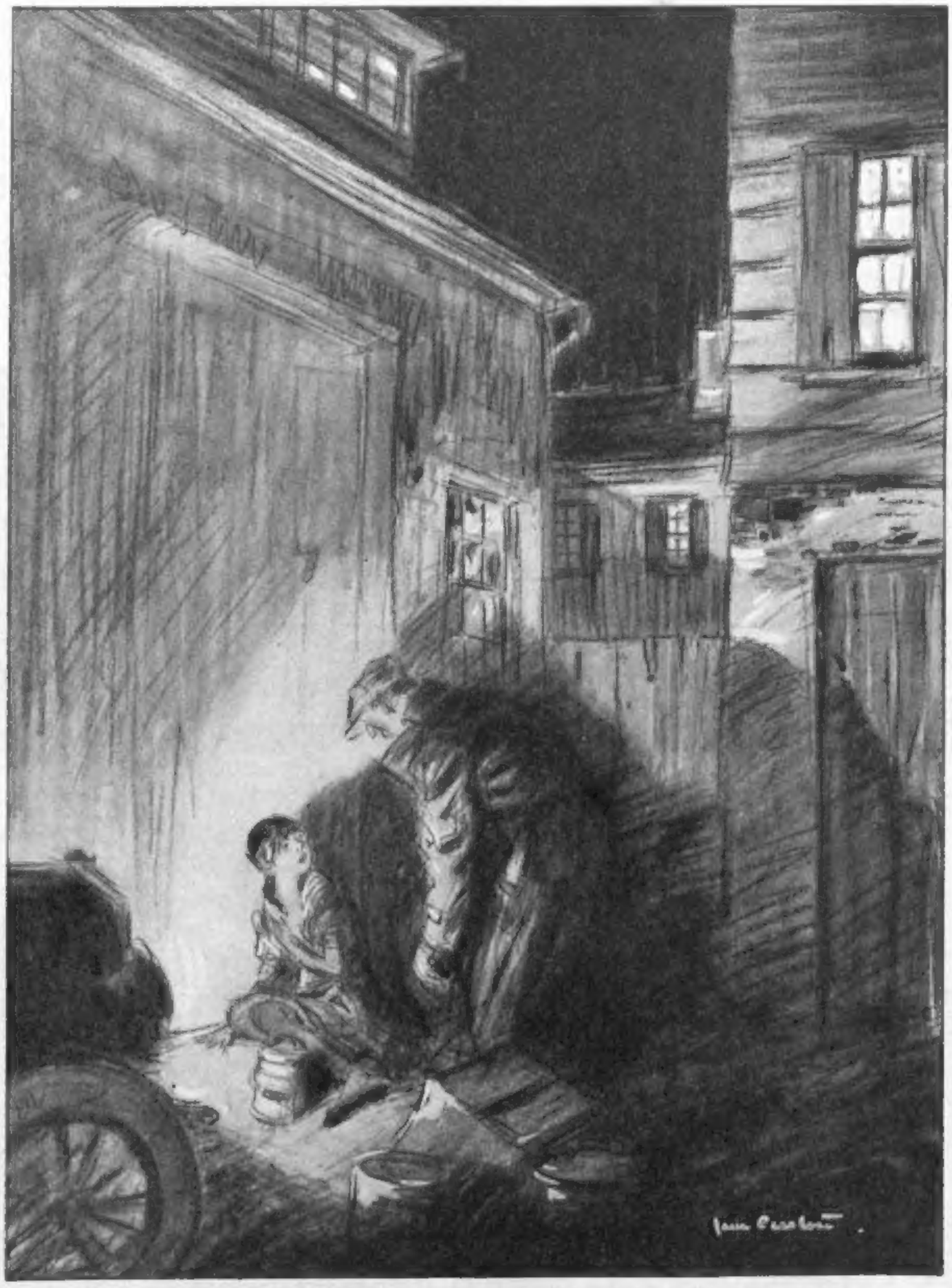
"Shame on you for them words, Mr. Heinze!"

"*Aber*"—with a slow, wide smile—"vere iss der diffurunz, Mrs. Shay? I leaf id to you."

That Pearl and Bob lived always together cannot be denied, and perhaps they also lived as some men and their lawful wives are accustomed to live—off toward the wrong end of city streets; and occasionally, no doubt, toward the right end of them as well. Midweek things wore along dully enough, but over Sunday came drink and ructions. Susan says she has never been able to understand why Sunday happens to be called a day of rest. The day of arrest, she was once guilty of naming it. Bob's neighbors, I fear, were not half so scandalized by his week-end drunkenness as by what Mrs. Perkins invariably called his "brazen immorality." Intoxication was not a rare vice in that miscellaneous block or two of factory operatives. Nor can it be said that immorality, in the sense of Mrs. Perkins, was so much rare as it was nervously concealed. The unique quality of Bob's sin lay in its brazen element; that was what stamped him peculiarly as a social outlaw.

Bob accepted this position, if sober, with a grim disregard. He had a bitter, lowering nature at best, and when not profane was taciturn. As for Pearl, social outlawry may be said to have been her native element. She had a hazy mind in a lazy body, and liked better than most things just to sit in a rocking-chair and polish her finger nails, as distinguished from cleaning them. Only the guiltless member of this family group really suffered from its low social estate, but she suffered acutely. Little Susan could not abide being a social outlaw.

True, she was not always included in the general condemnation of her family by the grown-ups; but the children were ruthless. They pointed fingers, and there was much conscious giggling behind her back; while some of the daintier little girls—the very little girls whom Susan particularly longed to chum with—had been forbidden to play with "that child," and were not at all averse to telling her so, flatly, with tiny chins in air and a devastating expression of rectitude on their smug little faces. At such times Susan would fight back impending cataracts, stick her own freckled nose toward the firmament, and even, I regret to say, if persistently harassed, thrust forth a rigid pink tongue. This, Susan has since informed me, is the embryonic state of "swearing like anything."



"I'm Not So Awfully Bad," She Went on, "if You Don't Count Thinking Things Too Much"

The little boys, on the whole, were better. They often said cruel things, but Susan felt that they said them in a quite different spirit from their instinctively snobbish and Grundyish sisters—said them merely by way of bravado or just for the fun of seeing whether or not she would cry. And then they often let her join in their games, and on those happy occasions treated her quite as an equal, with an impartial and, to Susan, entirely blissful roughness. Susan early decided that she liked boys much better than girls.

There was, for example, Jimmy Kane, whose widowed mother took in washing, and so never had any time to clean up her huddled flat, over Heinze's grocery store, or her family of four—two boys and two girls. No one ever saw skin, as in itself it really is, on the faces of Mrs. Kane's children, and Jimmy was always, if comparison be possible, the grimiest of the brood. For some reason Jimmy always had a perpetual slight cold, and his funny flat button of a nose wept, summer and winter alike, though never into an unnecessary handkerchief. His coat sleeve served, even if its ministrations did not add to the tidiness of his countenance.

Susan often wished she might scrub him, just to see what he really looked like; for she idolized Jimmy. Not that Jimmy had ever paid any special attention to her, except on one occasion. It was merely that he accepted her as part of the human scheme of things, which in itself would almost have been enough to win Susan's affectionate admiration. But one day, as I have hinted, he became the god of her idolatry.

The incident is not precisely idyllic. A certain Joe—Giuseppe Gonfarone; *ætat.* 16—whose father peddled fruit and vegetables, had recently come into the neighborhood; a black-curled, brown-eyed little devil, already far too wise in the manifold unseemliness of this sad old planet. Joe was strong, stocky, aggressive, and soon posed as something of a bully among the younger boys along Birch Street.

Within less than a month he had infected the minds of many with a new and rich vocabulary of oaths and smutty words. Joe was not of the unconsciously foul-mouthed; he relished his depravity.

It was one fine spring day, two years or so before I met Susan in the Eureka Garage, that Joe, with a group of Birch Street boys, was playing marbles for keeps, just at the bottom of the long incline which carries Birch Street down to the swamp land and general dump at the base of East Rock. Susan was returning home from Orange Street after bearing her father his full dinner pail, and as she came up to the boys she halted on one foot, using the toe of her free foot meanwhile to scratch mosquito bites upward along her supporting shin.

"H'lo, Susan!" called Jimmy Kane, with his perfunctory good nature. "What's bitin' you?"

Then it was his turn to knuckle-down. Susan, still balanced cranelike, watched him eager-eyed, and was so delighted when he knocked a fine fat reeler of Joe's out of the ring, jumping up with a yell of triumph to pocket it, that she too gave a shrill cheer: "Oh, goody! I knew you'd win!".

The note of ecstasy in her tone infuriated Joe. "Say!" he shrieked. "You getta hell outta here!"

Susan's smile vanished; her white, even teeth—she had all her front ones, she tells me; she was ten—clicked audibly together.

"It's no business of yours!" she retorted.

"You're right, it ain't!" This from Jimmy, still in high good humor. "You stay here if you want. You're as good as him!"

"Who's as good as me?"

"She is!"

"Her?" Joe's lips curled back. He turned to the other boys, who had all scrambled to their feet by this time and instinctively scenting mischief were standing in a sort of ring. "He says she's good as me!"

Two of the smallest boys tittered from pure excitement. Susan's nose went up.

"I'm better. I'm not a dago!"

Joe leaped toward Susan and thrust his dense, bull-like head forward, till his eyes were glaring into hers.

"Mebbe I live lika you—eh? Mebbe I live," cried Joe, "with a dirty ——"

There was a gasp from the encircling boys as Susan fell back from this word, which she did not wholly comprehend, but whose vileness she felt somehow in her very flesh. Joe, baring gorilla teeth, burst into coarse jubilation.

It was just at this point that Jimmy Kane, younger than Joe by two years, and far slighter, jumped on the little ruffian—alas, from behind!—and dealt him as powerful a blow on the head as he could compass; a blow whose effectiveness, I reluctantly admit, was enhanced by the half brick with which Jimmy had first of all prudently provided himself. Joe Gonfarone went to earth, inert, but bleeding profusely.

There was a scuttling of frightened feet in every direction. Susan herself did not stop running until she reached the very top of the Birch Street incline. Then she looked back, her eyes lambent, her heart throbbing, not alone from the rapid ascent. Yes, there was Jimmy—her Jimmy kneeling in the dust by the still prostrate Joe. Susan could not hear him, but she knew somehow from his attitude that he was scared to death, and that he was asking Joe if he was hurt much. She agonized with her champion, feeling none the less proud of him, and she waited for him, hoping to thank him, longing to kiss his hands.

But Jimmy, when he did pass her, went by without a glance, at top speed. He was bound for a doctor. So Susan never really managed to thank Jimmy at all. She merely idolized him in secret, a process which proved, however, fairly heart-warming and, in the main, satisfactory.

It took three stitches to mend Joe's head—a fact famous in the junior annals of Birch Street for some years—and soon after he appeared, somewhat broken in spirit, in the street again, his parents moved him, Margharita and the sloe-eyed twins to Bridgeport—very much, be it admitted, to the relief of Jimmy Kane, who had lived for three weeks nursing a lonely fear of dark reprisals.

III

THERE was one thing about Bob Blake's four-room house—it exactly fitted his family. The floor plan was simple and economically efficient. Between the monolithic door slab—relic of a time when Bob's house had been frankly in the country—and the public street lay a walk formed of a single plank supported on chance-set bricks. From the door slab one stepped through the front doorway directly into the parlor. Beyond the parlor lay the kitchen, from which one could pass out through a narrow door to a patch of weed-grown back yard. A ladderlike stair led up from one side of the kitchen, opposite to the single window and the small coal range. At the top of the stair was a slit of unlighted hallway with a door near either end of it. The door toward Birch Street gave upon the bedroom occupied by Bob and Pearl; the rearward door led to Susan's sternly ascetic cubiculum. No one of these four rooms could be described as spacious, but the parlor and Bob's bedroom may have been twelve by fifteen or thereabout. Susan's quarters were a scant ten by ten.

The solider and more useful pieces of furniture in the house belonged to the régime of Susan's mother—the great black-walnut bed which almost filled the front bedroom; Susan's single iron cot frame; the parlor table with its marble top; the melodeon; the kitchen range; and the deal table in the kitchen, upon which, impartially, food was prepared and meals were served. To these respectable properties Pearl had added from time to time certain other objects of interest or art.

Thus, in the parlor there was a cane rocking-chair, gilded; and on the wall above the melodeon hung a banjo suspended from a nail by a broad sash of soiled blue ribbon. On the drumhead of the banjo someone had painted a bunch of nondescript flowers, and Pearl always claimed these as her own handiwork, wrought in happier days. This was her one eagerly contested point of pride; for Bob, when in liquor, invariably denied the possibility of her ever having painted "that there bouquet." This flat denial was always the starting point for those more violent Sunday-night quarrels, which had done so much to reduce the furniture of the house to its stouter, more imperishable elements.

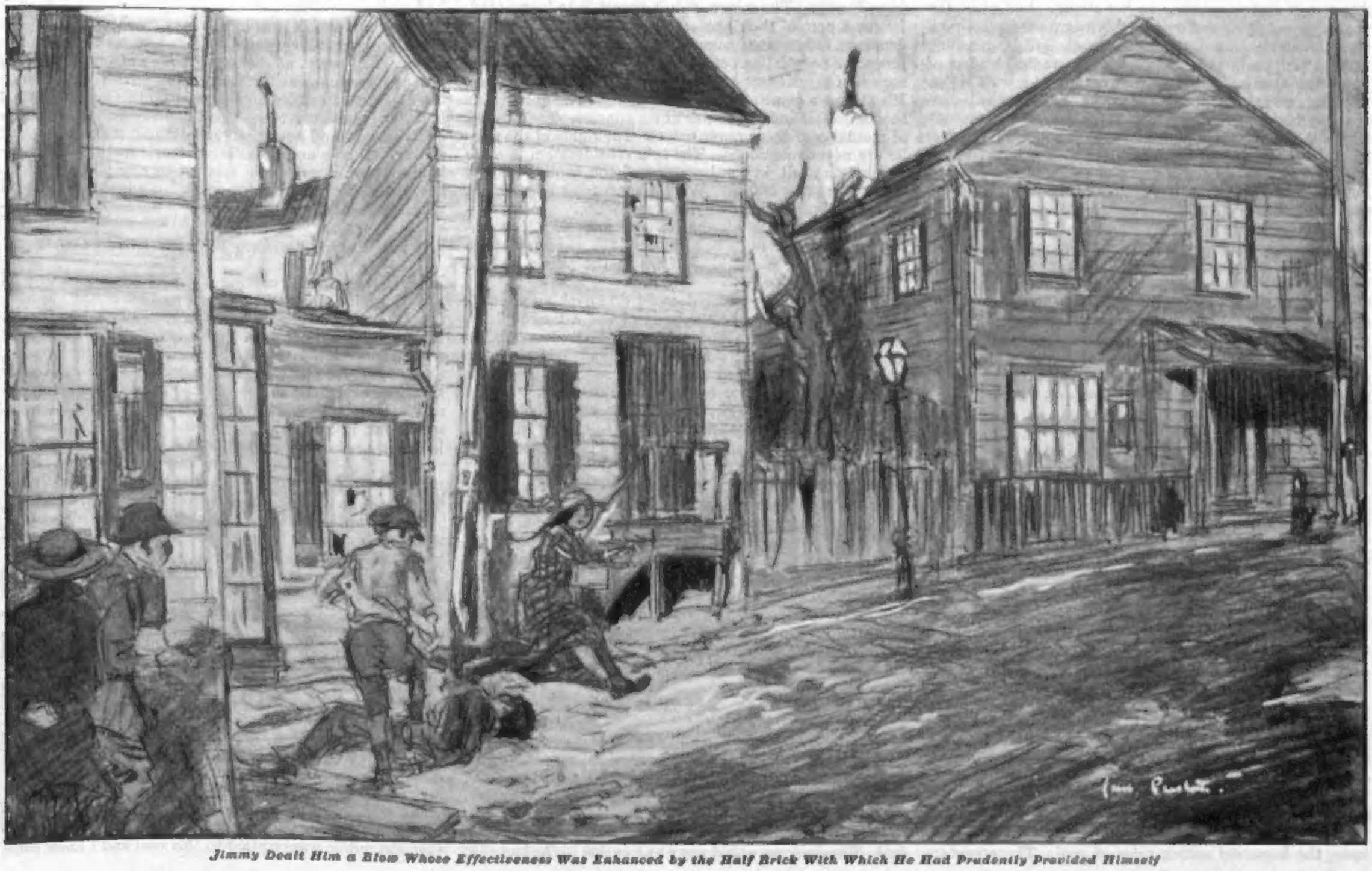
During the brief interval between the death of Susan's mother and the arrival of Pearl, Bob had placed his domestic affairs in the hands of an old negro woman, who came in during the day to clean up, keep an eye on Susan and prepare Bob's dinner. Most of the hours during Bob's absence this poor old creature spent in a rocking-chair, nodding in and out of sleep; and it was rather baby Susan, sprawling about the kitchen floor, who kept an eye on her. Pearl's installation had changed all that. Bob naturally expected any woman he chose to support to work for her board and lodging; and it may be that at first Pearl had been too grateful for any shelter to risk jeopardizing her good luck by shirking. There seems to be no doubt that for a while she did her poor utmost to keep house—but the sloven in her was too deeply rooted not to flower.

By the time Susan was six or seven the interior condition of Bob's house was too crawlingly unpleasant to bear exact description; and even Bob, though callous enough in such matters, began to have serious thoughts of giving Pearl the slip—not to mention his landlord—and of running off with Susan to some other city, where he could make a fresh start and perhaps contrive now and then to get something decent to eat set before him. It never occurred to him to give Susan the slip as well—which would have freed his hands; not because he had a soft spot somewhere for the child, nor because he felt toward her any special sense of moral obligation. Simply, it never occurred to him. Susan was his kid, and if he went she went with him, along with his pipe, his shop tools, and his set of six English razors—his dearest possession, of which he was jealously and irascibly proud.

But as it happens Bob never acted upon this slowly forming desire to escape; the desire insensibly receded; and for this Susan herself was directly responsible.

Very early in life she began to supplement Pearl's feeble housewifery, but it was not until her ninth year that Susan decided to bring about a domestic revolution.

(Continued on Page 122)



Jimmy Dealt Him a Blow Whose Effectiveness Was Enhanced by the Half Brick With Which He Had Prudently Provided Himself

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STRIKES

By Henry J. Allen

Governor of Kansas

OF ALL the important problems that have crowded themselves into this hour undoubtedly the one most poignant in its interest to Americans has been that created by the contest between capital and labor. The subject, of course, which has produced the most oratory came riding in on the red wave of what orators have called "Bolshevism." This attack of the foreign disorder was not only extremely acute but probably was the most infectious of anything we ever caught from Europe. Every man who could orate saw red at once, and all began to shout about a danger which diminished in proportion as the volume of oratory against it grew. It was a fine and effective exhibition of that courage which America is always wearing on her sleeve. And while the country was talking and writing this menace to its deserved ignominious death a danger more subtle and far-reaching was growing up in the notion which the radical leaders of organized labor had formed—that organized labor's rights were paramount to the rights of the public, and that industrial warfare, no matter to what extremes of economic waste or actual human suffering it led, required no license from the government under which it carried on its activities.

It seems to have been the settled policy in this country for so long that minorities representing capital on the one hand and labor on the other could fight each other over the public's shoulder that the thought that the public had any rights which either capital or labor was bound to respect had disappeared. So while brave Americans buckled on their armor and went forth to fight the red windmills those peculiar American organizations which control the essential industries calmly issued their threats of a general strike, and the American public shivered at the thought of what would happen to us if all the railroads stopped running, all the coal mines ceased producing coal, all the millers stopped grinding wheat and everybody else joined in a sympathetic walkout.

Kansas and the Coal Strike

WE HAD just come out of the world conflict with tremendous emotions. We had caught a lot of European vibrations. The high period of inflation at home was filling the daily affairs of the people with confusion and excitement. There was little clear thinking. We sought relief by making speeches against the reds and demanding that everybody be made instantly to kiss the flag. But the thought of taking vigorous action in the name of government to control our own American unions, which threatened the destruction of all the essential activities of American civilization unless wage controversies were settled according to their demands, was of slow growth.

Suddenly a general coal strike was ordered, and the public turned in a helpless sort of way to government and said: "What are you going to do about it?" There were two sides to the quarrel between the operators and the miners. Immediately with the first lifting of the fuel ban the operators had increased the price of coal; they said the war was over and coal should cost more. The miners immediately demanded an increase in wages conditioned upon the increased selling price of coal. The operators said the miners were bound to mine coal on their old war contract without increased wage. The miners took the position that if the war were over for the operators it was over for the miners. This sounded like a reasonable conclusion. Then the miners demanded a sixty per cent increase in wages and a reduction in working time to six hours a day, five days a week.

This matter of short hours was one of the ideas caught from Europe. The miners didn't expect it to be granted. It was a part of their accustomed bluff to start with big demands, expecting compromises. I've watched the process of negotiation between the mine operators and the miners of the Kansas bituminous district for many years. It's always a game of bluff and cunning. The question as to what is fair and reasonable never appears. The element of mutual confidence never enters. The rights of the public are never mentioned. The sole consideration is as to which side shall, in the language of the sordid quarrel, "sting the other fellow." When they reach an agreement the general public is usually the real victim.

So the strike started in the dead of winter with the ruthless declaration that the helpless public should freeze while the quarrel, in the making of which the public had no part, was going on.

The idea that government could do anything about it was new. Ever since the episode of the Adamson Law, when the four brotherhoods of American Railway Trainmen issued their orders to Congress and held the stop watch while intimidated statesmen passed the Adamson Law, there has been a feeling that this country would have a recurrence of government by coercion whenever organized labor in any craft gained a solidarity sufficient to enable it to threaten the public with a general calamity.

Had the public any remedy for the general coal strike?

Judge Anderson, from a Federal bench in Indiana, acting upon the technical assumption that the war was not over, sought to answer the question by ordering the arrest of the miners' officials unless these officials should recall the strike orders. The officials made a thin pretense of yielding, but the strike went on. It is a singular fact that, proud as we all were of the Government for the strength and glory of which sixty thousand young Americans had just been buried in France, few people really believed that we were strong enough to protect the public against the tragedies of a fuel famine brought upon us by the United Mine Workers of America.

The reaction of the public was strong and instant, but the explosive utterances of indignation held in them a note of despair and helplessness. The public closed the damper in the furnace and read with growing concern the newspaper reports relating to the progress of negotiations at Washington between the representatives of operators and miners.

In Kansas the coal fields were a hundred per cent unionized. These miners would pay no attention to the fact that the strike order of their leaders had been recalled. They understood perfectly well that they were not to go back to work until they had received a certain word from their own officials, not delivered under the duress of Judge Anderson's order. Their action was openly defiant of Judge Anderson's order. The arrest of their officials had no effect. The coal famine became general. Industries closed down. Schoolhouses locked their doors, towns and cities went without lights, and there was suffering in hospitals and in homes. In the meanwhile the coal operators and the miners' officials carried on a joint debate in Washington while the nation shivered and looked on. Neither the operators nor the miners hurried. They both had coal.

In Kansas the determination was reached to meet the situation by producing coal under state operation of the mines. The result of the experiment not only produced coal under volunteer effort in sufficient quantities to relieve the emergency but led to the establishment of a court of industrial relations. Since it is the first effort to find, in a court of just and equitable jurisdiction, a substitute for strikes, lockouts and the other barbaric features of industrial warfare, it may be of interest to give you a succinct account of the state mining operation and the legislation which has followed.

Wonderful Workers Without Union Cards

WHEN the famine became critical the state took over all the mine properties under an order of the supreme court, and announced its intention to mine the coal itself if the miners would not undertake it to relieve the famine. A week was spent pleading with the miners to return to work for the state at the old wage, under the state's guaranty that whatever benefits were gained from the negotiations at Washington should be retroactive. The pledge also was made that if, by January first, the operators and miners had not reached a composition of the quarrel the state would fix a satisfactory wage, and that, too, should be retroactive. Though many individual miners expressed their desire to return to work, their officers, from Alexander Howat down, in open defiance of Judge Anderson's order, directed the Kansas miners to continue the strike. So the state called for volunteers to dig coal.

Both the operators and the miners jeered at the thought that coal could be mined in this state by volunteer forces. They told us that coal could be mined only by certain self-chartered individuals, most of whom were not born here, and who worked at certain hours of the day under certain regulations and restrictions and struck when any of these were violated or for any other fancy. They said it had been thus for many years and thus it would remain.

And yet there was the coal, sufficient for many generations, buried in those silent mines as Nature's provision that the human family was not to freeze. With the known existence of its superabundance nothing was more unnatural than the thought that these mines could not be operated until a quarrel, in the making of which the public had no part or interest, had been settled. It seemed to me that the public was entitled to this coal and I knew some

young men whom I had seen performing some wonderful labors without any union cards and without much preliminary training. I had seen them in France building roads and constructing bridges and digging fox holes under German fire. In a land of monstrous obstructions I had seen them go forward, taking whatever objective they had been commanded to reach.

A call was issued for volunteers to mine coal in these deserted mines from which thirteen thousand miners had departed. The response was instant, electric. It was the first really American exhibition I had witnessed since the war. Many believed it was the beginning of what should be America's answer to the general strike. The first few hours after I had called for volunteers enrolled more than ten thousand men from every walk of life: Students from colleges; farmers; clerks; storekeepers; daily laborers; and sprinkled through them was a great per cent of those veterans who had only a little while before come back from the war. On the surface they had but one purpose and that was to dig coal to relieve the fuel famine, but the motive which animated them was more fundamental than this. They wanted to see whether government still had the power to protect the public. It was an interesting exhibition of the sudden stirring of the submerged nine-tenths. For a long time in this country about one and a half per cent of the population, representing employing capital, had been at the top of the industrial system. About six per cent, representing organized labor, had been at the bottom.

Something over ninety-two per cent, a good-natured mass having no strength save that of passive resistance, was wedged between. In the last few years the positions of capital and labor apparently had changed. The one and a half per cent went to the bottom, the six per cent came to the top, but the public was between as usual.

An Aroused Public Rallies

I DOUBT if anything less dramatic than the threat to freeze the public would have stirred it to anger, but once stirred it could neither be frozen nor starved. All the imaginary chains with which civilization had bound itself vanished at this rude awakening. The old primitive idea that the individual had a right to protect himself became uppermost and transmitted itself to the mass. Kansas started for the coal fields to get the coal which Nature had deposited there, not to provide a cause of industrial warfare but as fuel for the masses.

In two weeks with zero weather, often working in blizzards, these inexperienced representatives of the general public had produced enough fuel to relieve the emergency, and with every car they sent out they gained new realization of the potency of public determination. They did not stop until the striking miners appeared at the mines and signified their wish to go back to work. Then they quit, and the National Guardsmen, who had preserved order, gathered up their camp equipage, gave a military parade and left the district. But every man came home with the realization that we should do something to make the recurrence of that particular form of industrial warfare impossible.

A special session of the legislature was called to enact industrial legislation. The members came in a spirit of calm determination to make a finished job of it. The radical labor leaders, headed by representatives of the four railway brotherhoods, swarmed. They tried first their old-fashioned plan of intimidation. They sought to reënact the tragedy of the Adamson Law. Their threats struck against flint. Then they pleaded. Frank P. Walsh came from Washington and talked five hours. Patrick Lee arrived. Their statistician came hurrying from Washington. The legislature held open sessions and listened carefully to their protests for a week. Then the attorneys for the operators and employees came and protested against the bill for three more days, and after that these Kansas legislators passed the bill and went home. I believe it blazes a good trail.

It is a court of industrial relations which makes strikes, lockouts, boycotts and pickets unnecessary; it offers its fair and impartial functions as a substitute, and compels both sides to come in as a last resort. It does not eliminate the process of collective bargaining; on the other hand it legalizes it. It recognizes the fact that the ideal form of industrial peace is that which rests upon mutual understanding and mutual justice between capital and labor, but when efforts at negotiation between capital and labor have failed then the court of industrial relations is offered as a substitute for the strike and the lockout. The union laborer says it takes away his weapon of the strike. As a matter of fact it gives to labor, in all its just contentions, the weapon of state government. This tribunal is not a court of arbitration. It consists of three judges, to be appointed by the governor, with special references to their fitness for righteous and impartial judgment. It represents government, with all its pledge of justice. It recognizes the fact that arbitration as a means of solving industrial controversies has seldom met with success. Arbitration holds no guaranty of justice to either side, and into such a body there seldom comes a representative of the public or a consideration of the public's right. When each side appoints an arbitrator and these two select a third party this umpire may do one of three things: He may join one side or the other and obtain a partisan decision or he may dicker back and forth and obtain a temporary compromise which does not satisfy either side.

The Time Has Come for the State to Shoulder its Responsibility

Hence the Kansas court is founded upon the principle that the public has the same right to take jurisdiction over offenses committed against it in the name of industrial warfare that it has possessed through its criminal and civil courts to take jurisdiction over recognized crime. If moral principles do not exist in Anglo-Saxon institutions to justify their extension to meet this vital American need, then Anglo-Saxon institutions are doomed to failure.

Industrial Tyranny

IT MUST be apparent to all that we cannot allow the erection in this country of a recognized condition of warfare between government and any organized portion of society which claims the privilege to menace the public and to challenge government itself. Any minority which has secured control of a product upon which human life depends and which undertakes, for the purpose of affecting wages or profit, to withhold that product from the public until the public shall freeze or starve has in effect superseded government and has assumed control of the destinies of human life which government alone may have the power to safeguard.

The thought of establishing a court of this character is not a new one. It has come out of the evolution of a hundred years during which industrial controversies have been growing in number and importance, an evolution which has brought us to the same point of determination that society reached after the evolution of events had brought the need of the criminal and civil courts. I am not unconscious of the fact that labor has bettered its condition through its organized solidarity; that capital has been forced to make concessions under threat which it should have made voluntarily, and I would be opposed to any form of legislation which deprived labor of the proper use of wholesome organization. But the trend of events has convinced us all that the final appeal in labor controversies shall no longer rest on the issue of an industrial war.

(Continued on Page 72)

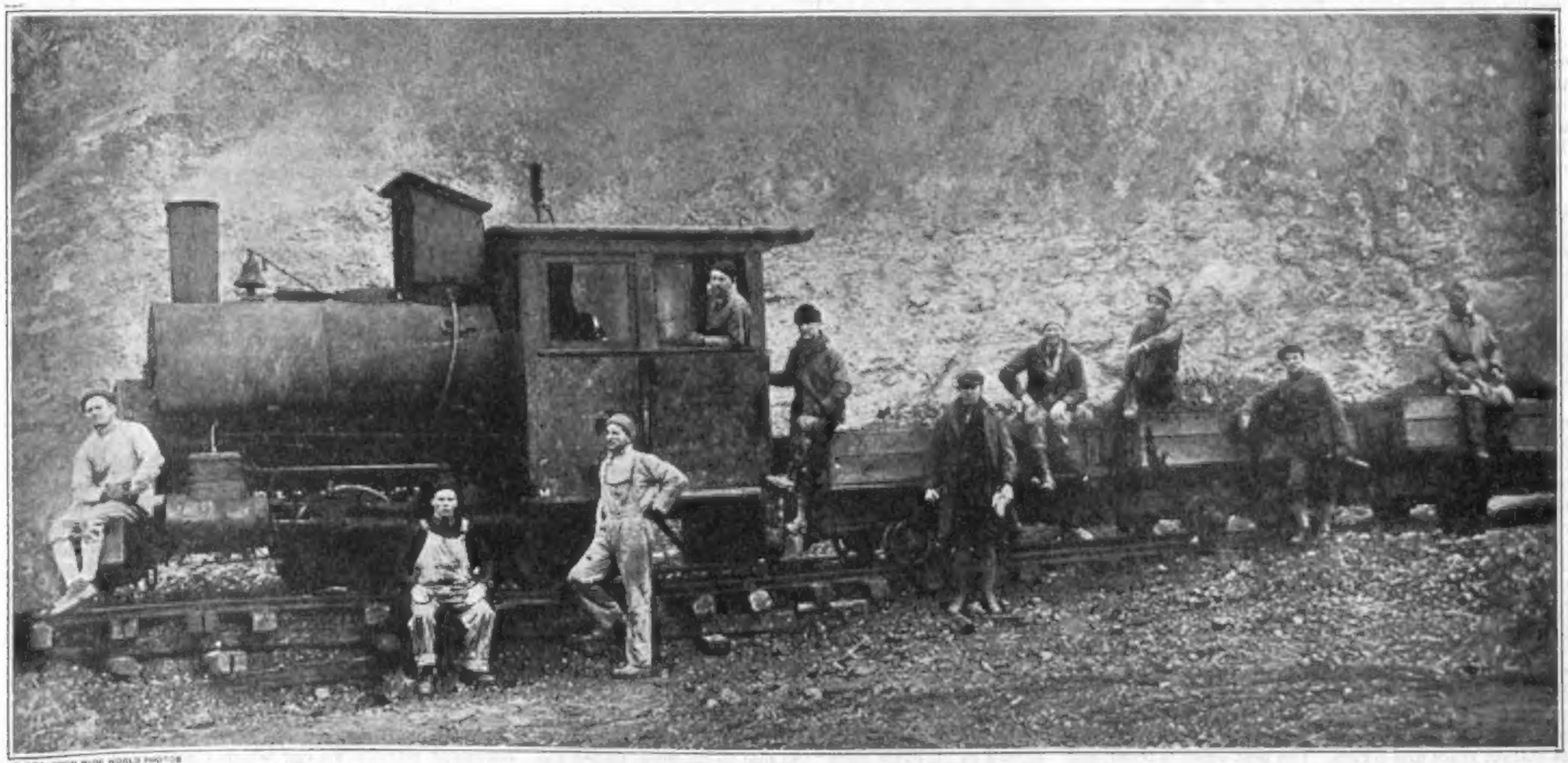


PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Members of the Engineering Department of the University of Kansas Answered the Governor's Call for Citizens to Dig Coal

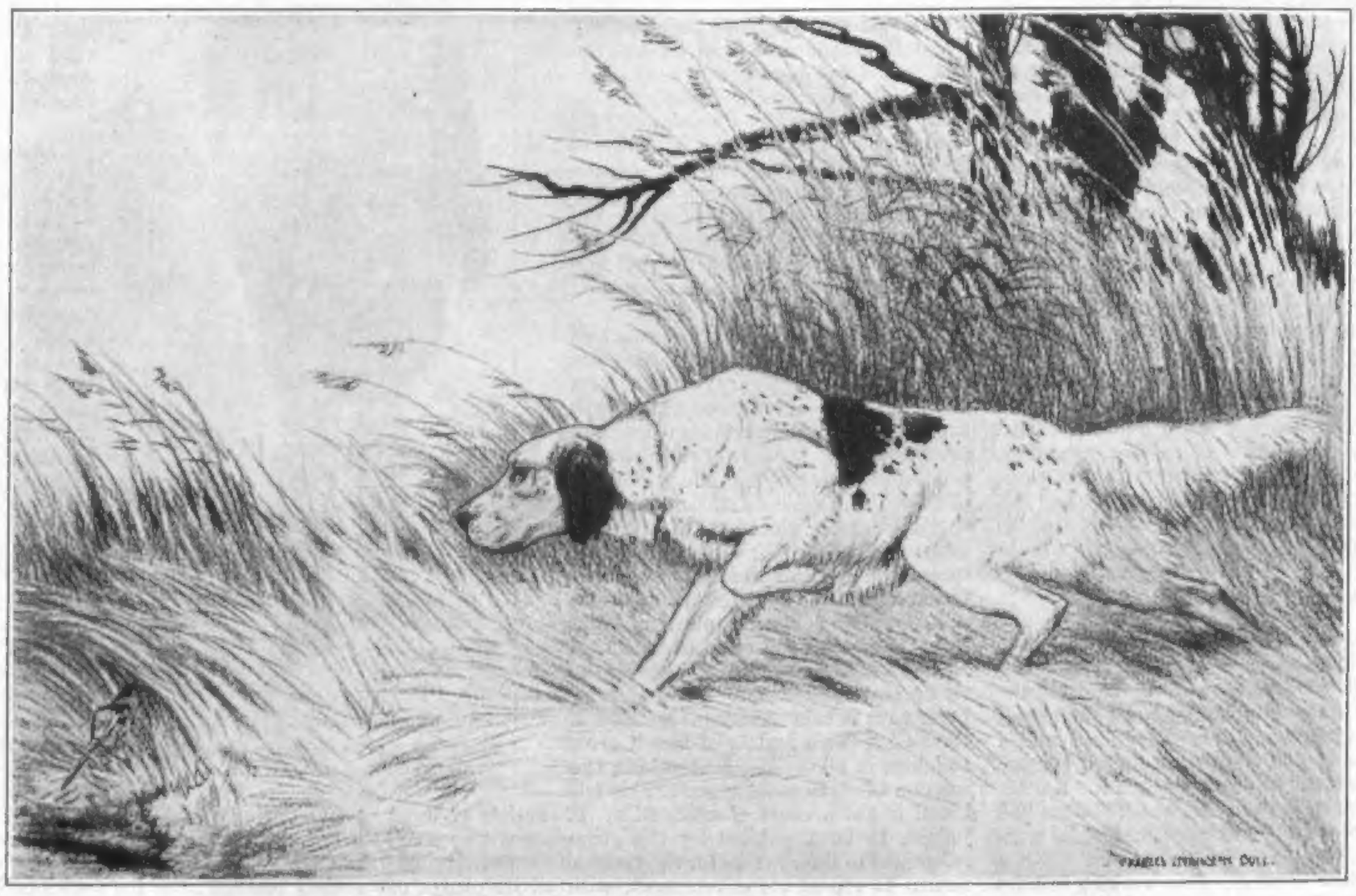
OLD TANTRYBOGUS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

TO THIS day when Chet McAusland tells the tale his voice becomes husky and his eyes are likely to fill—and, "It was murder," he will say when he is done. "I felt like a murderer and that's what I was. But it was too late then." Sometimes his listeners are silent, appearing to agree with him. More often, those to whom he speaks seek to reassure him, for it is plain to any man that there is no murder in Chet, nor any malice nor anything but a very human large-heartedness toward every man and beast.

In Tantry's time Chet was a bachelor living alone at his farm above Fraternity, cooking and caring for himself, managing well enough. He had been a granite cutter, a fisherman upon the Banks, a keeper of bees. Now he farmed his rocky hillside farm. He was a man of middle age—a small man with a firm jaw and a pair of bushy eyebrows and deep-set piercing eyes. When he laughed he had a way of setting his head firmly back upon his neck, his chin pressed down, and his laughter was robust and free and fine. I have spoken of his occupations; he had also avocations. All his life he had fished, had hunted, had traversed the forests far and wide. A man who loved the open, loved the woods, loved the very imprint of a deer's hoof in the mud along the river. A good companion, open-hearted, with never an evil word for any man.



Job Would Point and Hold His Point as Long as the Bird Would Lie

He was, as has been said, a bachelor; but this was not of Chet's own choosing, as at least one person in Fraternity well knew. Old Tantrybogus knew also—knew even in the days when he was called young Job. He knew his mistress as well as he knew his master; knew her as truly as though she dwelt already at the farm upon the hill. Between her and Chet was his allegiance divided. None other shared it ever, even to the end.

Chet as a bachelor kept open house at his farm upon the hill and this was especially true when there was fishing or gunning to be had. A Rockland man came one October for the woodcock shooting. He and Chet found sport together and found—each in the other—a friend. The Rockland man had fetched with him a she dog of marvelous craft and from her next litter he sent a pup to Chet. In honor of the giver Chet called the dog Job. And Job—Old Tantrybogus that was to be—learned that the farm upon the hill was his world and his home.

Chet's farm, numbering some eighty acres, included meadows that cut thirty or forty tons of hay; it included ample pasturage for a dozen cows; and it ran down to the George's River behind the barn through a patch of hardwood growth that furnished Chet with firewood for the cutting—a farm fairly typical of Fraternity. No man might grow rich upon its fruits, but any man with a fair measure of industry could draw a pleasant living from it and find time for venturing along the brooks for trout or through the alder runs after woodcock or into the swamps for deer, according to the season. From the wall that bounds the orchard you may look down to where the little village lies along the river. A dozen or so of houses, each scrupulously neat and scrupulously painted; a white church with its white spire rising above the trees; the mill straddling the river just below the bridge, and a store or two. Will Bissell's store is just above the bridge, serving as market place and forum. The post office is there, and there after supper the year round Fraternity foregathers.

In Fraternity most men own dogs; not the cross-bred and worthless brutes characteristic of small towns in less favored countrysides, but setters of ancient stock or hounds used to the trail of fox or rabbit. Now and then you will see a collie or a pointer, though these breeds are rare. Utilitarian dogs—dogs which have tasks to do and know their tasks and do them.

Most men in Fraternity own or have owned some single wonderful dog of which they love to tell—a dog above all other dogs for them, a dog whose exploits they lovingly recount. And it was to come to pass that Job, better known as Old Tantrybogus, should be such a dog to Chet McAusland.

I

YOUR true setter is born, not made. The instincts of his craft are a part of his birthright. Nevertheless they must be guided and cultivated and developed. There are men whose profession it is to train bird dogs, or as the phrase goes, to break them. With some of these men it is a breaking indeed, for they carry a lash into the field, nor spare to use it. Others work more gently to a better end. But any man may make his dog what he will if he have patience coupled with the gift of teaching the dog to understand his wishes.

Chet decided to train Job himself. He set about it when the pup was some six months old, at a season when winter was settling down upon the farm and there were idle hours on his hands. He had kept as trophies of the gunning season just past the head and the wings of a woodcock. These he bound into a ball of soft and woolly yarn and on a certain day he called Job to his knee and made him sniff and smell this ball until the puppy knew the scent of it. Job wished to tear and rend the pleasantly soft and yielding plaything, but Chet forbade this by stern word, backed by restraining hand, till the pup seemed to understand.

Then he looped about the dog's neck a stout cord and he held this cord in his hand, the pup at his feet, while he tossed the woolen ball across the kitchen floor. The pup turned and leaped after the ball.

Before he could make a second jump Chet said sharply, "Whoa!"

And he snubbed the cord he held so that Job was brought up short in a tumbling heap, his toe nails scratching on the floor.

Chet got up and crossed and picked up the ball; he returned to his chair, called the pup to his knee, tossed the ball again. Again Job darted after it and again Chet said, "Whoa," and checked Job with the cord. At which the puppy, with the utmost singleness of purpose, caught the cord in his mouth, squatted on the floor and set about gnawing his bonds in two. Chet laughed at him, called him in, fetched the ball, and tried again.

After Chet had checked him half a dozen times with voice and string the pup sat on its small haunches, looked at Chet with his head on one side and wrinkled its furry brow in thought. And Chet repeated slowly over and over:

"Whoa, Job! Whoa! Whoa!"

The lesson was not learned on the first day or the second or the third. But before the week was gone Job had learned this much: That when Chet said "Whoa" he must stop, or be stopped painfully. Being a creature of intelligence, Job thereafter stopped; and when he was sure the pup understood, Chet applauded him and fed him and made much of him.

One day in the middle of the second week, Job having checked at the word of command, Chet waited for a moment and then said, "Go on!"

Job looked round at Chet, and the man motioned with his hand and repeated, "Go on, Job!"

The pup a little doubtfully moved toward where lay the woolly ball. When he was within a yard of it Chet said again, "Whoa!"

When he stopped this time he did not look back at Chet but watched the ball, and Chet after a single glance threw back his head and laughed aloud and cried to himself, "Now ain't that comical?"

For Job, a six-months' puppy, was on his first point. Head low and flattened, nose on a line toward the ball, legs stiff, tail straight out behind with faintly drooping tip, the pup was motionless as a graven dog—a true setter in every line.

And Chet laughed aloud.

This laughter was a mistake, for at the sound the pup leaped forward, the cord slipped through Chet's fingers and the dog caught the woolly ball and began to worry it. Chet, still laughing, took the ball from him, caressed him, praised him and ended the lesson for that day. And by so doing he permitted the birth in Job of one fault which he would never be able to overcome. The pup supposed he had been applauded for capturing the woolly ball and that notion would never altogether die in his dog brain. Job would break shot, as the gunners say, till the end of his days.

II

BY OCTOBER of his second year Job was sufficiently educated to be called a good working dog. He would stop at the word of command; he would swerve to right or left at a hand gesture; he would come to heel; he would point and hold his point as long as the bird would lie. He was a natural retriever, though Chet had to correct a tendency to chop the object that was retrieved. The man did this by thrusting through and through the woolen teaching ball a dozen long darning needles. When the dog, retrieving this ball, closed his jaws too harshly these needles pricked his tender mouth. He learned to lift the ball as lightly as a feather; he developed a mouth as soft as a woman's hand; and even in his second year he would at command retrieve an egg which Chet rolled across the kitchen floor and never chip the shell.

His one fault, his trick of breaking shot, was buttressed and built into the dog's very soul by an incident which occurred in his first year's hunting. He and Chet left the farmhouse one afternoon and started down through the fringe of woodland toward the river. It was near sunset. Chet had his gun, and as he expected they found game; Chet had ample warning when he saw Job stiffen at half point, his tail twitching. He watched until the dog began to move forward with slow steps, and he said to himself, "He's roding a pa'tridge. I knew there'd be one here."

Job's head was high, evidence in itself that he had located partridge rather than woodcock. Chet skirted the fringe in the open land, studying the ground well ahead of the dog, alert for the burst of drumming wings. He moved quietly and Job moved among the trees, his feet stirring the leaves. The dog was tense; so was the man. And presently the dog froze again, this time in true point, tail rigid as an iron bar.

Chet knew that meant the partridge had squatted, would run no more. Forced to move now, the bird would fly. He waited for a long half minute, but the partridge waited also. So Chet, rather than walk in among the trees and spoil his chance for a shot, stooped to pick up a stone, intending to toss it in and frighten the bird to wing.

When he stooped, out of position to shoot, he heard the drum of pinions and saw rise not one partridge but two. They swept across the open below him unbelievably swift, and Chet whipped up his gun and fired once and then again. And never a feather fell. The birds on set wings glided out of his sight into the edge of an evergreen growth down the hill where it would be hopeless to try for a shot at them again.

And Job pursued them. As the birds rose the dog had raced forward. As they disappeared among the tops of the low hemlocks the dog went out of sight after them. Ejecting the empty shells from his gun, Chet swore at himself for his poor shooting and swore at Job for breaking shot and loudly commanded the dog to return. Job did not do so; did not even respond when Chet put his whistle to his lips and blew. So the man started after the dog, whose bell he could faintly hear, and promised to find Job and teach him a thing he needed to know. He started toward the cover, whistling and shouting for Job to come to heel.

When he was halfway across the open Job did emerge from the shelter of the evergreens, and he came toward Chet at a swift trot, head held high. Chet started to abuse him. And then when the dog was still half a dozen rods away he saw that Job carried a cock partridge in his mouth. The bird, wounded unto death, had flown to the last wing beat far into the wood. And Job pursuing had found the game and was fetching it in.

For consistency's sake and for the dog's sake Chet should still have punished Job—should still have made him understand that to break shot was iniquity. But—Chet was human and much too warm-hearted to be a disciplinarian. Perhaps he is not to be blamed for praising Job after all. Certainly the man did praise the dog, so that Job's dog brain was given again to understand that if he chased a bird and caught it he would be applauded. The fault dwelt in him thereafter.

"I tried to break him all his life," Chet will say. "I put a rope on him and a choke collar and I shook him up—everything I knew. It wan't no good. But it was my fault in the beginning. I never really blamed Old Tantry—never could."

This is not properly the story of Job's youth or of his life, but of his aging and the death of him. Nevertheless there was much in his life that was worth the telling. His reputation rests not on Chet's word alone—the village knew him and was proud of him. His renown began in his third year in deep winter when Chet and Jim Saladine went fishing one day through the ice on Quantabacook Pond. Chet and Saladine became separated, one on either side of the lower end of the pond, and Jim had the pail of bait. Chet made Job go after the pail clear across the pond and fetch it to him and take it back to Saladine again. The dog's sagacity and understanding, evidenced then and chronicled by Saladine at Bissell's store that night, were to wax thereafter for half a dozen years; and even when the dog grew old his understanding never waned.

It was in his ninth year that Job had his greatest day—a day into which he crowded epic deeds enough to make heroes of half a dozen dogs. And the tale of that day may perhaps be worth the telling.

Chet had taken Job out the night before to try for a partridge in the fringes of the wood below the farm. They were late in starting, but within fifteen minutes Job was marking game and just at sunset the bird rose and wheeled toward the thickets of the wood. Chet had a snap shot; he took it and he saw the bird's legs drop and dangle before it disappeared. He knew what that meant. A body wound, a deadly wound. The bird would fly so long as its wings would function, then set its pinions and glide in a long slant to earth, and when it struck ground it would be dead.

He sent Job into the wood, himself followed the dog, and he was in haste, for dark was already coming down. He hunted till he could no longer see—found nothing. In the end he called Job in, and the dog reluctantly abandoned the search at Chet's command and followed his master back to the farm.

Two Rockland men telephoned that evening asking if they might come to the farm next day and try for birds; and Chet, who can always find time for a day's gunning, bade them come. Doctor Gunther, who was telephoning, said: "Hayes and I'll be there by half past eight. Mind if we bring our dogs?"

"Mind? No," said Chet. "Sure!"

"They're wild," said the doctor, "but I'd like to have them work with Job—do them good."

"Best thing in the world for them," Chet agreed. "Let them back him on a few points and it'll steady them. I'll look for you."

In the morning he rose early and busied himself with his chores so that he might be ready when the hunters came. It was not an ideal hunting day. The morning was lowery and overcast and warm and there was a wind from the east that promised fog or rain. With an eye on the clouds Chet worked swiftly. He fed Job in the shed where the dog usually slept and it chanced that he left the door latched so that Job was a prisoner until the others arrived. They were a little ahead of time and Chet asked them to wait a little. He had been picking apples in the orchard behind the shed and he took them out there to see the full barrels of firm fruit. Job went out into the orchard with them and no one of the men noticed that the dog slipped away beyond the barn toward the woods.

The Cat May Have Been Astonished, But It Made No More Than a Muffled Protest

When a little later they were ready to start Chet missed the dog. He is a profane man, and he swore and whistled and called. Hayes, the man who had come with Gunther, winked at the doctor and asked Chet: "Is he a self-hunter? Has he gone off on his own?"

"Never did before," Chet said hotly. His heat was for Job, not for Hayes. "I'll teach him something!"

He went out behind the barn, still whistling and calling, and the others followed him. Their dogs were in the car in which they had come from Rockland. The three men walked across the garden to the brow of the hill above the river and Chet blew his whistle till he was purple of countenance. The other two were secretly amused, as men are apt to be amused when they find that an idol has feet of clay. For Job was a famous dog.

Hayes it was who caught first sight of him and said, "There he comes now."

They all looked and saw Job loping heavily up the slope through an open fringe of birches. But it was not till he scrambled over the wall that they saw he bore something in his mouth.

Hayes said, "He's got a woodchuck."

Chet, with keener eyes, stared for a moment, then exclaimed exultantly: "He's got that partridge I killed down there last night! I knew that bird was dead."

They were still incredulous, even after he told them how he had shot the bird the night before.

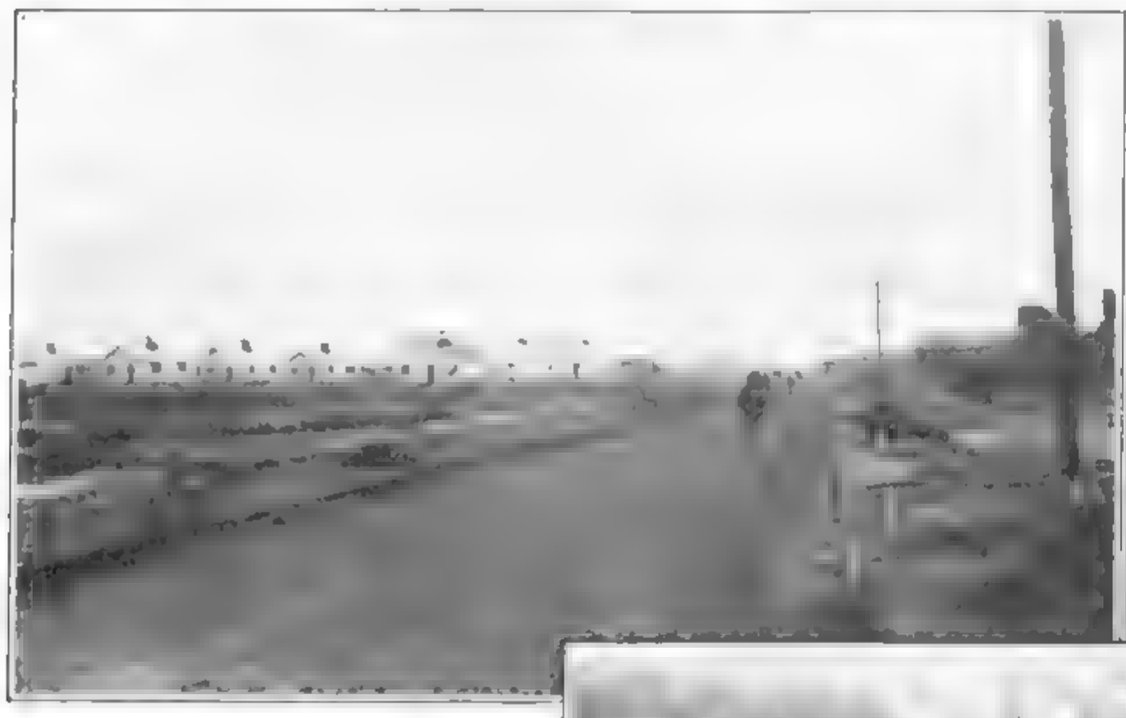
They were incredulous until Job came near enough for them all to see, came trotting to Chet and proudly dropped the splendid bird at his master's feet. When they could no longer doubt they exclaimed. For such a feat is alone enough to found a dog reputation on.

As for Chet, though he was swelled with pride, he made light of the matter.

"You'll see him work to-day though," he said. "The scent lies on a day like this. But it'll rain by noon—we want to get started."

(Continued on Page 181)

THE ASHES OF HELL



Housing for Mine Workers, Lens

What Was Once a Main Street in Lens

Sale of Condemned Army Horses, for Peasant Use, at Lille

By WILL IRWIN

THE train, due at seven o'clock, pulled haltingly into Arras at eleven. We descended upon a temporary wooden platform, replacing a permanency destroyed by shell fire. Overhead was the skeleton of what had been a glass marquise and was now a bare and battered framework from which fragments of tin swung clattering in the winter wind.

Under a single arc light we picked our way across the tracks, with fragments of glass crunching under our feet. We made our exit and went through the formality of giving up our tickets at a picket fence stretched between two temporary wooden sheds. At this point there was no light; the inspector took and examined the tickets by an electric torch. I had made this journey to Arras, one gateway to the devastated zone, on short notice and had failed either to telegraph ahead for hotel accommodations or indeed to inquire whether there was a hotel open. Across the open square before the station a single lighted window slashed the darkness. I followed the light, stumbling over hummocks of frozen mud. The place was a small and humble café. That one window which had been my guide was the only one still intact. The others were covered with black building paper.

Inside, under two incandescent lamps, madame stood before a very scanty array of bottles and glasses serving drinks to a soldier and two workmen. Two tables, a few chairs, one advertising calendar, a beer sign—otherwise nothing.

Thousands, literally thousands of jagged holes scarred the tinted plaster of walls and ceiling. They varied in size from mere pin pricks to one which showed laths and girders over an area a yard in diameter.

Yes, there was a hotel—if I could find room therein, said madame—the Hotel of the Universe, some two hundred meters down the street. If that failed there was a kind of British hospice four kilometers away—but the only way to get there was to walk. Otherwise—madame's gesture indicated that I was thoroughly, finally, definitely up against it.

The Hotel of the Universe

BY THE best of luck, an individual who had telegraphed for quarters at the Hotel of the Universe failed to show up; by much palaver with madame, the proprietress, I got his room, the last one in the house. There was no dining car on our train, which had left Paris at half past four, and we were hungry. The head waiter, sitting up for just this emergency, herded us into the dining room. Me he seated in a cold corner, where I shivered under my ulster before a table set with the cloth of that evening's dinner. A waiter, some fifteen years old, appeared presently, removed the cloth, shook it and turned it over, displaying an under side only a trifle less stained and dingy. Then he brought a chunk of war bread, a bottle of wine, a slice of white cheese. That, as the head waiter explained, was all the house had to offer at that time of night; they were even out of cold meat.

As you crossed the floor you had a faint sensation of being on a ship at sea, what with the wavy irregularity of the planks. The windows had been replaced, but not with the great six-foot panes of old days. An unpainted framework holding small panes had been introduced into their sashes. Once this room had been gayly decorated in a pink tint with an ornamental border of cupids and roses. Now white spots, from the diameter of a marble to that of a washtub, sprinkled it everywhere—new plaster. I slept three nights at this hotel. Let me without further ado describe it. The building was one of those gutted by shell fire, but left with its walls and framework still standing. In the most hasty manner possible it was put into shape for guests last summer and autumn. On the lower floor all the rooms showed those white spots. The upper floor, where I lodged, had been more heavily damaged when the roof went. There the rebuilders had torn off the plaster altogether when they patched up the walls and had not yet replaced it; I slept inside four blank brick walls.

The central part of the hotel was heated. There had been no time or no means to restore the heating system in the wing where I lodged. It seemed as though the mortar between the bricks had never been dried out. The atmosphere was clammy, rheumatic, so that I felt myself shivering even under the feather quilt by which Northern France defies winter.

The wall of the corner room by the staircase had been pierced at a height of about seven feet from the floor by a shell hole perhaps a foot in diameter. This had not been stopped up. As the boots explained to me, there were so many things to do in repairing the hotel that one did only necessary things.

Remains of Former Grandeur

"THE hole is too high up for anyone to look in—is it not so?" he explained, "and only a very indecent person would advantage himself of a stool or chair for the purpose. Still we put only gentlemen in that chamber."

Once the café of the Hotel of the Universe was the largest in town. It would have been large and pretentious, indeed, for any town. Arras was trading center for the wheat-growing region of Artois and Picardy—a city rich not only in current but accumulated wealth. The café you could see even yet was once a riot of mirrors, gilt and crystal. Now the mirrors—ten feet high at least—which decorated two of the walls had all been smashed save one. That one had been cracked all over its surface and the fragments were held together by little wooden bosses. The frames of the others were simple squares filled with black paper.

The rains and snows of four war years, blown in through the gaping windows, had peeled off most of the gilding from pillars and mirror frames. Many of the chandeliers, ornamented with long festoons of glass crystals, had somehow survived the bombardment; but the festoons hung ragged or showed long bare gaps, where crystals had paid tribute to intensive shell fire. Nevertheless, there was a new bar, set forth with bottles, glasses, black coffee cups and saucers; there were new, skimpy and uncomfortable chairs; there were new iron-topped tables. And every evening, between five and seven, the place was measurably crowded and soberly gay.

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Wreck of a Lens Shaft House, December, 1919

Why is Sugar Scarce and High?

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

THE consumer naturally associates high price and scarcity with low consumption. But trade factors are so abnormal in the world at present that it easily comes to pass that high price and scarcity are within the horizon of the buyer associated with high consumption.

This is the case with sugar.

The year 1919 witnessed the highest sugar consumption in the history of the United States in terms of total and per capita per year. Despite this fact many sections of the country suffered during the last two months of the past year from scarcity of sugar more pronounced than during the years of war control when the per capita consumption was much lower.

The explanation lies in a series of circumstances whose realization should be brought home to the public at large, since several economic and sociological lessons may be drawn from them. At the same time it seems fitting to discuss the rôle of sugar in the normal diet.

A Texas Sugar Mill and Refinery

The United States draws sugar supplies from five sources. In 1913 our supply was secured as follows:

	LONG TONS
Continental cane	208,000
Continental beet	625,000
Insular cane	849,000
Foreign, West Indian cane, large Cuban	2,049,000
Unclassified foreign	21,000
Total supply	3,752,000
Substract Exports	32,000
Total consumption	3,720,000

For decades Gulf cane sugar, largely in Louisiana, has played what may be advisedly termed a disturbing rôle in the halls of Congress and in the sugar market of the United States. A small and limited industry that during recent years has supplied less than ten per cent of the sugar of the country, it has for decades wielded a club over every consumer in the United States. And true to historical form, Louisiana sugar is to-day the disturbing factor in our sugar situation.

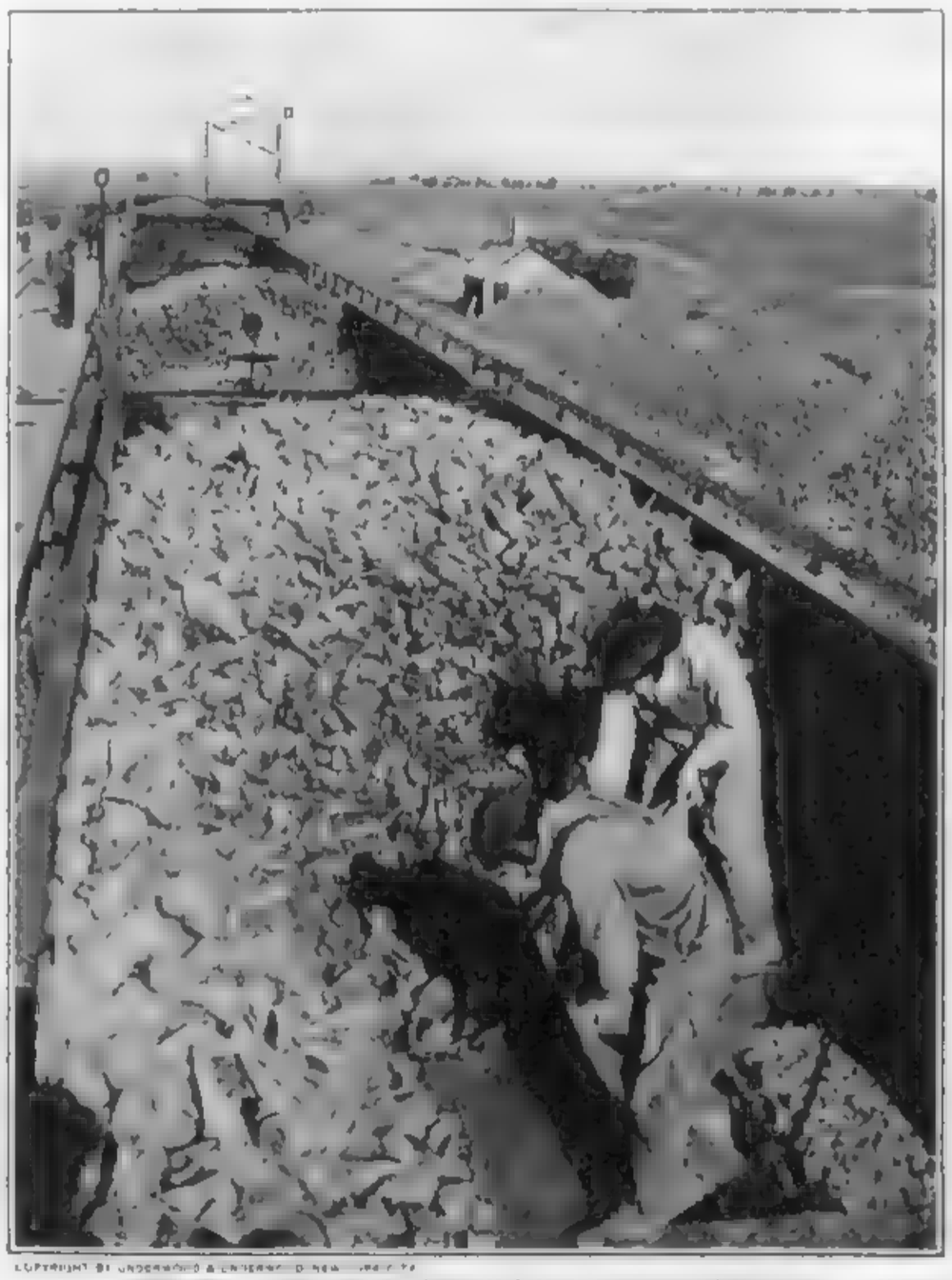
The consumption of sugar has been rising in the United States for many years. During the eighties the average per capita consumption was forty-eight pounds per year. This increase in the consumption of sugar is one of the elements in the higher standard of living of the Anglo-Saxon. But more than this, it is an American characteristic.

A Nation of Cake-Eaters

THE American cuisine has been developed round sugar in a fashion that distinguishes it from the diet of most other nations. Other forms of sugar than the commercial crystallized product have also advanced in public favor. We have a considerable consumption of molasses made from the sorghum plant; honey; malt sugar and glucose prepared from starch; the combined total of which is more than ten pounds per person per year.

Corresponding to this high consumption of sugar our consumption of flour is relatively low. With the gradually increasing use of sugar the amount of flour used with sugar in the preparation of foods increases, while the amount used in the baking of bread decreases; so that gradually we are shifting from a bread-eating to a cake-eating people. In this country sugar is commonly used in the preparation of baker's bread, a practice unknown in the Latin countries of Europe. The increase in the use of breakfast cereals and fruits has carried with it an enlarged consumption of sugar. Candies and sweet beverages have become daily items in the diet.

Perfection in the technic of refinement has enabled the manufacturer to place upon the market an absolutely white product of uniform grade and appearance and of more than ninety-nine per cent purity. The return to brown sugar, advocated in certain quarters, is a fad, unless one cares for the particular taste. The molasses, once widely employed in the diet, has become scarce because improvement in the technic of refining has enabled the manufacturer to crystallize out practically all the sugar, leaving only a coarse molasses of low food value, but valuable as a feed for domesticated animals and important as a source of industrial alcohol. Improvement in the technic of refining has been accompanied by efficiency in organization and distribution, with the result of cheap sugar. For many years sugar has been one of the cheapest foods, whether judged as a ready-to-serve article of the table or as a staple in the kitchen. Sugar at six cents a pound furnished more calories per penny than bread at five cents a pound.



Unloading a Trainload of Sugar Beets in Central Nebraska

The following table gives the total sugar consumption of the United States and the per capita consumption during the past ten years. The figures for total consumption are statistical data; those for per capita consumption are approximate only.

YEAR	SUGAR SUPPLY IN LONG TONS	PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION IN POUNDS
1911	3,720,000	81.6
1914	3,951,840	79.2
1912	4,301,000	81.3
1913	3,752,000	85.4
1914	3,720,000	84.3
1915	3,801,000	83.8
1916	3,638,000	79.3
1917	3,683,000	78.6
1918	3,405,000	73.3
1919	4,067,000	85.4

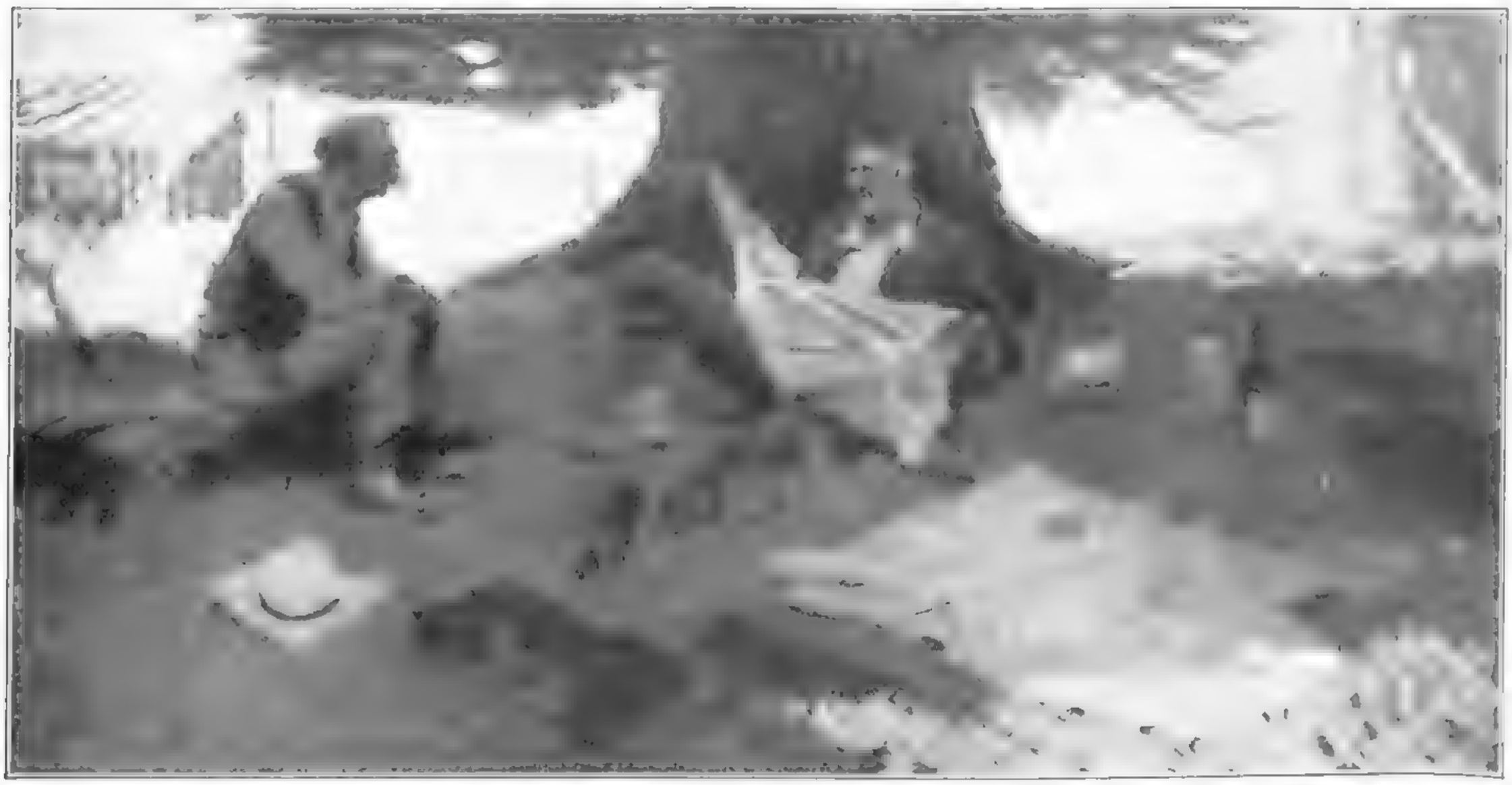
This table, from Willett & Gray, cannot be more than approximate for several reasons. The crop year for sugar begins on September first. The fiscal year divides the sugar campaign. The calendar year includes a part of the early new crop. The factors of carry-over, reserve and marketing make it difficult to convert crop figures into consumption figures for the calendar year.

Allowances to be Made

THE figure for the population since 1910 is largely an interpolation from the census curve. During the past three years considerable sugar has been exported in manufactured form, especially in condensed milk, of which no account is taken in the table. The sugar of the soldier in France must be counted in the American consumption. With corrections applied it is quite certain that the figures for the consumption for 1917 and 1918 would be lowered a couple of pounds each. The consumption for 1919 was lowered by shortage during the last three months. If consumption during the last quarter had been the same as for the first quarter the figure would have been ninety pounds.

(Continued on Page 40)

BEHIND THE VELVET



"Mac," Said Hiram to Me One Day, "I Like You. You're the Only Man I Ever Met Who Could Visit With Me All Day and Not Say a Word!"

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

JOHN MACPHERSON guide watts station california advise charge services guide one month deer season hiram meeker." I had gone down to Watts Station after some beans and smoking tobacco, and when I came by the post office Len Williams handed me a letter and a telegram. I put them in my pocket and started back to camp. I was maybe a mile up the trail when I sat down to shake a rock out of my shoe. While I was doing that I got to wondering about the telegram.

Pretty soon I says to myself, "Why not read it here, instead of waiting till I get into camp? Maybe there's some important news in it."

I read it three or four times, but it didn't make sense any way I looked at it. I turned it upside down and sideways and I read it backward and forward, but still I didn't get it. While I was sitting there worrying about it old Ortie Hixon came along on his way down to Watts. I showed him the telegram and asked him what he thought about it. He puzzled over it for several minutes and handed it back.

"Somebody's joshing you, ole-timer," he says.

"No," I told Ortie, "nobody'd pay three dollars and a half to have a telegram sent from San Francisco to Weaver and then relayed in seventy-five miles over the Forest Reserve telephone just for one or two laughs. No, Ortie, it's a heap cloudy, but it must mean something."

"Maybe you're right," says Ortie. "Though I'm danged if I see what it is! Say, you better come on back to the station and let Len Williams read it."

So I did. I tied the jackass to a manzanita root and tramped back with Ortie Hixon. Len Williams read my telegram.

"Does she make sense, Len?" I asked.

"Sure she does!" said Len Williams. "It's from a feller named Hiram Meeker and he wants to know what you'll charge him to be his guide for a month during the deer season. That's what the telegram would have said if he'd put it all in "

"Well, why didn't he put it all in?" I wanted to know.

"He wanted to keep it inside ten words," said Len. "If there had been more than ten words it would have cost a few cents more."

"He must be writing from the poorhouse," I said.

"You never can tell," says Len Williams. "I've heard of people that was so rich they was poor."

"I used to drive a dray down in San Francisco," says old Daddy Pimble. "That was forty years ago. And the old feller I worked for was so stingy that if he hadn't gone to the free-lunch counter at the corner saloon two or three times a week he'd have starved to death."

"That's right," says Len Williams. "You never can tell."

Well, at first the telegram made me happy, and then it made me blue. I needed money; I needed it worse than any fellow you ever heard of. But, thinks I, a man that's so hard up he can't afford to send a regular telegram, but instead sends two or three words—just enough so's you can guess at the rest—a man as poverty-stricken as that ain't going to help a poor old guide buy many beans.

So I went on to camp and passed Hiram Meeker up. And I sure was mighty blue. I had had a hard winter. There had come a heavy snowfall early in November and it didn't go away until the middle of March—and then it went with a warm rain and took all my traps with it. I had been trapping in the river when the snow caught me. Worse yet, all my bear dogs got distemper and died.

Still, I had expected to tide over another season on the money I'd get acting as gunde for deer hunters. But the season opened the fifteenth of August and here it was the middle of July—and no parties hooked up for the deer season. Yes, sir; I was pretty blue; for no man likes the look of six long months with nothing to eat but jerked venison and ground hazelnuts. Besides, there's the matter of smoking tobacco. Believe it or not, but a whole winter smoking willow bark gives a fellow a bad taste in the mouth along toward spring.

And then here comes this telegram. I cussed it plenty as I drove the old jackass into camp and unpacked him. Why couldn't it have come from a free spender instead of from a man who couldn't afford a few cents to make it read more like human speech and less like a conundrum?

I was sitting by the camp fire smoking and thinking about turning in when I happened to remember the letter that Len Williams had handed me along with the telegram. I hunted it up and found that it was from Doc Stilwell. Doc Stilwell was a San Francisco dentist who had been out with me three years before. He wrote that old Hiram Meeker was coming up on the Chanowah and wanted a guide.

"Old Hiram is a rank tenderfoot," wrote Doc. "He has never been in the hills. Been too busy getting rich, I guess. I've recommended you as the best guide in California, so it's up to you to make good. Shine up to Hiram, Mac, he's got all the money there is in the world."

I knew somebody had it all, for I didn't have any of it. But all the same Doc's letter cheered me up a lot. Maybe Hiram wasn't so darned poor after all. Maybe he'd been in a hurry and had overlooked a few words that would have meant a lot to Ortie Hixon and me. I got my pen out and wrote to old Hiram that very night, setting the lowest price I could think of. I didn't have time to sleep any, for I didn't get the letter done until daylight and then I had to hurry down to Watts to catch the Red Bluff mail stage. I was sure I was safe now, so I went back and started fixing up a comfortable camp on the low bank of the Chanowah at the point where Pate's Creek empties into the river. It's a beautiful place; maples throwing a cool shade and Pate's Creek rushing right through the middle of the camp over cool stones; old weather-stained deer horns nailed into the bark moss of the trees; ferns—you know—and a spring. And there's a deer lick a few hundred yards up the river. A tenderfoot can sneak up there through the alders and photograph old does and fawns by the dozen. Tenderfeet go nuts over that sort of thing. I don't know why, but I never object. It doesn't hurt the does and fawns and it helps entertain the tenderfoot—while the tired old guide can stay in camp and sleep at five dollars a day.

About the time I had the camp finished I got an answer to my letter. It was another telegram and it read:

john macpherson guide watts station california
regarding yours july 20 beg state consider price too high hiram meeker

I reckon I was the maddest guide in California. But I was desperate, so after I cooled off I wrote again, trimming my terms to a scandalous figure. But it didn't get me anywhere. In a few days I got a third telegram beating me down again.

I blowed up then and started to write old Hiram a letter that would have curled his whiskers if I had sent it. But before I was halfway through the letter I got to thinking how bad I needed a sack of flour and of how lonesome it was going to be sitting by the fire all winter with no frying grease in the cupboard. So I tore up that letter and wrote another one, shaving down my price until it was nothing but skin and bones. I was ashamed to look at it after I wrote it.

I was sure he wouldn't object this time—but he did! He wired me in the same old vein and asked me to submit another estimate.

This time I told him to go to hell. What if I did have to gnaw buckbrush and paw the snow for toadstools all winter like a starved deer? My self-respect was worth something. I had spent four bits for postage stamps and paper and I had worked myself nearly to death writing those letters. I wouldn't have minded so much if I could have punched old Hiram in the nose, but I couldn't have

even that much comfort out of the business. It was tough any way you looked at it.

I started to pull the camp to pieces, intending to light out for my winter cabin up on Chowder Creek. But just as I was getting ready to leave Ran Benjamin came along and left me another telegram. I tore it open and read:

john macpherson guide watts station california
won't go to hell meet me watts station next tuesday terms accepted hiram meeker

Well, I was both mad and glad. I don't know which I was most. I was to get hold of a little money after all, and of course it's mighty pleasant to know that you're going to eat once in a while all winter. But I still hankered to punch old Hiram in the nose. Well, maybe I'd get the chance yet. The thought cheered me up a little, so I went ahead and finished the camp and when Tuesday came I saddled the two old jackasses and drifted off down the river to meet this here millionaire who jewed a poor old guide down to his last bacon rind and wouldn't go to hell.

I had it all fixed up in my mind. I'd be his guide all right, but if he got to see a buck to shoot at it'd be a miracle. I'll run myself half to death hunting bucks for square sports to shoot at, but this stingy old cuss was no sport. He didn't belong in the hills with real people. He didn't belong anywhere in the world, the mangy coyote! A man as stingy as Hiram was of as much use in the world as a rabbit's tail is in keeping off the flies.

I was full of these thoughts when I rode into Watts Station. I found Tom Milton and half a dozen forest rangers standing round a pile of boxes and bags and rugs and tents and things that were stacked on the post-office porch. Tom Milton looked up and grinned.

"You goin' to start a department store, Mac?" he asked.

I pawed the pile over. It was all Meeker stuff.

"When did this come, Tom?" I asked.

"Just after breakfast," said Tom. "A light truck brought it in from Red Bluff."

I had to hire Tom Milton to pack it up the river. Tom charged me ten dollars. I had to keep the jackasses, for no doubt Hiram Meeker would have a lot of stuff—guns and rods and things. About half an hour after Tom got away a big automobile came sliding into the station. It was driven by a young man wearing a drab uniform and a stiff neck. An oldish man dressed like a picture I once saw of an English duke hopped out of the rear seat, shot a look round the group and walked straight up to me.

"Hello, Mac!" he said, and grinned.

"Hello, Hi!" I answered—before I knew it. And I'm a son of a gun if I wasn't grinning too!

II

I'VE heard it said that trouble always comes at you big end first. I think that's a mighty true saying, for I've noticed that trouble always looks biggest just before it reaches you. I had figured Hiram Meeker as a stingy old scoundrel who would make life miserable for me all the time I was on the job. I had been sure he'd have me up in the hills every day chasing bucks out of the brush for him to shoot at and insulting me every time he failed to hit one.

You can imagine how astonished I was, then, when it turned out that I had him placed exactly the wrong way about. He had the most beautiful rifle I ever saw and he had trout rods and creels and flies and landing nets and everything—but he didn't go hunting a single time. Then why did he bring all those hunting things? Mystery!

Maybe it ain't generally known, but to us mountain folks city people are full of mystery. Up here in the hills all things are natural, men and women included, and we understand them. Whatever we feel we show in our actions and our speech, just as Nature meant we should. But the city man's real self is nearly always hidden behind a velvet of polish and politeness, and you can't see it. All his life he has been taught to cover up.

Now nobody likes to be puzzled and stay that way. It's all right to run up against a mystery that you can figure out after a while, but if you get mixed up with one that grows worse and worse and never does get unraveled, why it worries you off and on for the rest of your natural life. That's the way it was with me in the matter of Hiram Meeker. Just when I'd think I had him solved he'd go back behind the velvet.

I've said that Hiram never went hunting. I don't know to this day if he went fishing or not. But day after day he would take his newspaper and a box of cigars and sit with his back against a tree dangling a fly in the water. No man on earth ever caught a trout that way and I told him so one time. He was reading the market page and I had to speak twice before he heard me.

"I fancy you're right, Mac," he said without looking up. "And if one should happen to strike, why, you hurry and turn him loose, will you?"

I didn't say anything more about that, but I still lie awake nights and wonder if he was really fishing or not. I'd think he was crazy if I didn't know better. But if he wasn't fishing, then what was the sense in dangling an expensive fly in the water all day? And what was the use of buying all those costly rods and creels and nets and things?

Behind the velvet!

So I got in the habit of sitting on the river bank close to old Hiram, smoking his cigars and keeping still while he read his paper and his bales of telegrams. Of course I jogged down to Watts every day and carried up the mail, and I got the meals, too, but that wasn't work. It wasn't even exercise. Most of the time I sat and smoked and kept Hiram company. Sometimes I slept. I enjoyed myself a heap doing these things, but they made me feel mighty expensive.

"Mac," said Hiram to me one day, "I like you. You're the only man I ever met who could visit with me all day and not say a word!"

"But I got to say something now," I told him.

You see, my conscience was beginning to trouble me. Old Hiram looked up and I felt as though his eyes were taking me all apart and examining the little pieces.

"What's the matter, Mac?" he asked. "Working you too hard?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "But say, Hi, a guide is supposed to take his party up on the ridges and show him bucks to shoot at. It's what he's hired for."

Hiram looked worried.

(Continued on Page 60)

I Thought I Heard Her Sobbing. It Was as Though She Was Terrified at the Near Whiz of That Bullet

MEMORIES OF MARK TWAIN

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

THERE can be but very few of the countless thousands of Mark Twain's admirers whose admiration was born as early as mine, now more than half a century ago; in fact, in 1867, when his first book, The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches, was published and when a copy came into my possession, I being then a bookish lad of only fifteen. For two score years I read after him, as the phrase is; and so it is that I have been able to profit by what I believe to be an inestimable advantage for the proper appreciation of an author—that of following his work from first to last, growing up with it as it ripened and varied and broadened, revealing more and more richly the man whose self-expression it was. It is a far cry from The Jumping Frog to The Mysterious Stranger, and the long road from the bold humor of the one to the bitter satire of the other had many an unexpected turning.

Four years after The Jumping Frog had appeared I was elected to the Lotos Club, though I was then still an undergraduate at Columbia; and I have a doubtful impression that in the Lotos Club, then newly settled in its first home at Irving Place, next to the Academy of Music, I saw Mark more than once, gazing at him with the remote respect proper in a youth who had his own vague literary aspirations for an author who had already published the widely popular Innocents Abroad. What I can assert with absolute conviction is that I did see him in 1875 at the hundredth performance of the happy-go-lucky dramatizaton of his half of The Gilded Age, in which Charles Dudley Warner had been his collaborator. John T. Raymond, a most accomplished comedian, had identified himself with the optimistic character of Col. Mulberry Sellers. At this performance I not only saw Mark but heard him make a speech when he was called before the curtain. As I remember it this was not one of his happiest addresses, since it consisted of little more than his telling the story of the celebrated Mexican plug, an unbroken broncho possessing the power of speedily reducing the man who attempted to ride him to a condition of exhausted speechlessness. "And that," Mark concluded, "is the condition in which I find myself to-night. I stand before you now quite speechless!"

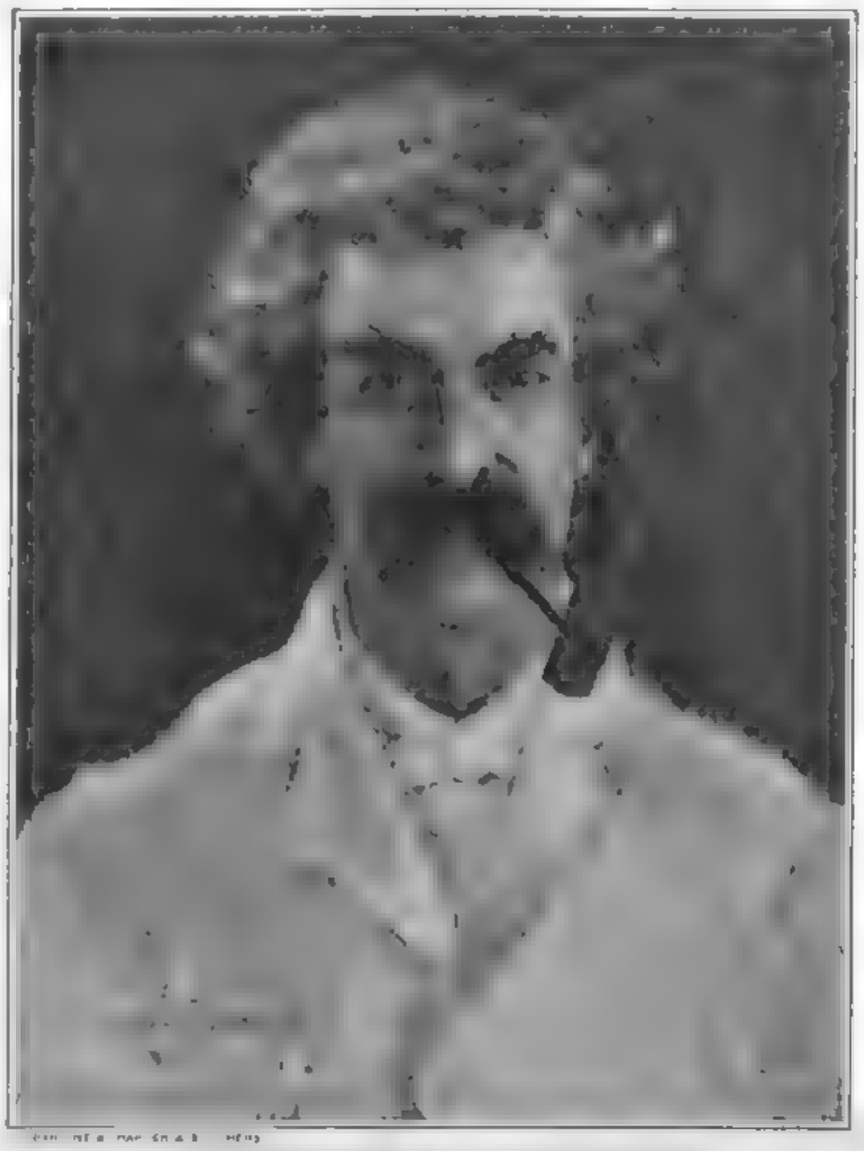
Then in 1882, Laurence Hutton and Lawrence Barrett, Frank Millet and E. A. Abbey, W. M. Laffan and I organized an intermittent and sporadic dining club, which we called The Kinsmen, because we intended to gather in the practitioners of the kindred arts, and which had no officers, no dues and no rules, except that an invitation to one of our meetings was to be accepted as an election to membership. I gave the first dinner; and at the second, given by Hutton a full year later, I was delighted to find myself sitting by the side of Mark Twain.

Then began an intimacy which lasted until his death nearly thirty years thereafter. Later, when Huckleberry Finn was issued, I had the pleasure of reviewing it for the London Saturday Review, hailing it as one of the indisputable masterpieces of American fiction. This pleased Mark; and as he had somehow discovered that I had written the criticism he took occasion to thank me.

A Strained Relation

MARK was also one of the earliest members of the Authors' Club, of which I had been one of the founders; and I served with him on the executive committee of the American Copyright League. It was during our eight-year campaign for international copyright that my relation with Mark was a little strained though fortunately only for a brief period. Until the passage of our bill in 1891 no foreign author had any control over the publication of his writings in the United States; an American publisher could reprint without payment anything any British man of letters wrote; and as a result every American man of letters had to see his books sold in competition with stolen goods. We all felt this keenly; but only a few of us knew that there were certain London publishers quite as willing to reprint American books without payment as certain New York publishers were to appropriate British books on the same terms. While we wanted the rights of the authors of the United Kingdom to be protected in the United States we also wanted the rights of the authors of the United States to be protected in the United Kingdom.

In 1889 I prepared a paper for the New Princeton Review, which I called American Authors and British Pirates, and in which I collected examples of the cruel treatment accorded to certain of our writers, forced to behold their works reprinted in England without their permission and often with an offensive mutilation of the original in the vain effort to adjust it to the supposed prejudices of British readers.



A Woodcut From Carroll Beckwith's Portrait

The facts in my article surprised many who had been ignorant of them; and the editor of the New Princeton Review, Prof. William M. Sloane, suggested that I might get together material for a second paper. So I wrote to half a dozen American authors who had been maltreated by British publishers, requesting them to supply me with particulars. One of my letters went to Mark; and a few days later Professor Sloane let me see Mark's reply, which he had sent not to me but direct to the editor for publication in the New Princeton. It was a vehement protest against my suggestion that the British law needed any alteration; and it held me up to scorn for making the needless suggestion. Mark let his pen run away with him and poured ridicule upon me, in a fashion which was lacking in consideration for my feelings, even if it was not actually wanting in courtesy. It was a brilliant letter, certain to evoke abundant laughter from every reader—excepting only the one to whom it was addressed. It was also an unanswerable letter, so far as its inimitable manner was concerned; and yet it had to be answered somehow.

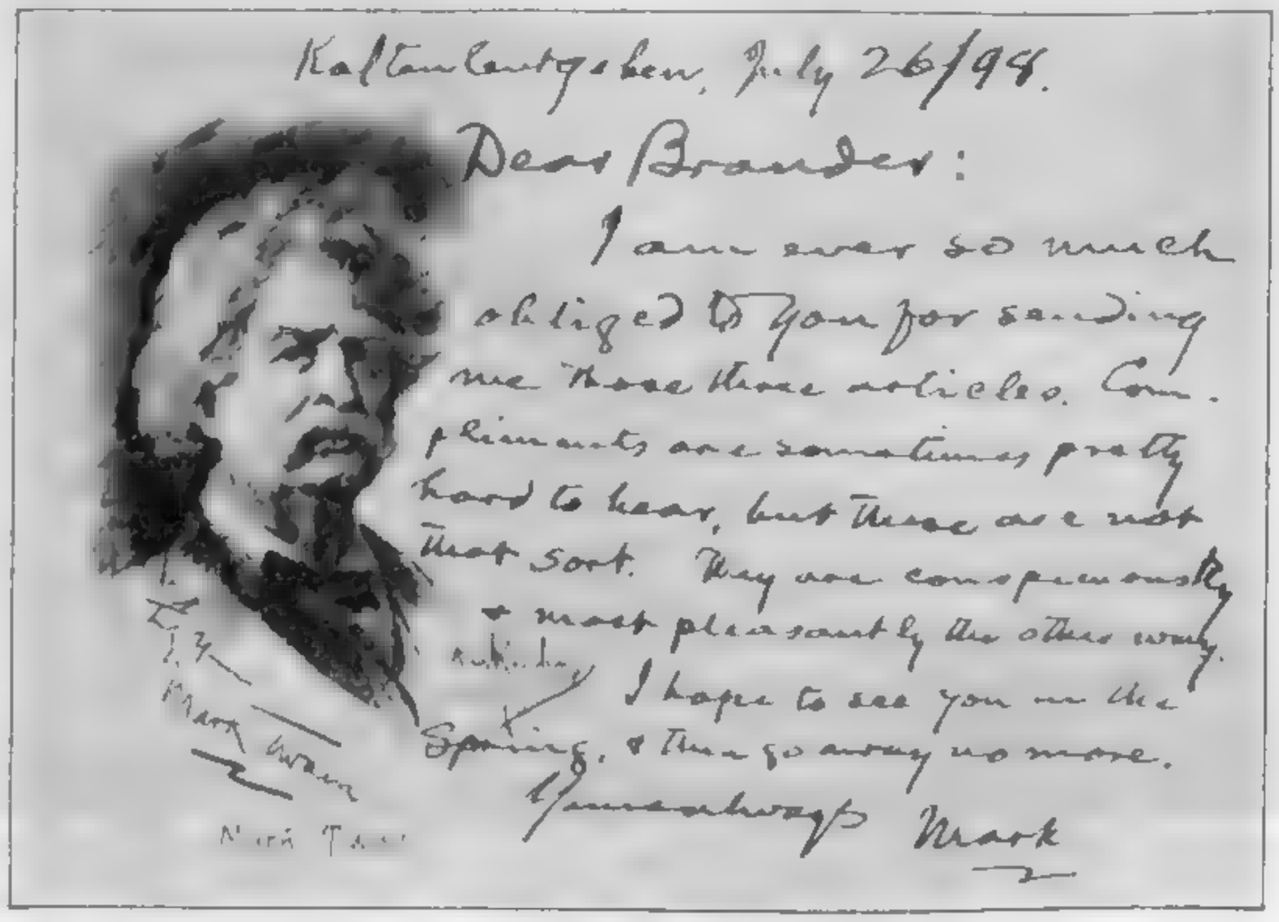
Copyright Controversy

WHAT had roused the sudden wrath which had blazed up in Mark's epistolary excoriation was my assertion that the British law could be improved, since it was perfectly satisfactory to Mark himself. Now the British law was better than the American in only one particular! No British author could get any protection in the United States, whereas the British courts had held that any book first published in Great Britain while its author was domiciled in any part of the British Empire was entitled to the full protection accorded by the statutes to a book by a British subject.

In accord with an old rule of controversy—to answer earnest with jest and jest with earnest—I wrote a short and simple reply, strictly legal in tone. I pointed out that Mark having permanent relations with a satisfactory publisher in London could always run up to Canada or slip down to Bermuda so as to be under the British flag on the day when any new book of his was to be issued in England. Then I made it plain that this procedure was not possible for a young writer with his first book, often his best and often made up out of contributions to periodicals. There was no fun in my response and it must have seemed pretty pale in comparison with Mark's coruscating fireworks; but I had on my side both the facts and the law.

I had cause to feel aggrieved that he had seen fit to pillory me in the market place; but I was unwilling to take offense and I was unable to see any reason why he should resent my studiously respectful retort. Yet I soon heard from more than one of our common friends that Mark was acutely dissatisfied; and when I next met him he was distant in his manner, and I might even describe him as chilly. Of course I regretted this, but I could only hope that his fundamental friendliness would warm him up sooner or later. I knew that Mark had a hair-trigger temper and that he was swift to let loose all the artillery of heaven to blow a foe from off the face of the earth. I was aware, also, that a professional humorist is not infrequently a little deficient in that element of the sense of humor which guards a man against taking himself too seriously. I had been told, also, that Mark, genial as he was and long suffering as he often was, could be a good hater, superbly exaggerating the exuberance of his ill will. His old friend, Joe Twitchell, once wrote him about a piece of bad luck which had befallen a man who had been one of Mark's special antipathies; and Mark wrote back:

"I am more than charmed to hear of it; still it doesn't do me half the good it would have done if it had come sooner. My malignity has so worn out and wasted away with time and the exercise


Kaltenleutgeben, July 26/98.
Dear Brander:
I am ever so much
obliged to you for sending
me those three articles. Com-
pliments are sometimes pretty
hard to bear, but these are not
that sort. They are compendiously
& most pleasantly the other way.
I hope to see you in the
Spring, & then go away no more.
Yours always Mark
Mark Twain
New York

of charity that even his death would not afford me anything more than a mere fleeting ecstasy, a sort of momentary, pleasurable titillation now—unless of course it happened in some particularly radiant way, like burning or boiling or something like that. Joys that come to us after the capacity for enjoyment is dead are but an affront."

I did not have to wait very long before our friendship was renewed, never again to be disturbed. We spent part of the summer of 1890 in the Catskills, at Onteora Park, the hilltop park dotted with unpretending cottages which housed a colony of workers in the several arts: Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Custer, Mrs. Runkle and her daughter Bertha, Carroll Beckwith, Laurence Hutton, Heber Newton and Mark Twain. Within a week after our arrival Mark stepped up on our porch, as pleasantly as if there had never been a cloud on our friendship.

"I hear you play a French game called piquet," he began. "I wish you would teach me." And we taught him, though it was no easy task, since he was forever wanting to make over the rules of the game to suit his whim of the moment—a boyish trait which I soon discovered to be entirely characteristic.

But we were all boys together that summer; and we invented new ways for discharging high spirits. On the Fourth of July we had a succession of sports, including a race round the clubhouse. Mark officiated as timekeeper, supplying a host of fanciful explanations why the runners took twice the time really necessary for the circuit of the building. He had to admit that the joke was on him when at last they did appear—coming back on the side from which they originally started.

A Moderate Smoker

FROM the first he felt himself at ease with the friendly folk of Onteora; and I think he was appreciative of the high regard we had for him. He was a hard worker at intervals; and he was then worried by the difficulties in which his business as a publisher was becoming more and more deeply involved. But he liked to play, especially with his own children, making them accept him as of their own age; and he also could play with the grown-ups as if he were a child.

One evening we all gathered at Mrs. Wheeler's log cabin and sat round a crackling wood fire, which was the only light in the large room. We swapped ghost stories; and at the end Mark told us, as only he could tell it, with a marvelous mastery of pause and intonation, the horrific tale of The Golden Arm. The curious reader will find full directions for the proper delivery of this bloodcurdling narrative in the paper he called How to Tell a Story; but the reader who tries to follow the precepts there set down will need to toil long before he can even approach the perfection of Mark's technic in telling the tale.

He sat to Mrs. Wheeler's daughter, Mrs. Keith, for a portrait which adorns to this day the walls of the Bear and Fox Inn, companioned by portraits of several of the other men of letters whose stay made that summer ever memorable in the annals of Onteora. He also sat to Carroll Beckwith, a native of the straggling town in which Mark had spent his boyhood, for a portrait which is, I think, the best that artist ever painted. It represents Mark with a corncob pipe in his mouth. Generally he smoked cigars of a specially atrocious brand, but he kept returning fondly to the corncob of his youth. At The Players, which he joined about that time, he protested with all the vehemence of his resplendent vocabulary against the rule forbidding pipes except in the billiard room, though cigarettes, which he abominated and objurgated vigorously, were permitted even in the dining room. He was an incessant smoker, yet he was wont to say that he never smoked to excess—that is, he never smoked two cigars at once and he never smoked when he was asleep. But Mr. Howells has recorded that when Mark came to visit him he used to go into Mark's room to remove the still lighted cigar from the sleeping lips of his guest.

As Onteora had seemed a perilous experiment to its originators the Bear and Fox Inn had been run up as inexpensively as might be; and the partitions separating the upper bedrooms were only of burlap. Mark had spent a night at the unpretending clubhouse, where he had earlier come up to make sure that the cottage he had taken would be comfortable for Mrs. Clemens; and as a result of this brief sojourn he was moved to declare that the walls of those bedrooms were so thin that he could hear the young lady in the next room change her mind.

At Onteora, Mark Twain, Mr. Matthews and Laurence Hutton, With Carroll Beckwith in the Background at the Left

That he came up in advance of the family was typical of the care he was never tired of taking to assure his wife's well-being. His devotion to her was a matter of daily observation to all of us. He waited on her, protected her, thought for her, as though nothing else mattered; and to him it did not. He treated her as a creature of a finer clay, fragile and infinitely precious, needing to be guarded from careless contacts. If ever in this world of mismating a perfect marriage existed, then it was Mark's. As Mr. Howells—who knew them both better than anyone else—has told us, Mark's love for his wife "was a greater part of him than the love of most men for their wives; and she merited all the worship he could give her, all the devotion, all the implicit obedience by her surpassing force and beauty of character."

Once and once only did Mark mention his wife in print This was in a letter on the bringing up of children, which he had sent without her knowledge to the Christian Union—now The Outlook—in 1885, five years before our summer together at Onteora:

"The mother of my children adores them—there is no milder term for it and they worship her; they even worship anything which the touch of her hand has made sacred. They know her for the best and truest friend they ever had, or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong and cannot do them a wrong: who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one; who never deceived them even by an ambiguous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command, nor ever contented herself with anything short of a perfect obedience; who had always treated them as politely and as considerately as she would the best and oldest in the land; and who always required of them gentle speech and courteous conduct toward all, of whatsoever degree, with whom they chanced to come in contact; they know her for one whose promise, whether of reward or punishment, is gold, and always worth its face, to the uttermost farthing. In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest."

Tom and Huck

WHEN at last she was taken from him after years of patient suffering he carried her back to the home of her childhood to be buried, and he caused to be carved upon her tombstone eight lines which express simply, pathetically, beautifully, the deep feeling of his deep love:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here;
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night

It was in the course of one of our many conversations at Onteora that Mark described to me his method of work in writing Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. He declared that there was no episode in either of these stories which had not actually happened, either to himself or to one or another of the boys he had known. He began on the composition of Tom Sawyer with certain of his boyish recollections in mind, writing on and on until he had utilized them all, whereupon he put his manuscript aside and ceased to think about it, except so far as he might recall from time to time and more or less unconsciously other recollections of those early days. Sooner or later he would return to his work to make use of memories he had recaptured in the interval.

When he had harvested this second crop he again put his work away, certain that in time he would be able to call back other scenes and other situations. When at last he became convinced that he had made his profit out of every possible reminiscence he went over what he had written with great care, adjusting the several installments one to the other, sometimes transposing a chapter or two and sometimes writing into the earlier chapters the necessary preparation for adventures in the later chapters unforeseen when he was engaged on the beginnings of the book. Thus he was enabled to bestow on the completed story a more obvious coherence than his haphazard procedure would otherwise have attained.

A few years later, when Mark published Those Extraordinary Twins, whose adventures had been originally combined with those of Pudd'nhead Wilson and had been ejected therefrom because they retarded the main current of his narration, he confessed the disadvantage of his

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SWEETIE PEACH

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IN THE choking, seething five-thirty Subway jam, at Times Square, Frank Rodham made his customary determined way, getting through swiftly, yet with no unpleasant pushing or elbowing. It was his custom to get off here and walk the rest of the way—two miles up Broadway, to the apartment in the West Eighties which was his home. He did this every night when there wasn't a blizzard or a torrential downpour, and that was one of the reasons that you would have thought him, at a casual glance, not more than twenty-three or four, so slenderly supple was he, so clear his blue eyes, so healthily ruddy his skin. Exercise, even on Broadway, has been known to have this effect.

Of course if you looked at him closely and observed the firm way his lips shut together and the very faint lines at the corners of those same clear blue eyes, you might be willing to concede him his real quota of thirty years. In the average New York crowd of men—all out of drawing from too much or too little food, poor nerves, flabby morals, lack of exercise and fresh air—young Rodham shone like a live man amongst the dummies in the Eden Musée. People who saw him for the first time usually thought that he was a professional boxer.

Not that young Rodham cared at all what anyone thought of him, save the unassuming and powerful corporation head whose secretary and confidential man he was. If he could hold his own with old John Estabrook the rest of the world might go hang, for John Estabrook had a way of taking his confidential men and putting them, after not too many years of service, into big fancy jobs with big fancy salaries attached. Also big fancy work—but Work would have been Frank Rodham's middle name if he had had any. He worked as only an honest, brainy, intensely ambitious and perfectly healthy young man can work; loved it and called for more. At his office he was nicknamed The Original Workhound, not in derision, but with respect.

As he came up the Subway stairs a stiffish little winter breeze greeted him, and he put up a hand to his hat and bent his head to avoid the cold malodorous dust. Above Forty-fifth Street he took the right-hand side of Broadway as less populous, and struck his customary steady three-miles-an-hour gait. He looked neither at the people on the street nor at the flaring billboards of the theaters. Passing a confectioner's, its windows banked in peanut brittle and caramels with an alluring background of chocolates, a frown came on his brow and he muttered balefully, "Damn."

Not that he was thinking specially of the confectioner's shop—his mind was intent on something that had apparently no connection with chocolates and peanut brittle. But just before leaving the office he had had a chat with old John Estabrook. The subject was young John Estabrook, Junior, who had recently married.

"You know, Frank," said Estabrook, Senior, his late afternoon cigar cocked at a contented angle, "what a brat Johnny has been. You've had to help me get him out of more than one nasty mess and hush the thing up. And when he married this little round-eyed red-headed kitten I just kissed him good-by. I said to myself, and to you, too, 'That's the finish of Johnny.' But she fooled me." He got up and prowled round his great office with its windows looking seaward. "Women are funny," he went on. "I'd have said that Nina hadn't an idea in her head except dancing and dress. She's not an accomplished girl; she's had the most superficial education; she's never done a lick of real work in her life, but she's got one thing that not many people have—she knows what she wants. And she wants a husband who's a decent white man, and she saw the makings of one in Johnny. Heaven knows I didn't. She's checked him up on booze and poker, she's got him off cigarettes, she's made him go in for riding again, and she's actually got him into the frame of mind where he wants to work. Struck me for a job yesterday when I supposed he was coming in to get his allowance raised. And I bet you a million that if he gets a job she'll make him stick to it and get away with it."

"He might very well go out to Buffalo after a few months here," suggested Rodham with unfeigned interest.

"Just what I was thinking," said Estabrook, Senior. "See Barker about it to-morrow, will you, Frank? But say—isn't it queer? Did you ever think how little sense and patience and trouble we men take with our personal relations in this life, when they don't suit us? In business, when we've got a man who isn't right in line we watch him, we manipulate him, we figure out his strength and his weakness, and we often succeed in making something quite different out of him from what he ever could have been if we hadn't taken a hand. I've had men in here who were so scared of responsibility at first that they got cold feet every time they tried to give an order to one of the office boys. Some I flattered, some I browbeat, according to the man as I sized him up, and in the end I made 'em into executives in spite of themselves. If the stuff's there you can make a man into almost anything, no matter how it's overlaid with individual crotchets and quavers. That's in business—but at home we're all different."

It came over Rodham with a sickening realization that John Estabrook was unwittingly putting his finger on a very sore spot in his own life.

"I've watched many a marriage," went on John Estabrook, "and I've often seen a woman take hold of a poor sort of man and make him into something worth while, just the same way we men manage other men in business. Maybe the maternal instinct does it; I don't know. Anyway, the women manage it. But as long as I've lived I don't believe I've ever seen a man take and make over his wife into what he wants her to be, using the same patience and caution and sense he uses with his business subordinates. I don't say it can't be done, but it isn't. Well—that's neither here nor there. You'll speak to Barker about Johnny?"

"The first thing in the morning," promised Rodham.

"That's right; he might change his mind if it went too long—not that I think he will, with Nina in charge. Say, the day Johnny really makes good and begins to earn his keep I'm going uptown and buy that little girl a string of pearls that'll make her eyes stick out."

He had been flinging on his overcoat with the last words, and now he let himself out of his private door with a friendly "So long, boy" that emphasized the affection and trust he had for Rodham. And Rodham had presently put on his own coat and hat and gone on his way uptown with a hatful of new thoughts to take with him.

He did not question the truth of Estabrook's premise. He had, despite the fact that he was twenty-five years younger than his chief, seen that same phenomenon—a determined, patient, persistent woman, alternately bullying and pleading, cajoling and commanding, turn her husband in quite another direction from the one in which he had seemed to be headed. There was Win Tayler, one of his classmates—what a lout he had seemed. But that big, good-natured, pink-cheeked girl he had married had forced him into civilization and industry until now he was making real headway as a contractor—and in ten years more would be one of the big ones.

He could think of one or two others; and memory carried him back to his childhood, when, a chubby quiet urchin, he had gone with his mother when she paid a call of state on the minister's wife. The good lady of the manse had supplied him with a cooky and a picture book, and he had sat on a little stool surrounded by a silken sea of maternal ruffles.

The polite talk had floated down to him, for the most part unheeded, but he had pricked up his ears when the name of his favorite uncle, recently married, came into it.

"Oh, we've stopped worrying about George and his wildness now," said his mother. "Jane has him perfectly in hand. She'll make him over in less than a year. You'll see."

It savored, to Frank's youthful mind, of the phraseology of the visiting seamstress, employed by his mother both to make and to make over, and he wondered vaguely if his new Aunt Jane was going to make drastic alterations in Uncle George's clothing. He smiled a little grimly as he remembered his childish wonder. According to his recollection Aunt Jane had done a good job with Uncle George, landing him at last as a vestryman and an all-round leading citizen.

But why, why—if a woman can do so much with masculine clay—is man such a boob when it comes to dealing with his womankind? That was the question that stuck in Frank Rodham's logical mind. He refused to dismiss it with old Estabrook's fragmentary suggestion that it was a feminine trait or the maternal instinct working in wondrous ways. One of Frank Rodham's chief assets was his unwillingness to accept anyone else's belief as a proved fact. An assertion, unless backed with figures and other concrete proof, was to him utterly negligible. Besides, he had a personal interest in challenging this particular assertion. It was connected with the way he said "Damn" to the confectioner's shop.

It was also connected with the way in which, on his walk uptown, he glowered bitterly at other confectionery shops, also at French-pastry shops, and forced himself to refrain from shaking his fist covertly at every delicatessen he passed.

As he had stepped off the Subway at five-thirty it was just ten minutes past six when he reached his home, that well-kept smart apartment house—it offered both elevator and uniformed hallboys—into which the Rodhams had moved last year

With Fierce and Gloomy Gestures She Stripped the Living Room, Hall and Little Library Bare of All Except Essentials

"Oh, Don't be Such a Fuss. You're a Regular Old Maid, Frank. I Like to Drop Things Round Where I Can See 'em, and Find 'em Again"

from the unpretentious walk-up where the first seven years of their married life had been spent.

And as he approached his home it might have been observed that Frank Rodham's steps grew slower and slower, as one suffering from reluctance to reach his journey's end. Also the absorption of great thought was obviously upon him; so much so that when he finally did pass between the white-marble entrance pillars Dan, the leisurely youth who was master there, forbore to offer any comment about the weather or the presence of two warships in the river, both of which had been his conversational shibboleths all day.

The apartment inhabited by the Rodhams was built on a familiar plan. You open the front door and you are in a little square hall. At your left are living and dining rooms. A long hall runs back to the bedrooms and bath, and along its length are concealed the kitchen, pantry and maid's room.

Not being of the newest type this particular domicile had not squeezed down its space to postage-stamp dimensions. The rooms were of fair size and would have been pretty had they not been so breathlessly over decorated. Rodham, entering, tried to put his hat on the little table in the hall and something clattered tinklingly to the floor.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" a voice from the back of the apartment chided him. "You've knocked down my darling little basketful of tin flowers—the very latest thing, so quaint! I hope you didn't hurt them."

Rodham obediently picked up the fallen ornament and found it quaint indeed—a little basketful of flowers, even as the voice had said, of tin, all painted in a way to put Nature to the blush. He raised his eyebrows at it hopelessly and put it back on the table. It seemed best to carry his hat with him, and he proceeded toward the voice.

"Come on back," the voice called, foreseeing his intention. "Here I are."

A froth of pink lingerie and perfume rushed up to him, and a pair of overplump arms caught him round the neck as he entered the larger of the two bedrooms at the back of the apartment.

"Well, old dear—are you early or am I late?" demanded Mrs. Frank Rodham affectionately. "Here, kiss me—kiss your Sweetie Peach." She laughed gayly and rushed back to her dressing table. "I've been to the movies this afternoon, Frank—of all places! Martie Anderson, Lillie Swain and I started out to go to a matinée, but we couldn't get seats at anything we wanted to see, so we finally went to a movie, and then Martie suggested we stop for tea at that French place on Forty-fourth Street—m-m, what good cakes they have there!—and when I got home and started to change my frock my corset lace broke, and I've been simply hours struggling with it."

She was struggling with it as she spoke, and the bulge of flesh that appeared over the top of her corset was not pretty. The tying finally accomplished she drew a sigh of relief.

"Better get into your dinner coat, Frank," she said; "Martie and Theodore are coming over after dinner for auction. What do you think would be nice for a little supper? I believe I'll phone over to the delicatessen and see if he's got any shrimp salad; his is so good. And maybe he'd make some sandwiches for us."

"Where's Babe?" asked Rodham.

"Oh, I asked Miss Jones to give her her supper and put her to bed. She was sleepy. Miss Jones is so sweet with her. I tell you, Frank, that girl's a perfect treasure! I wouldn't have a minute to myself if it wasn't for her."

"Babe's at kindergarten all morning."

"That's just it," assented his wife with perfect humor. "In the morning I'm at home, and she wouldn't bother me a bit; but in the afternoon, when I'm ready to go out, why, it means trailing off to the park with Babe—and nowhere else."

She had piled up her abundant and very pretty brown hair, and was getting into a semievening dress of black lace as she spoke.

"You'll have to hook me up," she said. "Even this old rag is getting too tight for me. Honestly, it's disgraceful the way I'm putting on flesh. I've got to quit it. Martie was telling me about a woman she heard of who has the most wonderful system—she's got ever so many actresses who go to her regularly. Of course she's expensive, but it would be worth it to get my figure back."

She did not look disapprovingly at the reflection in her mirror in spite of her words. Her hands went out mechanically toward a little lacquer box on her dressing table.

"Don't use that lip stuff," said Rodham. "Please, Cora. It's simply—not clean."

Cora laughed—she had nice white teeth, hence laughed often and easily.

"You old-fashioned goose!" she said. "All right then. I won't—when you're around." And she arched her brows at him coquettishly. "Oh, bother, there goes another hook!" She picked up a hand glass and looked at the back of her frock, which gaped widely above the camisole. "If I only had someone who'd come in and mend for me. I haven't a rag that's whole; not one."

"Nor I," said her husband a little dryly. "Cora, this bedroom is always such a mess. Can't we do something to keep it in order?"

"Oh, don't be such a fuss," said Cora easily. "You're a regular old maid, Frank. I like to drop things round where I can see 'em and find 'em again. I hate having to dig every mortal thing I want out of the highboy or the closet. Are you ready? I rather think dinner is too."

They went together into the dining room and sat down. There was dust in rolls on the rug and under the sideboard. On the table a centerpiece of wilting roses filled the air with a fetid fragrance. Rodham lifted it from its place and put it on the sideboard, but said nothing.

"Oh, dear," said Cora, perfectly unconcerned, but willing to go through the set phrases of contrition, "I meant to phone for some fresh flowers. What a disagreeable odor—open the windows a moment, won't you, dear? I do wish I could get a maid who'd attend to things like that. I've told Mary a hundred times never to leave faded flowers on the table, but that's all the good it does."

She lowered her voice as she said the last words, for Mary was bringing in the soup. Mary was not the ideal

(Continued on Page 167)

FRENZIED FARM FINANCE

By HARRY R. O'BRIEN

THIS is a story of a money-mad mob that rivals the gold-rush days of the Forty-Niners in California, an Oklahoma oil town on a boom or Wall Street at its most frenzied moments. It is a story of a business deal that would make buying the Woolworth Building or the Pennsylvania Railroad look like handling the sale of a country flour mill or a village taxi-bus line. It is a story of a gigantic moving day that makes the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, the flight of the Tartars or the migration of our fathers to the great West resemble a Sunday-school picnic or a small-college football excursion. It is a story that began in Cherokee County, Iowa, and McLean County, Illinois, and may end either in the millennium or at the downfall of the United States of America—both some distance in the future.

Typical Ohio Farming Country

I write of the world's greatest modern land boom, that which struck the Middle Western States of this country along in the early months of 1919 in northwestern Iowa and central Illinois, spread like a prairie fire over a dozen states, boosted the price of farm land almost overnight anywhere from $50 to $150 an acre higher; resulted in tens of thousands of farms changing hands, of men growing rich in a day or week, of frenzied buying, of wild speculation, of men putting themselves under obligations that total toward the billions of dollars, of being responsible for maybe half the farmers in parts of the Corn Belt having to move this spring and of setting in motion great economic forces the results of which no man can measure until decades have come and gone.

All of which sounds like unto a familiar brand of canned political rhetoric such as is handed out to us on July Fourth or Labor Day instead of a plain statement of facts. But listen to the story I have to tell.

The Land Frenzy in Iowa

SO VAST a thing has happened that it is not yet possible to grasp it all. It will be years before complete data are gathered together and before our learned parlor economists explain the why and how of it. But being just a plain dub of a reporter, as I have traveled over the land in the past six or eight months on various errands I have listened, seen, asked questions until now I rush in where learned economists yet fear to tread.

In these eight months I have traveled nearly 10,000 miles over the Corn Belt by auto and by train. I have talked as I went along with farmers who have sold their farms, with those who have bought, with those who refused to sell.

I have listened to village and city bankers, real-estate men, county agricultural agents by the score.

Sitting in dusty country newspaper offices I have scanned through the musty files of last summer's papers to find and copy down in my notebook records of farm sales. Sitting in the back room at banks I have waded through stacks of farm-sale contracts of several years back to obtain the exact records of how much farms were sold for, the exact terms of sale—evidence and not hearsay I was after. I have clipped hundreds of sale records from daily and weekly newspapers. I have from one source or another records of nearly fifteen hundred actual Iowa sales representing nearly every county in the state, besides hundreds in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri and other states.

Waiters behind village lunch counters, men whom I picked up along the road to ride with me, sun-tanned men who shaved beside me in the Pullman of a morning, country preachers who told me with tears almost in their eyes of how this great land boom would mean the breaking up of their congregations, teachers who saw their district schools inevitably broken up, college professors and noted agricultural authorities—these were others whom I found ready and willing to talk, to give me information.

No matter where I went last summer it was all the same. Land buying was in the air. Let Bill Jones and John Smith meet on the highway and they stopped to talk land. Let two farmers come to the ends of their respective corn rows at the same time and the horses would browse unheeded while over the line fence the two swapped yarns of how this farm or that farm had been sold. Go to church of a Sunday morning and an hour after the sermon was ended there would still be knots of men standing round the door of the meeting house talking sales, making deals even.

If the grange or the live-stock shipping association or the school board or the commercial club or the village council or the sewing circle in any town in the Corn Belt met, or let a doctor meet a lawyer or a grocer meet a butcher—and dollars to Salvation Army sinkers the talk was of land sold or farms for sale, of what this man had made or that man asked.

I stood on the main street of Atlantic, county seat of Cass County, Iowa, one Saturday afternoon in early July when the boom was at its height there. It had rained that morning so that farmers could not work in the fields. For three blocks the sidewalk was lined on the shady side of the street with autos. In nearly every car or round it was a group of men. I stopped to listen. Every group as it smoked and chewed was talking excitedly or calmly or carelessly—but talking, buying, selling land.

Fully a dozen men on that shady side of the street that afternoon were real-estate men, legitimate dealers some, and others sprung up overnight—a retired farmer, a stock buyer, a cobbler maybe, before the land boom came.

In one of the banks on that street there was $300,000 in cold cash that had been brought to the town there were about three other banks besides this one—for the purpose of making first payments on farms. The head officials of the bank were gone on vacations and the men in charge, with more cash there than had ever been in the town before and afraid of safe blowers, sent for a private detective. As I walked past the bank that night this man was sitting inside by the vault door, a loaded gun across his knees, guarding the funds that were being used to make payments on farms.

Scenes like this Saturday in Atlantic were enacted in every county seat and village in Iowa last summer and to a degree in towns all over the Central West. One can hardly describe just how it was without writing a novel about it. You had to be there, see, hear, sense what was going on. Even then you could hardly realize it.

The boom began in the northwestern counties of Iowa, in Cherokee, O'Brien and Clay counties, along in early March, though I had observed signs of unusual activities in land selling late in February. It was just as if a great prairie fire had been lighted up there that in a few weeks was to sweep the whole state and to burn with ever-increasing fury for several months, not always at the same place. The boom swept from town to town and county to county. It might die out in one town in a county only to spring up in another. By May the whole state of Iowa was land mad. No other words quite fit the situation.

The Boom in Central Illinois

THIS state of affairs continued up to the middle of August with unabated fury. Then a drop in the price of hogs warned people that prices might not stay up forever. The state bank examiner issued warning that banks would not be permitted to loan more than $100 an acre on farm land regardless of how much it had sold for. George E. Roberts, a New York banker but formerly from Iowa and a man whose opinion is highly thought of throughout Iowa, came out to a state bankers' meeting at Ft. Dodge and strongly condemned the whole boom. His warning had a wide effect. The Federal Farm Loan Bank would not increase the amount of money it would loan on an acre.

All of these things, together with a land-sick headache, the fall plowing and the frost maybe, checked the boom generally by the last of August and pretty nearly squelched it by the end of September. But it still burned furiously here and there as long as real-estate men and speculators could keep it up.

A similar fire was lighted in Central Illinois, in McLean and Woodford counties, as nearly as can be determined. It swept over most of the state and all summer long there was buying and selling of farms, a boosting of prices overnight, men getting rich at a jump and all the rest. This was not so frenzied as in Iowa, but just as vast and at even higher price levels probably.

There seems to be a general impression that this boom was confined to Illinois and Iowa alone. But this is erroneous. Once lighted, the fires of land speculation swept from Iowa up to Minnesota and the Dakotas, out into Nebraska, into Missouri. It went east from Illinois into

Indiana, on to Ohio and reached Michigan even. In places you can almost trace the march of the boom from place to place.

The way to visualize just what happened in Iowa, for example, is to submit concrete facts and examples. But before I do I want you to keep in mind all the while that the average price of land in Iowa was $9.09 in 1850, $11.91 in 1860, $20.21 in 1870, $22.92 in 1880, $28.13 in 1890, $43.31 in 1900 and $96 in 1910—always a slowly rising increase.

It was fifteen years ago that Dean C. F. Curtiss of Iowa State College at Ames, a noted agricultural authority, made a public prediction that he would live to see the day when black Iowa corn dirt would sell for $500 an acre. Folks laughed at him and wondered if the dean expected to live until the judgment day. But the year of our Lord 1919 saw the dean vindicated with a vengeance.

January 1, 1919, I began to gather data on land sales in Iowa just as I happened to come across them. I never dreamed of the use that I should have to put this information to. Up to June fifth I had a record of 605 with actual figures paid. Most of these were from March fifteenth on. Adding up all of these sales and their acreage on an adding machine I found that the average farm sold for $257.36 an acre and that it had been 187 acres in size.

A Good Farm in the Corn Belt

Recent Sales in Iowa

A RECORD of 125 sales between June fifth and June nineteenth showed that the average size of the farm was 211 acres and that the average price was $304 an acre, an increase of nearly fifty dollars an acre. Sixty-one sales between June nineteenth and June twenty-seventh averaged 252 acres and the average price paid was $335 an acre. From then until November first 361 sales from all parts of the state, with an average of 176 acres, had an average sale price of $318 an acre. In this period the boom struck the portions of the state where there is cheaper and poorer land. In the best sections the poorer farms were selling.

From the first of November to the end of December I made no special effort to look for sale records, but I came across thirteen such in Iowa newspapers. These farms were 161 acres in size and the price averaged $442 an acre. This much smaller number means that though the large sale of farms is now over prices have not gone down but in fact have gone higher than they were. They are going still higher.

These figures I give are my own, gathered in my own way. They are as accurate, however, as any that can be obtained until such time as deeds are recorded this coming year at the time the transactions are completed.

But these figures are comprehensive enough to show that all over Iowa there has been a widespread transfer of land together with a swiftly rising price. Out of the sales up to June fifth that I have listed some 150 were for $300 or more, located in forty-six Iowa counties. Forty-three of the sales were for $400 or more and fourteen of them were for $500 or more. Out of the 361 sales between June and November some 107 sold for more than $400 an acre and thirty-five for $500 or more. These thirty-five sales were in nineteen counties. There were sales at $565, $600, $620, $900 and $980. In the last thirteen sales up to the end of December only three of the farms sold under $400 an acre and prices went as high as $500, $515 and $700.

For eighty-nine of the 605 sales I have a record of what the previous owner had paid for the farm. These give farm prices through a series of years and also furnish an index to the increase in the value of Iowa land. Fourteen farms that had been bought from 1870 to 1900 averaged fifteen dollars an acre. Six bought from then until 1905 averaged seventy-six dollars an acre. Eight purchases from 1905 to 1915 averaged $179 an acre. Twelve farms purchased during the first six months of 1918 averaged $219 and eleven during the last half averaged $239.

High Figures

LOOKING at this from a different angle, I took the figures from eighty farms sold between June twenty-seventh and November first on which I have the records of previous sales and figured out just what the increase in value had been while the land had been held by the person selling it the second time. Twenty farms bought up until 1915, mainly since 1910, and then sold during the latter part of 1919, had made an average gain in value for their owners during that time of $205 an acre. Twelve farms bought from 1915 to 1917 made a gain for their owners of $181 an acre. Eight farms bought in 1918 sold for an average price of $80 more than had been paid for them. On forty farms bought in 1919 and sold again during the year there was an average profit of exactly $75 an acre.

These figures of $205, $181, $80 and $75 represent what economists term unearned increment. For 1919 they represent in addition the spoils of land speculation.

Just how much land changed hands in Iowa in 1919 is impossible to estimate now, since scarcely any of the deeds have been filed as I write. A tabulation of 1400 sales that I have recorded shows that these totaled 224,281 acres and sold for a total of $60,296,906—a mere drop in the bucket compared with the total amount sold and the total sum involved in the contracts.

Late last summer the Department of Agriculture became alarmed over the land boom and sent out a number of men into about nine states to make a survey of conditions. These men in Iowa covered thirty-four counties. They reported that the number of farms sold had not been so large as was thought and that on the whole only 8.9 per cent of the farms had changed hands. This is far too low, according to the investigating that I did.

(Continued on Page 133)

A Fine Nebraska Ranch

THE YANCONA YILLIES

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE brick road ends a half mile this side of Pickleburg, if you are traveling west. Then you are in Rich County. The name is a misnomer—Rich County is poor, its roads notoriously so. You leave the brick with a jump and a thump, to jolt and joggle down a hill all humps and bumps, to shudder up a hill gullied and gorged by a thousand rains, to bounce and jounce over four hundred yards of demacadamized highway, and so come to the bounds of Pickleburg, where the road makes a jackknife bend to the left. You must, you positively must take this angle on low.

If Deems Stanwood had known something about the approach to Pickleburg he might have negotiated the jackknife bend successfully. But he didn't know, and because he didn't know there is a story to tell.

He arrived at the dangerous point in a dilapidated, depraved Thapsacus roadster, going at the rate of forty miles an hour. He had checked his speed to fifteen miles when he struck the side of Miss Rebecca Stoneman's barn, which stood where the road would have run had not some pioneer trail maker swerved to the south at that spot.

The side of Miss Rebecca Stoneman's barn was of flimsy material tacked to flimsy stringers. It yielded to the assault of the Thapsacus roadster, cracked twice and toppled inward, and the little car rolled upon it and over it into the barn.

There rose a great hubbub of cackling, fluttering and squawking. A young woman, a very pretty young woman, with blue eyes, a snub nose, alluring lips and a dimpled chin, holding a speckled hen in her left hand, a tin can in her right, out of which she was shaking a gray powder over the struggling fowl, looked up and something like annoyance showed in her blue eyes.

"Good afternoon," said Deems Stanwood.

"Good afternoon," returned the girl none too cordially.

"Is that talcum powder you're putting on the chicken?" he asked.

"No, it's lice powder."

"It's what?"

"Lice powder! Lice! L-i-c-e! Plural for louse! Cooties!"

"Honest? I didn't know anything but soldiers had cooties. I've had 'em."

The girl released the hen, which scurried away through an open door. She looked at the young man in the car again and the hint of annoyance in her eyes had given place now to a look of interest.

"Were you over there?" she asked.

"Oh, yes—sixteen months."

"My brother is over there yet. He's in Germany—at Coblenz."

"He'll be home pretty soon—they'll all be back before the snow falls again. I was one of the first over and one of the first back. What kind of chickens are these you raise?"

"Yanconas."

"Never heard of them before. They are certainly pretty. And what a lot of them you have!"

He looked through the doorway into the inclosed yard beyond, where a great flock of hens was milling about. "How many?"

"Three hundred—maybe a few more."

"What are all these you have shut up in this pen here?"

"Yillies."

"Yillies? And what, tell me, is a yilly?"

She laughed.

"You don't know what a yilly is? A yilly is a pullet that begins to lay at four months of age or earlier. They are rare. I have been unusually fortunate in raising so many. Some day I hope to have my entire flock yillies."

"I've learned something. Glad I called. I believe I'd like to buy some of your birds."

"What do you want with them?"

"Oh, just to look at! And I think I'll start a chicken farm."

"When did you decide to do that?"

"About two minutes ago."

And he looked at her with such intensity and with so much of admiration in his eyes that she blushed.

"The hens will be six dollars apiece and I ask twenty dollars for a cock."

Her tone now was very businesslike.

"I'll buy a dozen of each, but I won't take them to-day. I think the thing for me to do right now is to hunt up a carpenter to repair the damage I've done here, don't you? Is there a carpenter in the village?"

"Oh, yes, Tom Trickle is a near-carpenter. He converted this barn of my aunt's into a poultry house for me. You'll probably find him at the blacksmith shop down the road past the church."

"Tom Trickle? All right, miss, I'll send him up. Awfully sorry I smashed into your hen stable in this way. I never drove this car before, or this make of a car, and I find it very obstreperous at times."

He climbed out and went to the front of the machine to crank the engine.

"Why—why, that looks just like Willie Figg's Thapsacus," said the girl, walking up to the side of the roadster and examining it.

"And who is Willie Figg?" he asked, dropping the crank handle and straightening up.

"Oh, he's Pickleburg's Mark Tapley and Admirable Crichton. Also—according to his statement—he's my beau. I'm very much mistaken if I haven't ridden several hundred miles in this car with Willie Figg. Why, there's my glove! I missed it last night after we'd come home."

He picked up a glove—a much-soiled, much-crumpled glove—that lay on the floor mat by the foot levers and handed it to her with a bow. "I assure you, miss, it is a pleasure to me to find your glove in my car. For this is my car—it isn't Willie Figg's. It may have been Willie's up to an hour or so ago, but I own it now. I paid a young man I met down the road two hundred and fifty dollars for it."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear!" And she began to laugh. "Why, Willie gave only fifty dollars for it three years ago!"

"That so? Well, I felt at the time I was dealing with Willie—I have no doubt it was Willie—that Willie was a pretty clever and shrewd young chap. You see, it came about in this manner: I was on my way to Pickleburg, or rather through Pickleburg, for I am going to Manstown, driving a new Cellini eight which I recently purchased. The car never did give me satisfaction—it was heavy, cumbersome and hard to manage. About a mile this side of Oakland I went into the ditch Just why I went into the ditch I don't know, but I went and I couldn't get out.

"I waited with patience until a young fellow came rattling down the road in the most disreputable-looking roadster I ever saw—that thing there—when I stepped out and waved him down and asked him if he would stop at Rickar's garage in Oakland and tell them to send out a truck to pull me out.

"'No need of that,' he said cheerfully. 'I'll pull you out.'

"'Yes, you will! You could pull this dreadnought out of this ditch with that Thapsacus about as quickly as you could pull a hog molly out of a quarry!'

"'What will you bet?' he asked.

"'My car against yours,' I replied.

"He climbed out. 'If it's a bona fide bet shake hands on it.'

"I shook hands with him. 'It is bona fide.'

"'If I pull you out I'm to take your car; if I don't pull you out you're to take my car, eh?'

"'You have stated the terms of the wager correctly,' I told him.

"He turned his car, backed it to the front of mine, took out a tow line and hitched up. Then he pulled—I steered. And he watched me all the time too to see that I didn't do any crooked steering. In a minute the Cellini was standing on the brick. I climbed out. I was too astonished to peep, and while I was recovering my lost speech he had turned both the Cellini and the Thapsacus in the road and had the hood of the Thap thrown back and was working about the engine with a wrench.

"'Say, what are you going to do?' I demanded.

"'Going to fix this Thap so no one can hook it while I'm taking the Cellini into Oakland. Then I'm coming back for the Thap.'

"'But what about me?' I asked.

"'Well, what about you? I'll bite.'

"'You're not going to take the Thapsacus! I didn't intend to take it if I had won the bet!'

"'That's where you and I have different business views,' he said calmly, and he again set to work with his wrench.

"'Wait a minute!' I called to him. 'I've got to get to Manstown this afternoon.'

"'You can pick up a ride. You can go in to Oakland with me and make a new start, or—the Thap is for sale. And I'm in something of a hurry too.'

"'How much?'

"'Two hundred and fifty dollars.'

"I offered him a hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, and then paid him two hundred and fifty. And here I am—this far."

"How much did you pay for the Cellini?" inquired the girl.

"Six thousand."

She looked at him in amazement. Then she laughed.

"But I must be going—must get over to Manstown," he said, cranking his engine and climbing into the car.

"What For? Everybody Asks Me That Question. I Must Have Something to Do, Miss Hadley—I Can't Loaf Always. Under No Circumstance Would I Drop It"

"I'll send up Tom—what's his name?—if I can find him. If I don't locate him will you get him and have the damage repaired and let me repay you his bill the next time I am out this way? I'll call for the chickens in a day or two. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," she returned, and she was still laughing.

He backed his car out through the opening it had made and disappeared down the road in the direction of the church. The girl threw a handful of shelled corn into the yillies' pen, shut the door of the building and went into the house, where she related to her aunt what had occurred at the poultry house.

"That must be Deems Stanwood," said the elderly spinster—"John V. Cooper's nephew. John V. left his fortune to this nephew, and a large inheritance it is. I knew the boy's father years ago. He was a splendid character in his young days, but I understand the son is a harum-scarum."

"He seems awfully nice," said the girl.

"Tut, tut, Julia!" sniffed the old lady. "Don't get foolish notions into your head. No young man of his age—he isn't much over twenty-five—with as much money at his disposal as he has can be anything but wild and harum-scarum. John V. in his will stipulated that the heir was to live in Oakland and spend his money there and thereabouts, so I suppose we'll be hearing a good deal of his escapades until the fortune is gone. And it won't last long either, I'll predict, even if it is nearly two hundred thousand dollars, if he keeps up the pace he has already set. Fancy handing over a six-thousand-dollar car to Willie Figg and then paying Willie two hundred and fifty dollars for that broken-down rattle trap of a Thapsacus! Oh, he must be a wild scatterbrain of a youth!"

"Where did he come here from, aunt?"

"From down East—Rhode Island, I think. He was raised there. Both of his parents are dead. John V. had most of the expense of raising him. He brought him to Oakland a few years ago and tried to induce him to stay there with him, but the boy remained only a few days—said the place was too slow for him. That was before you came to live with me. Now he must settle down in Oakland, or somewhere near Oakland, in order to get the fortune. I understand it is all in bonds. John V. named Philip Thawson executor of the will and guardian of the estate—a queer choice, I must say! Philip Thawson never had the best reputation in the world for honesty and square dealing. He is to handle the inheritance until the heir is thirty years of age. Another crazy arrangement. But you mark my word, Julia, there won't be anything of John V. Cooper's fortune left by the time this young prodigal is thirty. What he doesn't waste Philip Thawson will get."

"He's been to France," said Julia.

"So has our Joe, and Joe is still there and I wish he was back. How does it happen that this young Crœsus is sent back home so soon, while our Joe is held there? Money!"

"Mr. Stanwood told me he was one of the first soldiers over there. Joe didn't get there till quite late."

"Humph! How are the chickens?"

"They're doing nicely. He is going to buy some from me. He is coming for them in a day or two."

"Oh, he's going to buy some chickens, is he? Some more foolishness. I hope you charged him enough. Well, when he comes, Julia, I will wait on him."

"Very well, aunt."

And Julia Hadley went back to the poultry house.

Meanwhile Deems Stanwood had found Tom Trickle at the blacksmith shop and had handed him a ten-dollar bill, which the near-carpenter thought would be about right for the labor of repairing the damaged barn at Rebecca Stoneman's. He had then taken the Manstown road out of Pickleburg. It was a poor road, a rough road, and the Thapsacus roadster bounced him and jounced him. Slower driving would have meant smoother riding, but he was not in a slower-driving mood.

"That's her!" he said emphatically and ungrammatically as he rushed past the last Pickleburgian villa and came into open country. "That's her! I knew it the minute I broke in there! It's fate, nothing but fate! Seas have separated us, yet have I come straight to her—straight through the side of a barn! It's her! And it's fate!"

He fairly trembled as he thought of the mysterious, almost uncanny workings of fate to bring him to this girl with the blue eyes, the snub nose, the alluring smile and the dimpled chin. Every little event of his past life, the very tiniest event, was—he could now see—just a step toward this great event of to-day. What a glorious conspiracy of events it was—hurrying him back from France with the first home-coming troops; leading him to Oakland to enjoy his huge inheritance; inducing him to buy a Cellini eight—an unmanageable Cellini eight; putting him into the ditch; prompting him to wave down Willie Figg.

Ah, now! This Willie Figg person! Just what part was Willie Figg to play in this drama in which he was to act one of the leading parts? Willie Figg, he had to admit as he now considered him, was an energetic, shrewd and clever and decidedly good-looking young man. And she had said he was her beau! No, she had said that Willie Figg had said he was her beau. Still it seemed that she rather liked ——

"Ouch! Je-rusalem!"

The Thapsacus had responded eagerly to the unconscious touch he had given to the throttle and had struck a succession of humps and holes with rattle and bang and clatter. He was jounced as he had never been jounced before.

"Got to get a new car first thing!" he declared aloud. "Let Willie Figg have the Cellini—I'm off Cellinis. He'll go broke pretty quick, too, buying gas for it. I could never get more than five miles out of a gallon. I'll get a Da Vinci this time—costs eight thousand, I think. I must see the colonel to-morrow. My Da Vinci will make Willie Figg and his Cellini look like thirty sous. But a car isn't everything. Let me think."

He rode for a half mile with his brow puckered in thought.

"Exactly it!" he cried. "I'll make my joke to her about going into the chicken business a serious matter! I'll start a genuine chicken farm somewhere out in this neighborhood and raise nothing but Yanconas just like those she raises. I'll buy all my stock from her, go to her for advice, consult her frequently, have an excuse for meeting her, have something in common—whoa!"

For a hundred yards or more the Thapsacus had been bounding along a rutted and gullied fill, the approach to a high bridge. Without a hint that it had wearied of following the rutted fill the car suddenly swerved to the right and shot down the steep grassy slope of the fill, struck a rail fence at the bottom, threw down and scattered four panels of rails and rolled into a newly plowed field and stopped. A man planting potatoes raised his head, then straightened up and leaned on his hoe.

"Well, sir, what'll you have?" he asked good-naturedly.

"I'm looking for a farm that is for sale. I'm going to start a chicken ranch," replied Deems, crossing one knee over the other and taking out his cigarette case and lighting a cigarette.

"Well, sir, you couldn't find a better site for a chicken ranch than this here farm right here is if you'd hunt all over Rich County," said the man, dropping his hoe and

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"Well, Sir, What'll You Have?" the Man Asked Good-Naturedly

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXVI

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE situation which at last compelled an appeal to the statesmanship of Count Witte had become one of extreme gravity. The revolutionary ferment had spread all over the country, news of riots and disorders were arriving from all sides; mutinies and insubordination in the navy; burning and looting of country houses; strikes of workmen in all branches of industry as well as of employees of railroads, posts and telegraphs; formation of a union of all the professional unions; all communications by rail, post or telegraph cut; the whole revolutionary movement directed by a so-called Council of Workmen's Delegates, prototype of the soviets of our days, presided over by a country lawyer, Nossar, known by his revolutionary surname, Khroustaleff; in a word, a state of almost complete anarchy relieved only by the possibility of relying on the troops of the guard stationed at St. Petersburg, who were still faithful to their oath and could in an emergency have suppressed any open revolt.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

St. Petersburg During the 1905 Revolution

One of the most disquieting features of the situation was the attitude of the educated classes, wavering between fatalistic helplessness and more or less open sentimental sympathy with the revolutionary movement evidently born of noncomprehension of its sinister meaning.

Count Witte, who realized the impossibility of continuing to carry on the government without the support of the educated classes, undertook to convince the emperor of the necessity of constitutional reforms. In his endeavors he was at the last moment, as far as I know, energetically assisted by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch—late supreme commander in chief of our armies—who must surely have realized the danger to the throne and to the dynasty of an obstinate clinging to the antiquated and thoroughly discredited régime of autocracy. The emperor had moreover been prepared to listen to similar advices by a letter from his own mother, the Empress Dowager Marie Feodorovna, who was then at Copenhagen on a visit to her brother, King Frederick VIII of Denmark.

The late Mr. Iswolsky, who was at the time minister to the Danish court and soon to be appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, relates in the first chapter of his reminiscences printed in the Revue des Deux Mondes of June 1, 1919, how he had succeeded with the aid of the king in convincing the empress of the necessity for the emperor to consent, while there was yet time, to make reasonable concessions to the moderate liberal parties in order to secure their support in resisting the exaggerated demands of the radicals and the revolutionists. The empress consented to write a letter to her son advising him to grant a constitution to Russia spontaneously, and Iswolsky undertook to deliver this letter personally to the emperor and to do his best to plead for the acceptance by His Majesty of his mother's wise advice.

From what I was in a position to know of Count Witte's way of thinking, having spent some weeks at Portsmouth in constant intimate intercourse with him, I felt fully convinced of his absolute sincerity in taking up a decided stand in favor of the timeliness of the introduction of a constitutional form of government in Russia. Nor did I doubt that at the same time he considered it to be necessary, in admitting the educated classes to a share in determining the policies of the government, to provide some safeguards enabling it to resist political tendencies born of their as yet total inexperience in affairs of state, which might turn out to be detrimental to the true interests of the nation.

These were questions which naturally occupied our minds hardly less than the most important work we had in hand, and we frequently discussed them from every point of view. I remember telling him of a conversation I once had in the early eighties of the last century with Prince Ito—then plain Mr. Ito—on a similar subject, when the question of the introduction of a constitutional régime was under discussion by the Japanese Government. That great statesman—with Count Cavour, the creator of modern Italy, one of the four great constructive statesmen of the nineteenth century whose life work has endured and not been wrecked in disaster and anarchy as that of Bismarck and Porfirio Diaz—thought that it would not be safe to place at once into the quite inexperienced hands of elected representatives of the people the uncontrolled power of the purse, and he was in favor of some stipulation in the constitution empowering ministers, in case of parliament refusing to vote supplies, to carry on the government on the basis of the budget law of the preceding year.

Count Witte's views on these momentous questions were those of a patriot and a statesman of wide and mature experience, who during a decade had practically wielded the most powerful influence in the government of his country, though officially exercising only the functions of Minister of Finance.

The very fact of Witte's having been called back to power by the sovereign, who in taking this step had to conquer for the good of the country his personal dislike and distrust of him, meant an open recognition of the superiority of his statesmanship and of his unique qualifications for the part of steersman of the ship of state at a time of the gravest peril threatening the empire. To a society, however, whose mentality is influenced partly by the characteristic national leaning toward a vague communistic ideal of equality, partly by atavistic tendencies born of centuries of slavery, and which is intolerant of any kind of superiority save that of the master, the sudden elevation of Witte to the premiership of the first constitutional government came as a shock that was certain to array against him the host of the jealous and envious of all parties, the liberals considering him unworthy of confidence and the reactionaries holding him suspect of aiming at the preparation of the ground for his election to the presidency of a future republic. The consequences of this condition of things, which Witte was powerless to counteract, were disastrous, as will be shown presently.

As soon as the emperor had given his consent to the projected constitutional reform, it became necessary to apprise the nation of the momentous decision taken by the sovereign. Witte's idea was to have this done by the publication, instead of an imperial manifesto, of a report addressed by him to the emperor and indorsed by His Majesty's approval, embodying the outlines of the plan to be followed by the government in preparing the necessary legislative enactments for the introduction of the new constitutional régime. The publication of this report he deemed sufficient to allay the impatience of the nation, and it would have allowed the government sufficient time to prepare without undue haste the draft of the new constitution and the enactments necessary in order to render it effective.

But Witte's idea, inspired solely by prudence and the teachings of experience in practical statecraft, was seized upon by some of the reactionary elements, surrounding the throne and hostile to him, in order to represent it in the light of a desire on his part to monopolize the glory of having procured for the nation a constitution, whereas, the sovereign having—whether for good or for evil—seen fit himself to limit his autocratic power, the whole credit of this act of renunciation should accrue solely to him and that, therefore, the imperial resolve must be announced to the nation in the form of a manifesto.

The defect of this reasoning consisted in this—that if followed it would, though securing to the sovereign the apparently exclusive credit for the contemplated act of renunciation, at the same time leave with him the entire responsibility for an act of such paramount importance to the state and would render it impossible for him without a breach of faith with the nation to recede from a position which circumstances might subsequently prove to have been taken up prematurely and therefore to be untenable.

Witte's plan obviated the possibility of the sovereign's being placed in a position where he might have had to choose between persistence in a line of policy which he might have come to consider impracticable and dangerous to the state and a breach of his plighted troth, inasmuch as it would always have remained open to him to alter the course of his policy by a dismissal of the minister responsible for its adoption. It was plain therefore that Witte

should have been held free from any reproach of disloyalty to the crown or of being unworthy of the confidence of the liberal parties. Unfortunately he did not escape the one any more than the other. When I say unfortunately I mean it not for his sake but for the sake of the nation, which for the eight remaining years of his life was deprived of the invaluable services of her greatest statesman.

The counsels of Witte's adversaries prevailed, and it was decided that an imperial manifesto should be published simultaneously with Witte's report, approved and indorsed by the emperor. Witte, I believe, much against his better judgment, had to yield the point and undertook to frame the manifesto which was published on the 17/30 of October, 1905, at the same time as his report to the emperor, in which after tracing the existing revolutionary agitation to the contrast between the system of government and the aspirations of the thinking public he expressed the opinion that "the chief problem of the government consists in making effective—even before approval by the State Duma—all elements of civil liberty by the elaboration of normal legislative measures establishing equality before the law of all Russian subjects without distinction of race or religion," as well as proper guaranties securing to all the people the benefits of civil, political and economic liberty "under such reserves as safeguard the laws in all civilized countries," and furthermore called attention to the impossibility of attaining all these objects immediately, as the elaboration of necessary legislative enactments regulating the new liberties for a nation of 135,000,000 souls would require some time.

In view of its historical importance I will reproduce here the text of the manifesto as it had been transmitted by cable to the American press:

We, Nicholas II, by the Grace of God, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias, and so on, declare to all Our faithful subjects that the troubles and agitation in Our capitals and in numerous other places fill Our heart with excessive pain and sorrow.

The happiness of the Russian Sovereign is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of Our people and the sorrow of Our people is the sorrow of the Sovereign. From the present disorders may arise great national disruption. They menace the integrity and unity of Our Empire.

The supreme duty imposed upon Us by Our Sovereign office requires us to efface Ourself and to use all the force and reason at Our command to hasten in securing the unity and coördination of the central Government and to assure the success of measures for pacification in all circles of public life which are essential to the well-being of Our People.

We therefore direct Our Government to carry out Our inflexible will:

1. To grant the people the immutable foundations of civil liberty, based on real inviolability of the person, freedom of conscience, speech, meetings and associations;

2. Without deferring the elections to the State Duma already ordered, to call to participation in the Duma—as far as it is possible in view of the shortness of the time before assembling of the Duma—those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the ultimate development of the principal of electoral right in general to the newly established legislative order;

3. To establish as an immutable rule that no law can ever come into force without the approval of the State Duma and that the elected of the people were secured a possibility for real participation in supervising the legality of the acts of authorities appointed by Us.

We appeal to all faithful sons of Russia to remember their duty towards the Fatherland, to aid in terminating these unprecedented troubles and to apply all their forces in cooperation with Us to the restoration of calm and peace upon our native soil.

Given at Peterhof, October the 17/30 in the eleventh year of Our Reign.

NICHOLAS.

The text of this important document

Alexander P. Izwolsky, Former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Exonerated Emperor Nicholas of Duplicity Toward France

bears unmistakable traces of the haste which under the circumstances was unavoidable in its composition. It establishes, however, beyond cavil the following points: First, the transformation of the purely consultative State Duma into a legislative assembly elected on the basis of a widely extended right of suffrage and invested with the right of supervision of the legality of the acts of the constituted authorities; and second, the grant of the fundamental liberties—inviolability of the person, liberty of conscience, of speech, of meetings and of associations; in a word, it meant the grant of a constitution. It was in this sense that the public understood the manifesto, and it was accordingly received at first with general rejoicing everywhere.

The Council of Workingmen's Delegates in the capital took, however, a different view of the situation, as appears from a resolution passed by them on the very next day, the eighteenth of October, in which they declared that "the fighting revolutionary proletariat cannot lay down its arms until the time when the political rights of the Russian people will be established on solid foundation; until there will be established a democratic republic, the best means for the further struggle of the proletariat for socialism."

I am quoting from Modern Russian History by Alexander Kornilov, translated by Alexander S. Kaun, page 309.

The very wording of this resolution cannot leave any doubt as to its authorship in the mind of anyone acquainted with the mental outlook of the deluded victims whom the revolutionary leaders utilize as cannon fodder in their criminal warfare against the social order and the welfare of their country. On the other hand the vagueness of the terms of the manifesto granting the new liberties and the absence of any legislative enactments regulating their use could not fail to cause the gravest misunderstandings between the authorities and the populations. Reports began to pour in from all over the country of disorders, riots, mutinies in the fleet and even in the army in Manchuria, which was still in the beginning of its demobilization.

But the deadliest blow to the new régime was dealt by the very parties whose dream of a national representation was about to be realized. If Witte had succeeded in convincing the emperor of the necessity of a fundamental constitutional reform it could only have been by holding out the hope that by satisfying the reasonable and moderate aspirations of the educated classes the government would secure their earnest support in the fight against the subversive demands of the revolutionary parties.

With his appointment as Prime Minister, Witte had been given a free hand as regards the composition of the cabinet over which he was to preside. He summoned to St. Petersburg the leaders of all the liberal parties with a view to elaborating in common a working program for the first constitutional government that was to place the new régime on a working basis. Not one of these gentlemen was found willing to collaborate with the great statesman who had secured for the nation the grant of a constitution and to enter the cabinet he was endeavoring to form from their own midst. No plea of want of confidence could justifiably be put forward in palliation of this betrayal—for such it was—not only of Witte but also of their own cause by these party leaders, some of whom have had occasion subsequently when power was literally thrust upon them to demonstrate their helpless incompetence when the fate of the country was hanging in the balance.

It would perhaps not be quite fair to taunt them with their inability to free themselves from the influence of that spirit of bitter and spiteful partisanship so commonly prevalent among our politicians, nor is it to be wondered at that they failed to understand the serious meaning of the blow they were unwittingly dealing to the cause of constitutional government in Russia by their refusal to collaborate with Witte in its initial organization, considering that they never had had—nor could have had under existing conditions of public life—any experience in practical politics, their political ideas being mostly derived from book learning and in but very rare cases from actual observation of political life in more advanced countries.

But it is impossible not to share the feelings of bitter disappointment and indignation which Witte must have experienced in finding that the hope he had held out to the emperor was belied by the attitude of those very elements on whose patriotic support he had thought it possible to rely. His failure to secure their support strengthened the hands of his reactionary adversaries and destroyed whatever value his political advice may still have had in the eyes of the sovereign. Witte, however, remained in office, but was reduced to the necessity of forming a cabinet composed of bureaucrats, among

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The Kaiser and the Czar During the Latter's Last Visit to Germany

EVERED

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

XVI

THE day was cold and damp and chill, with a promise of snow in the air; one of those ugly October days when coming winter seems to sulk upon the northern hills, awaiting summer's tardy going. Clouds obscured the sky, though now and then during the morning the sun had broken through, laying a patch of light upon the earth and bringing out the nearer hills in bold relief against those that were farthest off. The wind was northeasterly, always a storm sign hereabouts. There was haste in it, and haste in the air, and haste in all the wild things that were abroad. The crows overhead flew swiftly, tumbling headlong in the racking air currents. A flock of geese passed once, high in the murk, their honking drifting faintly down to earth. The few ground birds seemed to dart from cover to cover; the late-pasturing cows had gone early to the barn. Night was coming early; an ominous blackness seemed about to shut down upon the world. The very air held threats and whispers of harm.

Evered and Danvers walked in silence down along the old wood road, through a birch clump, past some dwarfed oaks, and out into the open on the shelf above the spring.

"You've Been Hating Me, Ruthie," He Told Her Gently. "Why Do You Cry for Me?"

Halfway across this shelf Danvers said: "I've got some questions to ask you, Evered."

Evered did not answer. Danvers had not stopped and Evered kept pace with him.

The younger man said, "This was the way you came that day your wife was killed, wasn't it?"

Evered turned his head as though to speak, hesitated. Danvers stopped and caught his eye.

"Look here," he said. "You've nothing to hide in that business, have you?"

"No," said Evered mildly. He wondered why he answered the other at all; yet there was something in the younger man's bearing which he did not care to meet, something dominant and commanding, as though Danvers had a right to ask, and knew that he had this right. "No," said Evered; "nothing to hide."

And Danvers repeated his question: "Was this the way you came?"

Evered nodded. As they went on nearer the spring Danvers touched his arm. "I want you to show me where you were when you first saw them—your wife, and Semler, and the bull."

Evered made no response; but a moment later he stopped. "Here," he said. Danvers looked down toward the spring and all about them. And Evered repeated, "Here, by this rock."

The younger man nodded and passed down to the spring, with Evered beside him. Danvers sat down and motioned Evered to sit.

"What did you think, when you saw them?" he asked.

Evered's cheeks colored slowly; they turned from bronze to red, from red to purple.

Danvers prompted him: "When you saw your wife and Semler here together."

"What would you have thought?" Evered asked, his voice held steady.

Danvers nodded understanding. "You were angry?" he suggested.

Evered flung his head on one side with a fierce gesture, as though to shut out some unwelcome sight that assaulted his eyes.

Danvers watching him acutely waited for a little before he asked: "Where was the bull, when you came upon them here?"

Evered jerked his hand toward the right. "There," he said.

Danvers got up and went in that direction, and moved to and fro, asking directions, till Evered told him he was near the spot. Danvers came back then and sat down.

"You thought she loved him?" he asked under his breath.

Evered shook his head, not in negation but as though to brush the question aside. Danvers filled his pipe and lighted it, and puffed at it in silence for a while.

"Pitkin told you the bull was loose, didn't he?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

"So you came down to get the beast?"

"Yes, I came for that."

"Expect any trouble?"

"You can always look for trouble with the red bull."

"How did you plan to handle him?"

"Brad, and nose ring."

Danvers eyed the other sharply. "Wouldn't have had much time to get hold of his nose ring if he'd charged, would you?"

"I had a gun," said Evered. "A forty-five."

"Oh," said Danvers. "You had a gun?"

Evered, restive, cried, "Yes, damn it, I had a gun!"

"You must have felt like shooting Semler," Danvers suggested; and Evered looked at him sidewise, a little alarmed. He seemed to put himself on guard.

Danvers got to his feet. "They were sitting by these rocks, weren't they?"

"Yes."

The younger man bent above the other. "Evered," he said, "why didn't you turn the bull from its charge?"

He saw Evered's face go white, his eyes flickering to and fro. The man came to his feet.

"There was no time!" he exclaimed.

His voice was husky and unsteady; Danvers dominated him, seemed to tower above him. There was about Evered the air of a broken man.

Danvers pointed to the knoll. "You were within half a dozen strides of them. The bull was full thirty yards away."

Evered cried, "Damn you!"

He turned abruptly, climbed the knoll. Danvers stood still till Evered was almost gone from his sight, then he shouted, "Evered!"

Evered went on; and Danvers with a low exclamation leaped after him. Evered must have heard his pounding steps, but he did not turn. Danvers came up with him; he tugged his pistol from its holster and jammed it against Evered's side.

"Turn round," he said, "or I'll blow you in two."

Evered did not turn; he did not stop. Dusk had fallen upon them before this; their figures were black in the growing darkness. A pelting spray of rain swept over them, the drops like ice. Above them the hill was black against the gray western sky. Behind them and below the swamp brooded, dark and still. Surrounded by gloom and wind and rain the two moved thus a dozen paces—Evered looking straight ahead, Danvers pressing the pistol against the other's ribs.

Then Danvers leaped past the other, into Evered's path, his weapon leveled. "Stop!" he said, harshly. "You wife killer, stop, and listen to me!"

Evered came on; and Danvers in a voice that was like a scream warned him: "I'll shoot!"

Evered did not stop. There was a certain dignity about the man, a certain strength. Against it Danvers seemed to rebound helplessly. Their rôles were reversed. Where Danvers had been dominant he was now weak; where Evered had been weak he was strong. The older man came on; he was within two paces. Danvers' finger pressed the trigger—indecisively. Then Evered's great fist whipped round like light and struck Danvers' hand, and the pistol flew from his grip, end over end, and struck against a bowlder with a flash of sparks in the darkness. Danvers' hand and wrist and arm were numbed by the blow; he hugged them against his body. Evered watched him, still as still. And Danvers screamed at him in a hoarse unsteady voice his black accusation.

"You killed her!" he cried. "In that black temper of yours you let the bull have her. You're a devil on earth, Evered! You're a devil among men!"

Evered lifted his hand, silencing the man. Danvers wished to speak and dared not. There was something terrible in the other's demeanor, something terrible in his calm strength and purpose.

He said at last in set tones: "It was my right. She was guilty as hell!"

Danvers found courage to laugh. "You lie," he said. "And that's what I'm here to tell you, man. I ought to take you and give you to other men, to hang by the thick neck that holds up your evil head. But this is better, Evered. This is better. I tell you your wife, whom you killed, was as clean as snow."

When he had spoken he was afraid, for the light in Evered's eyes was the father of fear. He began to fumble at his coat in a desperate haste, not daring to take his eyes from Evered's. He fumbled there, and found the letter he had read beside his fire so carefully; found it and drew it, crumpled, forth. He held it toward Evered.

"Read," he cried. "Read that, and see."

Evered took the letter quietly; and before Danvers' eyes the fury died in the other man. Over his face there crept a mask of sorrow irrevocable and profound. He said no word, but took the letter and opened it. The light was dim; he could not read till Danvers flashed his electric torch upon the page. A strange picture, in that moment, these two—Evered, the old and breaking man; Danvers young and vigorous; Evered dominant, Danvers tremulously exultant; Evered, his great head bent, his unaccustomed eyes scanning the written lines; Danvers holding the light beside him.

Evered was slow in reading the letter, for in the first place it was written in his wife's hand, and he had loved her; so that his eyes were dimmed. He was not conscious of the words he read, though they were not important. It was the message of the lines that came home to him; the unmistakable truth that lay behind them. The letter of an unhappy woman to a man whom she had found friendly and kind. She told Semler that she loved Evered; told him this so simply there could be no questioning. Would always love Evered. Bade Semler forget her, be gone, never return. Nothing but friendliness for him. Bade him not make her unhappy. And at the end, again, she wrote that she loved Evered.

The man who had killed her did not so much read this letter as absorb it, let it sink home into his heart and carry its own conviction there.

It was not curiosity that moved him, not doubt that made him ask Danvers quietly:

"How got you this?"

"From Semler," Danvers told him. "I found him—followed him half across the country—told him what I guessed. That was the only letter he ever had from her. Written the day you killed her. Damn you, do you see!"

"How came they together?"

"He knew she liked to come there; he found her there, argued with her. She told him she loved you; there was no moving her. She loved you, who killed her. You devil of a man!"

Evered folded the letter carefully and put it into his coat. "Why do you tell me?" he asked.

"Because I know you cared for her!" Danvers cried. "Because I know this will hurt you worse than death itself."

Evered standing very still shook his head slowly. "That was not my meaning," he explained patiently. "That is my concern. Why did you tell me? Why so much trouble for this? How did the matter touch you, Danvers?"

The younger man had waited for this moment, waited for it through the years of his manhood. He had planned toward it for months past, shaping it to his fancy. He had looked forward to it as a moment of triumph; he had seen himself towering in just condemnation above one who trembled before him. He had been drunk with this anticipation.

But the reality was not like his dreams. He knew that Evered was broken; that his soul must be shattered. Yet he could not exult. There was such a strength of honest sorrow in the old man before him, there was so much dignity and power that Danvers in spite of himself was shamed and shaken. He felt something that was like regret. He felt himself mean and small; like a malicious, mud-slinging, inconsiderable fragment of a man. His voice was low, it was almost apologetic when he answered the other's question.

"How did the matter touch you, Danvers?" Evered asked; and the rain swept over them in a more tempestuous fusillade.

Danvers said in a husky choking voice: "I'm Dave Riggs' son. You killed my father."

Evered, silent a moment, slowly nodded as though not greatly surprised. "Dave Riggs' boy," he echoed. "Aye, I might have known." And he added: "I lost you, years agone. I tried to make matters easier for you, for Dave's sake. I was sorry for that matter, Danvers."

Danvers tried to flog his anger to white heat again. "You killed my father," he exclaimed. "When I was still a boy I swore that I'd pay you for that. And when I grew up I planned and planned. And when I heard about your wife, I came up here, to watch you—find out. I felt there was something. I told you I'd seen Semler, trapped you. You told me more than you meant to tell. And then I got trace of him, followed him. I did it to blast you, Evered; pay you for what you did to me. That's why."

He ended lamely; his anger was dead; his voice was like a plea.

Evered said gently and without anger, "It was your right." And a moment later he turned slowly and went away, up the hill and toward his home.

Danvers, left behind, labored again to wake the exultation he had counted on; but he could not. He had hungered for this revenge of his, but there is no substance in raw and naked vengeance. You cannot set your teeth in it. Danvers found that it left him empty, that he was sick of himself and of his own deeds.

"It was coming to him," he cried half aloud.

But he could not put away from his thoughts the memory of Evered's proud and unbroken sorrow; he was abashed before the man.

He stumbled back to his rain-swept camp like one who has done a crime.

XVII

WHEN Evered got back to the farm dark had fully fallen; and the cold rain was splattering against the buildings, driven by fierce little gusts of wind from the northwest as the direction of the storm shifted. The man walked steadily enough, his head held high. What torment was hidden behind his proud bearing no man could guess. He went to the kitchen, and Ruth told him that John must be near done with the milking. Evered nodded, as though he were tired. Ruth saw that he was wet, and when he took off his coat and hat she brought him a cup of steaming tea and made him drink it. He said, "Thanks, Ruthie!" And he took the cup from her hands and sipped it slowly, the hot liquid bringing back his strength.

His trousers were soaked through at the knees. She bade him go in and change them; and he went to his room. When John came from the barn Evered had not yet come out into the kitchen again. Supper was ready and Ruth went to his door and called to him.

He came out; and both Ruth and John saw the strange light in the man's eyes. He did not speak and they did not speak to him. There was that about him which held them silent. He ate a little, then went to his room again and shut the door. They could hear him for a little while, walking to and fro. Then the sound of his footsteps ceased.

Only one door lay between his room and the kitchen; and unconsciously the two hushed their voices, so that they might not disturb him. John got into dry clothes, then helped Ruth with the dishes, brought fresh water from the pump to fill the tank at the end of the stove, brought wood for the morning, turned the separator, and finally sat smoking while she cleaned the parts of that instrument. They spoke now and then; but there was some constraint between them. Both of them were thinking of Evered.

Ruth, her work finished, came and sat down by the stove with a basket of socks to be darned, and her needle began to move carefully to and fro in the gaping holes she stretched across her darning egg.

John asked her in a low voice, "Did you mark trouble in my father this night?"

She looked at him, concern in her eyes. "Yes. There was something. He seemed happier, somehow; yet very sad too."

He said, "His eyes were shining, like.'

"I saw," she agreed.

John smoked for a little while. Then: "I'm wondering what it is," he murmured. "Something has happened to him."

Ruth, head bent above her work, remembered Danvers' coming, his summons. But she said nothing till John asked: "Do you know what it was?"

"He was talking with Fred," she said; and slowly, cheeks rosy, amended herself: "With Mr. Danvers."

John nodded. "I knew they were away together."

"Mr. Danvers came for him," said Ruth. "He took your father away."

They said no more of the matter, for there was nothing more to say; but they thought a great deal. Now and then they spoke of other things. Outside the house the wind was whistling and lashing the weatherboards with rain; and after a while the sharp sound of the raindrops

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Danvers Leaped Into Evered's Path. "Stop! You Wife Killer, Stop, and Listen to Me!"

THE POSSIBILIST

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

XVII

"YOU'RE having a fine time, huh, tearing up things down here?" inquired the International official, starting striding up and down Spinner's hotel room that next night. "You damned crook. You ——"

His big face was red, his forensic manner was gone, his language was far from classical.

"Don't get vulgar," sneered Spinner, quickly touching as usual the exact spot of individual sensitiveness, "whatever you do."

The man's marching stopped; he stood and glared at Spinner with a helpless glare of hate.

"You think you're a hell of a feller," he asserted with heavy sarcasm, "don'tyou?"

"No, I think I'm a labor faker – talking six-jointed words I don't know the meaning of," responded Spinner. "I get up and roll over before my reflection in the glass every morning before breakfast. That's what keeps my complexion so good and my hands so soft!"

"The Time Has Come When They'll Either Fish or Cut Bait"

"Aw, me foot—you lying, thieving mutt!" exclaimed the former pronouncer of measured language; and he launched into a few unrestrained characterizations of the radicals. "I've been in the labor game twenty years," he claimed; "and I've yet to see the red that would keep his word to a dying mother."

"Maybe," suggested Spinner, goading him on, "you don't see the best side of them—being what you are! How can anybody show the best there is in them to a labor skate?"

"Didn't you tell me you'd play our game if I gave you the right to come down here and organize?" the other man inquired.

"I said I'd organize the Brown field for you," said Spinner, smiling. "I have, haven't I?"

"Yes," said the official, "and split the district wide open!"

And he turned off into new reflections on radicals in general and Spinner in particular. The man, Spinner saw, was almost hysterical with rage—rage and something more.

"I'm down here," he said, now turning to threats, "to give you warning. To tell you this thing has got to stop. You can't double-cross me. I'm too wise a bird. I've got something to say about that. I may have something up my sleeve myself," he said cryptically. In his excitement he shook his forefinger warningly at the unresponsive Spinner, with an amusing return to his oratorical manner. "You'll stop here!" he reasserted. "And you'll stop quick or there'll be trouble!"

"What trouble?" inquired Spinner, raising his pale-blue eyes from where he sat, still unexcited, to the red face close above his sallow one.

"Never mind what trouble!" cried the other darkly, threatening some vague, unmentionable danger.

"Don't!" cried Spinner with a sudden affectation of alarm. "Don't! You make me nervous!"

The official stood and gazed.

"Don't get so near that window," Spinner explained to him. "Please! If some of the boys knew you were in town it would give me a lot of trouble keeping them from beating you to death! I want to do all I can. I don't want them to say I got you down here and didn't do my best to keep you from being beaten up by the miners."

The man was scarlet at this taunt over their relative strength with the union members. He turned into a fresh explosion of rage, drawing back, however, away from the window as he did so. Spinner waited, his dry smile upon his lean face, till the other man had talked back to silence.

"Now are you all through?" he asked him. "Because if you are I've got something—not to tell you; to remind you of! For you know it now."

His man, he could see, was not merely angry; he was scared and anxious

"What's the use of this—all this good hot air wasted?" inquired Spinner. "We've got the votes here—all the locals. Why get hoarse hollering about it? It's done."

"Your vote at the district election didn't show you getting them!" said the other with ineffectual loudness. "Not so you'd notice it. The other fellows seemed to do that."

"Yes," said Spinner. "How did they get them—that old gang with their old manipulations of the bunch in the center of the old-time locals? Votes in the halls where the working miners don't get to—ballots counted in the saloons—snap notices of election dates! That's old stuff. It used to go, but it don't any longer! If you want a real test of just how they feel about you and the old district gang," he suggested, "don't let's talk about it. Let's make a test of it. Let's get you and your old district crowd and make up a little party and go round to the local unions—right down through in their own halls. I'll promise you this," he said with his faint smile—"I'll get you a good big audience; and some real excitement."

The man sat down and wiped his forehead.

"I could do it simpler than that," continued Spinner. "I could promise you a crowd right now by going to the window and hollering out to the boys that you were here."

It was an amusing and gratifying thing to see—from Spinner's standpoint. This man was panic-stricken, afraid of him—of this radical, this subordinate whom he could technically have discharged immediately, but who now sat there insulting and defying him. It was all too obvious. His bluster was most amusing. For he knew and showed he knew the power that was now in Spinner's hands.

"What's the use?" asked Spinner in his continued silence. "You know this, and I know it. They think you've thrown them! All of you officers—district and International! They have all through the war—and more than ever since. They do now all over the United States! And it's time you got down to business!"

He stopped in a lean, oratorical effect of his own. The other sat now with his arms folded—with some instinctive remnants of his old grand manner.

"What is it you want?" he asked, looking up finally.

"We want the district officers we should have elected!"

"You don't want much!" the other man stated.

"No," said Spinner; "only what's coming to us."

"Now, how could we give that to you now," the official procrastinated, "if we wanted to? If it was right we should?"

"Don't worry about that," said Spinner. "I don't. There's plenty of ways it could be fixed."

"I can't tell in advance what the executive board will do—you know that," the other persisted a little plaintively.

"I know all that," said Spinner with entire indifference.

"But I think myself," his superior officer admitted, moving a little in his chair, shifting his ground mentally, "you can put up quite a case on some points."

Spinner smiled maliciously.

"Suppose they decided against you," asked his superior, still sheering off from making any offer, "what would happen?"

"You'd have a district headquarters—and no members—if they tried any of those little tricks again. If you had even that!" responded Spinner. "I've had my hands full already," he added, "keeping them from going on a march down there and smashing up the place as it is."

The official waited.

"Suppose this happened," he suggested finally. "Suppose this other crowd, this old district board, got out—resigned—of their own accord; and gave you a chance at a special election; and your men got in!"

"Yes?" said Spinner when he stopped.

There it was at last—the man's offer of compromise—and surrender!

"What could you do?" he was going on asking. "What could you promise?"

In spite of himself—his long practice in political trading—there was a clear anxiety in his manner. Spinner watched his face with something more than amusement now—with a deep, serious satisfaction. That big flaccid face with the suggestion of sweat upon the forehead was a sign of the times.

Spinner took, of course, the usual noncommittal attitude of the skilled man who has the upper hand in any bargain. He put all the initiative up to the other.

"How?" he asked laconically, his pale eyes upon the other's face, only his thin lips moving.

"Could you promise to keep your hands off now? Hold off unauthorized strikes? Keep this district in line? Give us a chance to work out our new policies?"

"Why should we?" inquired Spinner coldly.

More and More Often the Gunman Was Going With Her as an Escort

"You know naturally what they decided to ask for at the policy meeting?"

"Yes," Spinner answered.

It was spring now — April — after the time of the March meeting of the United Mine Workers' special committee, called in to outline future policies in response to the growing radical clamor. It was a movement—as everyone in the union knew—which had risen directly from the individual miner's unrest and discontent, urged on by the radical agitator—often an I. W. W. emissary or some other red, with no real connection with the miners' union whatever. The great universal ground swell of radicalism, rising up beneath them, was quickly sensed and ridden by the adroit and resourceful labor politicians. The local men caught it first, of course, and then the politicians in the district. And the various factions among these who were opposed to the present International administration were quickly seizing the advantage to be gained by using a new popular movement and were soon busily engaged in framing demands so radical that they believed the International

officers could not dare to present them. It was in the beginning the familiar political process—fully as familiar in the labor union as in the politics of the city or state—of putting the opposition in a hole; between its constituency and its situation. And this move now, Spinner thought he saw, was to have far-reaching consequences, which these people, these labor politicians—or fakers, as Spinner's radicals called them—only dimly realized, if they saw it at all; but which would have meant to them comparatively little if they had seen it, Spinner thought. For they had other matters on their minds.

The labor-union politician has the same main purpose as any politician—to get and retain office. And he is certainly no less resourceful and adroit than his fellow in the more general political field. He has, in fact, opportunities and instruments, with the specialized constituency and the loosely guarded political machinery in the labor union, which give him an armory of tricks which might well be the envy of the other man.

This situation was no exception. The radical programs were advanced by the politicians outside the main governing power, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by presenting them. This was, of course, perfectly sound politics. But the existing administration of the International—no less adroit than they, and playing exactly the same game—now made the countermove, which astonished even their opponents. They accepted the radicals' program and went much farther—outradicaled the radicals.

That they would go in this general direction Spinner had never doubted; but the lengths to which they had gone gave him a sudden shock of grim satisfaction—almost of exultation. Here was a great flaring sign of the times, set up for all men to read. These men understood the situation in their field—none better! They fled before it. They were panic-stricken.

So Spinner sat studying the other man as he went on explaining, making his interpretation of the general policies proposed by the International officers and their policy committee in March:

The six-hour day and the five-day week, with the great raise of pay in addition; the nationalization of the coal mines—all those demands so similar to and in fact framed upon the impossible demands of the English unions, which were already bringing England to the verge of economic anarchy.

Spinner thought as the man was talking of the distance that radicalism, the country, he himself had come in the past two years. It seemed incredible, looking back, that he should find himself at this time sitting listening to what in essence was a plea for political mercy.

"Will the operators stand for this?" he inquired, playing his man along.

"They must. They'll have to," said the high official, regaining his impressiveness of manner now somewhat with the academic subject matter of discussion; and sensing, too, a hint of compromise in Spinner's attitude as he talked on. "If they do not," he stated heavily, "it will be their lookout! And this country will realize it. The time is now come in the world's history," he asserted, still expanding under a more and more lively hope of success, "when the laborer is seen to be worthy of his hire, when he must be given the full economic value of his product! And at this time this country must realize, and will, I believe, the sacrifices made for it by the coal miner during the war—and long before!"

A dissertation followed upon the relative wages in the coal mines and other industries—under the Government's war agreements. The sincerity and convincingness of the statesman-priest's manner—now that he was apparently gaining ground with Spinner—were back upon him.

Spinner let him talk; made his agreement with him, as he proposed. Why not? What more could a possibilist ask than he was allowed; the voluntary resignation of the present district officials; a new special election—almost certainly of radical officers. And in return his fellow bargainer—most ridiculous to relate—asked merely that he and his kind be let alone to carry through a program so radical that it could scarcely avoid in the end encountering general wreck—in a general strike, for which this man and his kind would be generally held responsible—in perhaps the most basic industry of the country.

Could anything be more amusing—ridiculous? All over the United States, Spinner could see them—these old-time labor leaders of the old craft organizations of the Federation of Labor—turning, apparently on their own responsibility, to tie up the basic industries of the country. He could not help but think of Frenac's prophecies continually as the man was talking.

"Do you know what it is?" he said to Hecker in a sudden burst of communicativeness when the man was gone. "It's anarchy!"

"It is, huh?" returned the gunman carelessly. "Well, the more the higher!"

Sonia Still Made a Specialty of the Foreigners' Families

He could scarcely be expected—his physical type—to have the more mental enthusiasms of Spinner. It seemed to Spinner fortunate beyond his most incredible dreams.

"The labor skates all see it coming," he said to Hecker, "as plain as you and I do. The whole country is full of them—running like rats before a forest fire!"

He shut up then—realizing he was talking too much. This man naturally would not see the thing that threatened as he did.

XVIII

THE threat continued, called more loudly to the attention of the country as the summer came and went along. The basic industries of the United States were seen by many besides Spinner to be more and more sharply in jeopardy from the wave of labor radicalism. Even the crazy speculators in Wall Street saw it finally.

Spinner's district of the miners' union went radical in its new election—as he and the old officials as well had known it would in advance. In the larger national field of labor politics and intrigue the coal miners went forward without a stop on the main road toward a general engagement with the country at large—with scarcely a dissenting voice of conservatism from within. The railroad brotherhoods suddenly made their revolutionary demands for railroad communism. There was no one apparently in the labor organizations of either of these two fundamental industries who dared to stand up against that unnerving shout of suspicion of the radicals in the union meeting: "Who's got you hooked?"

In the steel industry—less basic, but not less threatening—the drift went forward with some few carefully concealed cross currents. The radicals' organizing campaign in Gary and other centers of solid foreign population had been most successful; about Pittsburgh it had languished at first—partly because of the large wages paid, the steady employment, the strong anti-union organization of the steel companies; partly because the most active of the local radicals had not yet been brought into full cooperation.

The annual convention of the American Federation of Labor came and went; there was no radical raid of any kind. Each side waited and felt out the other's strength, kept a smiling surface on events, and a skilled evasion of any issue.

The radicals, Spinner could see, were even then very likely, by the inevitable drift of circumstances, running into the first skirmishes of a general engagement with the country, through the direct action of the general strike in at least three basic industries. The various moves in the great labor political game all showed that the higher political strategists all expected it.

Spinner, watching this keenly in common with his kind all over the United States, remained where he was and worked on to accelerate the processes of radicalism within the district of the coal miners' organization, which he controlled so largely through his newly elected district board of radicals.

From time to time, in private conferences, in reports from the union officials, through Sonia from Chicago, he had been in touch with the sentiments and reactions of young Brown, the head of the newly unionized coal mines,

(Continued on Page 82)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1920

Wiping the Slate

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, the leading British authority on gold, during the war a special assistant to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and expert financial adviser to His Majesty's government during the peace conference in Paris, has written a remarkable book entitled The Economic Consequences of the Peace. He had good opportunity for observation in Paris. He was the trusted adviser of the Treasury, sat as the deputy of the chancellor on the Supreme Economic Council, and when Lord Robert Cecil went on the Supreme Economic Council, Keynes worked in close cooperation with him. The book allows one to infer that he labored to educate Mr. Lloyd George, but with little success. In the preface Keynes states that he resigned from these positions when it became evident that hope could no longer be entertained of substantial modification in the draft terms of peace.

In passing it is interesting to note Mr. Keynes' opinion of Mr. Hoover, given in a footnote to his chapter on Remedies:

Mr. Hoover was the only man who emerged from the ordeal of Paris with an enhanced reputation. This complex personality, with his habitual air of weary Titan—or, as others might put it, of exhausted prize-fighter—his eyes steadily fixed on the true and essential facts of the European situation, imported into the Councils of Paris, when he took part in them, precisely that atmosphere of reality, knowledge, magnanimity, and disinterestedness which, if they had been found in other quarters also, would have given us the Good Peace.

Nowhere is there any attempt to obtain prominence by pretending to reveal things confidentially learned; the book is the author's interpretation of facts and events available to the world. American readers will turn first to the chapter entitled The Conference in order to scan the pictures of Clémenceau, Lloyd George and President Wilson in diction that suggests the influence of Whistler as well as of Thackeray. But the most important portions of the book are devoted to economic discussion. Convinced that the Treaty of Peace will not work and cannot stand, he presents a substitute program for the salvation of Europe.

Keynes would revise the treaty in the light of hope for the future instead of bitterness for the past. He protests that the treaty contains clauses out of harmony with the spirit and the letter of the Armistice agreement. These clauses he would cancel or alter appropriately. He suggests that reparation be accepted as complete in the figure of $10,000,000,000, of which one-fourth shall be regarded as already paid—in ships, cables, territories, and so on. This would leave $7,500,000,000 to be paid, in thirty installments, beginning 1923, without interest. Keynes' estimates do not differ widely from those of the Germans. Erzberger has stated that the indemnity could not be over eighty billion and might not be much over forty billion marks. Keynes suggests that the coal clauses of the treaty be abrogated except for the obligation to repay France for the destruction of her mines. Other suggested revisions do not concern us here. The recommendations of financial propositions are the heart of his program, that presupposes a league of nations.

He advocates: Reform of the currencies, founded on indirect repudiation of internal national debts, by levy of capital taxes; cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness—the United States, United Kingdom, France, Italy and Belgium and Russia to cancel all obligations dating within the period of the war; an international loan—$2,000,000,000 suggested—to get Europe started on the road of industry and production, to be secured from neutrals and the United Kingdom in small part, from the United States in largest part.

Two points deserve especial attention: The first is that the trouble with Europe is not so much the peace as the war. This book, from its contents, would have been better named The Economic Consequences of the War; because it is clear that, bad as the treaty is in the view of Keynes, that is a minor trouble, and correction will do little ultimate good. He does not rest his case with advocacy of revision of the treaty. This would accomplish little for the breakdown of Europe, and he proposes, therefore, far-reaching and extraordinary measures of reconstruction. One concludes from the contents of the book that an anti-German uneconomic peace would mean that the Central Powers would collapse first, dragging down the rest of Europe; that a pro-German uneconomic peace would mean the collapse of France and Italy first, dragging down the rest of Europe; and a neutral-minded economic peace would mean that all of Europe would collapse together. In his view the nature of the peace will merely determine who goes down first; in the end all will go down, so far as any treaty of peace is concerned. If this view be correct, then the clauses of the Treaty of Peace lose most of their importance for living Europeans.

The second point concerns the cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness. We infer that similar cancellation is assumed for the ex-enemy states. The United States would cancel a credit of ten billion and cancel no debit. The United Kingdom would cancel a credit of $8,700,000,000 and a debit of $4,210,000,000, losing in the transaction $4,490,000,000. France would cancel a credit of $1,775,000,000 and a debit of $5,290,000,000, a gain of about $3,500,000,000. Italy would cancel a debit of $4,000,000,000; and Russia and the other Allies debits of about $6,000,000,000. In addition, according to the reparation proposition of Keynes, France, Belgium and Italy would have all the German indemnity of $7,500,000,000. Keynes urges that this is an "act of generosity for which Europe can fairly ask," because "the financial sacrifices of the United States have been, in proportion to her wealth, immensely less than those of the European states."

We wish to call attention to the relative positions of the United Kingdom and the United States. Keynes argues, tactfully it must be conceded, that the war expenditures of the United Kingdom compared to those of the United States, on the basis of capacity, were as eight to one! Why not the British Empire instead of the United Kingdom? The war will be largely paid for by developments of new sources of wealth, just as we paid the cost of the Civil War and of the panic of '73 by the development of the West. The British Empire possesses in Canada, in Australia and in Africa the largest partially developed areas of the earth. The British Empire contains for the future more undeveloped resources than does the United States. In these lie her future, politically and economically. Are these not to share in the burden of Europe? Can the United Kingdom disassociate herself from the empire when it comes to obligations and associate when it comes to increments? The outcome of the war has removed German competition to British world trade. The outcome of the war has guaranteed to the British Empire the greatest security in history. Are these worth nothing in the computation? The entry of the United States into the war has done for France, Belgium and Italy nothing economically; it has advanced the British Empire enormously.

American public opinion, if we judge it correctly, will not entertain any suggestion of cancellation of our loans to the United Kingdom.

The Habit of Work

EUROPE was the battlefield of the world, ground four years to powder. Now travelers coming back all assure us that the greatest and most ominous of losses there has been the loss of the habit of work.

The waste of war, as a great American surgeon points out about Belgium and Western Europe, is not measured alone by property losses—or even by the physical losses from disease and wounds and death. Back of these, and greater still, lie the shock and disorder given to the nervous systems of whole populations, a great share of whom never saw a gun.

Now nervous shock, scientists tell us, tends naturally to operate against the higher, more complex and more recently acquired characteristics of the human nervous system. Habits of action in civilized society are certainly among these, as anyone who has had the business of training a human cub knows without information from a scientist. And it certainly needs no scientist to point out to any of us personally that of all habits the hardest and latest and most difficult to seat in the nervous system is the habit of consecutive and efficient work. Indeed some of us—looking back no further than the last day—may well wonder if we personally ever have acquired it as we should have.

At the same time we know—however crude and ineffective the work habit may be in all of us—that the one great distinction between the savage and the modern civilized man is the latter's capacity, such as it is, for organized work and production. We also know that, following the horrible nervous strain of war, whole populations in Europe have slid back to the yawning edge of barbarism quite largely through the loss of this habit; and that we ourselves in this country are under a great stress from this especial nervous reaction from the conditions of war. This is a world condition.

Is it then, all things considered, a particularly valuable time to preach the millennium of fewer hours and less individual toil just now when the whole world is on the verge of a nervous breakdown in that direction? Or may it be—possibly—that the outcries of the radical reasoners proclaiming this millennium so loudly now are just one more symptom of a general postwar nervous hysteria?

Investors and Speculators

IN THIS seeming topsy-turvy world those who break most of the rules sometimes appear to be winners and those who stick to the copy-book maxims can hardly be distinguished from losers.

This is not the first time that fixed incomes have suffered and actual commodities along with the common-stock equities which represent them have mounted to high planes of value. The Civil War had its somewhat similar aftermath of speculation. People on fixed incomes, whether these be teachers' salaries or interest on bonds and mortgages, have no way of protecting themselves against the rising cost of living which always goes with inflation of credit and currency and an actual shortage of goods. They are caught, forced to pay the cost of the war and of its destruction.

Those who own the goods which are in such demand are affected in a directly opposite manner. The prices at which they sell and their consequent dividends seem to have no limits. For "it takes a long time to deflate the world's inflated currencies and inflate its deflated supply

of goods." Such fortunate persons are made profiteers despite themselves. For the time being the conservative investor sees himself in the economic reflecting glass as a poor speculator, and the speculator of a few years ago finds himself at least temporarily enriched.

But somehow prices never stay up permanently. Easy money does not last. Profiteers drop out of sight, diamonds become less popular, bread lines take the place of the mobs which but a little while before besieged the luxury stores, and those who are fortunate enough to have first-mortgage bonds are less vexed than they were.

The saying that those who laugh last laugh best has an application here. If commodity prices should turn about and fall, if the credit system of the country proves unequal to the emergency, if there should be even the first premonitions of contraction and depression rather than the present gorgeous banquet of expansion and inflation—then the bondholder could once more lord it over the common shareholder. Many owners of good bonds are bearing a grievous loss to-day, but they are carrying a sure-enough insurance policy against lower prices, deflated inventories and burst bubbles in general.

If commodity prices are never again to fall, if they are to remain at their present level permanently, or, worse, if they are to keep on rising—then the outlook for bonds is black indeed. It might be relieved somewhat by a change or reduction in the income tax, which now discriminates against bonds in favor of stocks. But who believes that commodity prices will remain at their present level with any degree of permanency?

There is one principle which the saver of money needs to ponder, not new by any means, but newly reënforced. A sure-thing investment has always been and always will be most difficult to discover. Human intelligence is unequal to the task. The old merchant sent his argosies to many ports. Some did not return at all and others came back laden with even richer cargoes than he had dared hope for. The moral is clear enough.

The Bankers' Good Example

NOT the least admirable work performed by the American Bankers' Association has been the establishment of a well-conceived and well-equipped organization for the special training of young men in the lower levels of the banking business. The American Institute of Banking, as this subsidiary of the parent association is called, offers two thorough correspondence courses that are open to employees of banking houses all over the country on the payment of a modest tuition fee. The first covers the elements of banking and the second teaches the underlying principles of commercial law.

In the larger cities students are organized into chapters and are divided into classes for personal teaching. Instructors not only lecture to them and hear them recite but take the greatest pains to guide them in their studies and to lay out special courses to meet individual needs. From time to time the chapters are addressed by bankers of national reputation, and students have an opportunity to come into some personal contact with the great bankers whose names they see in the papers every day. No effort is spared to mold these runners and junior clerks into competent wide-awake young bankers, thoroughly grounded in the essentials of their business.

The Institute has proved so useful and has become such a powerful factor in instilling the elements of banking into thousands of young men all over the continent that it is indorsed by bankers everywhere; and there are many banking houses that will not engage an inexperienced clerk unless he will promise to avail himself of the educational advantages of the local chapter. Law, medicine and the higher ranks of engineering are fed by well-established and highly specialized institutions; but the semiprofessional occupations draw for the most part on high schools, grammar schools and business colleges that cannot pretend to offer much special vocational training. Once a boy has gone into such a business he is left pretty much to himself; and if he makes any rapid or material progress he owes it, in the main, to his own unusual initiative and ambition. If he works in a large city many opportunities may be open to him; but if his lot is cast in a country town his chances of advancement are correspondingly fewer.

Men highly placed in many of our industries of nation-wide activity might very well ask themselves if it would not pay to follow the bankers' example and establish a national training school, similar to theirs, for the technical education and development of the younger men in their own calling. Workers who have an assured future, who have their eyes fixed upon an alluring and an attainable goal, are not the sort who can be led away by the patter of the idle, the discontented and the disloyal.

A hundred industries are crying out for trained men. Within a very few years from now they should be able to find all they will require if they will lose no time in taking the matter systematically in hand and in beginning to groom the office boys, clerks and draftsmen of to-day to become the young managers of to-morrow.

The Demagogue's and the Partisan Newspaper's Conception of the American People

THE SPRINGS OF YOUTH

"You See, Nelly, I've No Special Knowledge, Except General Office Work and Correspondence. Of Course I Know Some Law ——"

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

WILLIAM BROWN'S favorite maxim was this: "A man is as young as he feels." Philosophers are said to retain the vigor of youth beyond the common age, but William Brown had no time to study philosophy. He was obliged like other ordinary people to do as well as he could with a proverb. Yet he managed very well, so well that in his heart he believed himself the equal of any philosopher. Not that he published his wisdom. Like many another who draws daily encouragement from some trite old saying he was ashamed to acknowledge the sources of his virtue. He was even inclined to be contemptuous with his old friend Elton, who met all the many misfortunes of his unlucky career with no better support than the phrase, "It will all be the same in a hundred years." This in fact was all Elton had for religion, as well as wisdom; and it served him to all appearances as well as either. But in spite of Elton's courage and patience Brown could not respect him because Elton was often heard to repeat his credo, and it is difficult to respect a man who makes such jejune remarks as that all will be the same in a hundred years.

Brown had never been heard in all his life to say that a man is as young as he feels. Besides, as Brown had once attempted to prove to Elton, his cherished consolation was senseless—absurd. Nothing will be the same in a hundred years. What will happen in a hundred years depends on what happens now—or where is history—where is progress—what is religion?

But Elton was not shaken—any more than a bishop by a cannibal. He laughed, went away laughing, and faced his bankruptcy—he went bankrupt that very week—with the courage of his faith. It annoyed Brown very much to think of such a fellow, without logic, without philosophy, without religion, successfully beating off despair with such a miserable old saw.

As for Elton, he wondered for a moment at William Brown's sudden attack upon his beliefs, but only for a moment. He gave very little consideration to any human vagaries—the vagaries of the stock market were quite enough to exhaust his slender powers of wonder—and if he had he would scarcely have guessed at Brown's reasons. For the truth was that William Brown was thinking of his grandchildren.

William knew very well that it was a sentimental and unmanly thing to do to think of one's grandchildren, but as it was only a matter of thinking and no one could catch him at that, he did not mind in the least. He was quite shameless in the privacy of his own mind or his dressing room or in bed or wherever he was safe from observation.

These grandchildren were extraordinarily good and charming little boys and girls, varying in number according to William's taste and spirits—that is to say, according to the day and the weather—who often kept William company when he was shaving and watched him with grave interest while he arranged his hair to cover the more exposed parts of his skull. And William, delighting in their company, would think of Nelly Power, and say to his glass as if in answer to its reflection, "A man is as young as he feels." It was a serious thought to William at times that if Nelly did not agree with him his grandchildren would never be born—nor even his children.

But most people, he was sure, could not fail to agree with him. Indeed he felt no more than thirty-five, at most. And seen from behind, and wearing his hat, he looked no more than thirty-five, especially when he was going to call on Nelly. At such times there was a gayety in his air, a juvenile spring in his step, a set about his shoulders—which would have almost deceived a recruiting sergeant. No wonder, for apart from that little anxiety mentioned above, Brown was a very happy man. He was an old friend of the Powers—had been Colonel Power's executor—still advised Mrs. Power in her business matters—and so could see almost as much of Nelly as he liked without causing those suspicions, those shy hints and meaning glances which annoy all lovers and more especially the older ones. He lived in Arcadia without any intrusion of worldly spectators. He enjoyed the perfect felicity of romance without an audience. He had so much in fact that it is not surprising he feared to lose it. He hesitated to propose.

And meanwhile, as he often reflected, he was almost as good as engaged. He called on the Powers at least four times a week. He took Nelly to a matinée whenever he liked, and thus they were both enchanted, for Nelly laughed or trembled at the play, and Brown smiled or sighed at Nelly. They strolled in town together, where Nelly enjoyed the air of spring and the color of the new fashions, and William the air of Nelly and the color of Nelly's cheek.

Again, tea in Kensington Gardens among the trees with a pretty girl—a fascinating, grave, mysterious, unexpected pretty girl—is this not idyllic? William was sure that it was. So poetical and classical were his feelings that he could not help expressing them one afternoon in May when he remarked: "How wonderful it is to have a place like this right in the middle of town! It's even better than the country. In the country one can never be quite sure what one is sitting on. It reminds me of Watteau. It's just like one of those old pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses—only I ought to be playing a flute."

Nelly laughed and asked if he was fond of the country.

"I'm devoted to it," replied the Londoner of so many years in a most earnest tone. "I was born in the country, you know, and I hope I shall ——"

He was going to say "die there," but thought better of it, and substituted "live there again."

(Continued on Page 32)

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"Would you like to live in the country?" William asked after a pause. William's tone was peculiar; in fact he was looking for more information than was implied in the question. And the moment the words were out of his mouth he regretted them, in case Nelly should give him more information than he asked for.

But Nelly replied cheerfully that she would like very much to live in the country, "though you never get such good butter."

Now this, to William's sensitive mind, was very nearly proposal and acceptance. For a young lady to say that she would like to live in the same place with a young man is at least an indication of regard. So it seemed to Brown, and he looked so fondly that Nelly began to dimple. Then he smiled, enjoying her pleasure, enjoying the afternoon, enjoying himself perhaps most of all.

Nelly laughed and William laughed. William felt no older than twenty-five when he sat with Nelly at tea in Kensington Gardens. Both having laughed at nothing became very thoughtful, as is not unusual in these circumstances.

"Don't you agree with me," said Nelly with characteristic unexpectedness, "that when people are—are in—are fond of each other, they oughtn't to think of anything else?" Nelly was often a trifle vague, as well as unexpected.

"Anything else?" Brown inquired.

"I mean, don't you think that their being in—being fond of each other is quite enough?"

"Quite enough, of course."

William was very positive on this point. He waited then with some excitement for further illumination and even ventured to prompt Nelly when she did not continue the subject.

"Nothing else matters—I'm sure of that," said the romantic William, with a solemn and deep intonation.

But Nelly seldom gave more than a glimpse of her private thoughts. She sighed; murmured, "Yes, I suppose so"; brushed a crumb off her lap and remarked that the waiter was really too bad, he had not even attempted to get them any hot water.

Here then was subetance of thought to occupy William for a week, and for quite seven days afterward William was concerned with it. What did Nelly mean? Why would she like to live in the country, and why did she wish to suppose that love was sufficient to itself—without regard for other circumstances? The answer did not seem very difficult. Another man might have proposed on the spot. But William was learned in the ways of women. He belonged to three clubs one of them composed exclusively of bachelors or men who had been bachelors long enough to know a great deal about women. Moreover, of young girls especially he had often been told—so often that he believed he had discovered it for himself and was sometimes annoyed to be reminded of it—that they were apt to say yes when they mean no; and, more often and more disastrously, no when they mean yes. Thus the question always remained at the bottom of William's deepest and most exhaustive inquiry: Did Nelly know her own mind? The mathematical and financial act of adding two and two, by which William had made a fortune, was not, as he sadly reflected, of much value to a man in love.

"I'm sorry I can't be in—but you'll find Nelly at home," said Mrs. Power, meeting William in Queen's Gate. Mrs. Power touched his hand with a cordial smile and immediately rustled away upon one of her innumerable calls—she had forgotten him in four paces.

"Going to call on the Powers? Remember me to Nelly," said Elton, who was coming out of the house where he inhabited the rooms of a traveling cousin, a few yards farther on, with a new hat to balance his old boots—hats are cheaper than boots—and a flower in his buttonhole to brighten an aged coat. He smiled roguishly as if he could say more if he chose, nodded and rolled away with his heavy listless tread.

William was startled that Elton should know so much about his affairs—Elton's expression had been very significant—but his mood was not to be affected even by impertinence when he was within sight of Nelly's door.

He walked on with his usual spirited step, not in a hurry to arrive, because that would be to shorten anticipation; neither dawdling by the way, because to dawdle upon such an errand is impossible for youth—youth in springtime. William was not of a demonstrative nature, but he permitted himself to wear his hat slightly over one ear and gave an occasional flourish to his stick—with a kind of hop at the same moment, which said as plainly as words, if more discreetly: "How glorious it is to live—to love—to be young!"

"I feel like a two-year-old," was William's own joyful reflection as he skipped up the stairs toward Nelly's flat.

The parlormaid received him with a smile and did not trouble to announce so frequent a guest. William glanced at the hall mirror to be sure that his hair was in order—that it covered the bald patch—touched his necktie and walked into the drawing-room through the open door.

Nelly was standing with her back to him, looking at a photograph. She did not hear William's approach over the thick carpet till he was almost at her shoulder—till he was able to see that the photograph was one of himself. Nelly started, put down the frame upon the silver table among a dozen others of the Powers' friends and relations, and turned to shake hands. She was blushing.

William gave her a nervous clasp. It was an act of excitement—William had not before made such crude advances—yet there was no doubt that Nelly returned the pressure.

There was a moment's embarrassment. But William, though at least a youth, was in experience a man of the world. Indeed he prided himself somewhat upon this valuable and unusual combination of youth and *savoir-faire*. He recovered himself at once, smiled and remarked that Nelly had done her hair in a new fashion.

"Do you like it?" Nelly raised her hand and gave herself an anxious pat on the head.

"Very much. It suits you. It makes you look ——"

Brown stopped with the artful intention of making a point.

"What does it make me look?" Nelly rang the bell for tea.

"Even wiser than before," said Brown gravely.

Nelly took him very seriously. She sat down in a sedate manner.

"Oh, but I'm not." She shook her head. "In fact, I can't even make up my own mind. I don't think I should ever make it up at all if it wasn't for you.

"Me?"

"You know I always ask your advice about everything."

"Do you? The only time I can remember was the other day in the gardens, when you asked me ——"

"But that was very important," interrupted Nelly with a look of great earnestness.

William had an inexplicable desire to burst out laughing, to dance, to seize Nelly and kiss her, to behave in fact like the young and excitable boy he was—or felt—but he controlled himself and was pleased to know that he betrayed not the smallest sign of these indecorous impulses.

William had reason to be pleased with himself. His coolness in the great scene of the photograph; his easy manner of gliding, as it were, without the smallest shock, over an awkward moment; his present self-possession in spite of a rapid pulse and tremendous exultation of spirit; his light and bantering tone in a conversation which might become at any minute the crucial one of his life—these were very flattering to his self-respect. There is no doubt that for these minutes William had a great deal of self-respect. It was natural. He could not help being aware of his own excellent qualities. And perhaps as he sat and watched the serious and important little lady in front of him—Nelly was pondering deeply upon something or other, with an expression of abstraction not unusual to her, and certainly not at all unbecoming—he thought for a moment, for one short unguarded moment: "She is worthy of me."

William expelled the fancy with indignation as soon as he was aware of its presence, yet one cannot help thinking that it was not a dishonorable one. It was decidedly a proof of his affection; of a reasonable and mature affection.

"Don't you think," asked Nelly, issuing suddenly from her reverie, "it is very wrong to send white men to climates which were intended for black people?"

William was accustomed to Nelly's unexpected conversation.

"I didn't know you were a Whig, Nelly. But I am inclined to agree with you. Whom were you thinking of?"

"I don't know." Nelly frowned and hesitated. "It's just what I ——"

But at this moment tea came in, and with tea a young man—another young man. Yet as William perceived at a glance, not without satisfaction, he certainly had the advantage of youth. The other young man might possibly have been more recently born, but in all essentials he was much older than William. William was sorry for his premature decay. He was dried, yellowish, and had the frail appearance, the shaky uncertain movements of a man of sixty.

Nelly introduced them.

"Mr. Brown—Mr. Anderson."

William shook hands with extraordinary good nature—a touch even of compassion.

"Mr. Anderson is just back from the Gold Coast," Nelly explained.

"On leave?"

"Sick leave—had a touch of yellow fever." Mr. Anderson dropped on the sofa with an air of collapse.

(Continued on Page 189)

She Did Not Hear William's Approach Till He Was Almost at Her Shoulder—Till He Was Able to See That the Photograph Was One of Himself

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Engines Standing on Terminal Tracks

Saving Millions on Fuel

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

PIECE by piece I am building up a case that will show conclusively the futility of all hopes based on the idea that here in the United States there will come a speedy return to the happy days of low prices which prevailed before the war. From time to time certain observers call attention to small happenings which they hold forth as indications that the tide of rising costs has reached its crest and that soon there will be an ebb flow to lower levels. It is a fact, however, that primary expenses in most lines still show a decided tendency to upward adjustment.

There has been no general acceptance of the fundamental truth that deliverance from an unpleasant economic situation lies solely in a national policy of increased individual production. A small part of our working population is laboring from ten to fifteen hours each day in a vain effort to make up for the lost time of several million other employees who are endeavoring to maintain their lives on a higher plane but with a reduced working schedule. Industrial liberation will become a fact when the exercise of diligence again becomes a universal habit rather than a quality possessed by a small minority who are charged with clinging to ideas that are old-fashioned.

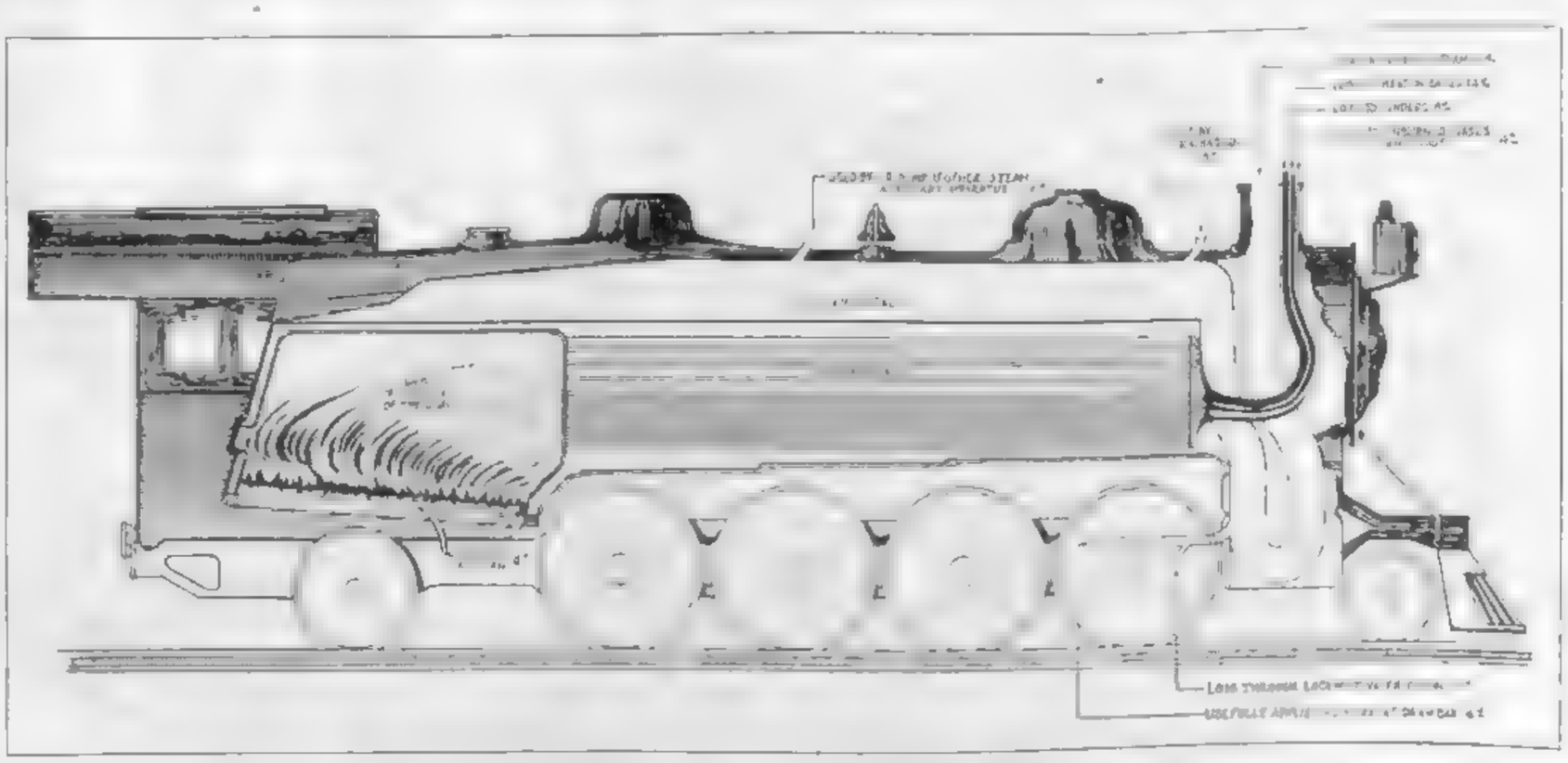
The cost of transportation in this country affects every person directly or indirectly. Let me devote a few minutes to a discussion of but a single phase of railroad expenses. In 1912 the fuel bill of the American railroads was $224,516,000; in 1918 fuel cost these same railroads $555,085,000, an increase amounting to 147 per cent over the 1912 costs; for 1919 the estimated cost of fuel is $665,000,000, which shows an increase amounting to about 197 per cent over 1912.

The fuel used by the railroads under government control last year was approximately 138,666,000 tons, or about twenty-seven per cent of all the bituminous coal produced in the United States that year. This tonnage of fuel would fill 2,773,320 standard coal cars, which if coupled in a single train would have a length of 26,260 miles. If moving at a constant speed of twenty miles an hour this train would require fifty-five days to pass a given point. Such a volume of coal would be sufficient to pave a roadway from New York City to San Francisco one foot in thickness and one-half mile wide.

In July, 1919, the latest figures available, the cost of railroad coal at the furnace door of the locomotive was four dollars a ton, or two and a half times the cost of fuel ten years ago. If there should be no early stabilization of the coal industry and if, on the other hand, the costs of mining are increased through higher wages and heavier charges for supplies, it is likely that the fuel bill of the railroads of this country will quickly reach the one-billion-dollar mark. This means that the railroad managements must necessarily save every pound of coal that can possibly be conserved. That magnificent results can be obtained along this line was proved during the urgent days when the nation was at war. The matter of saving coal is not a complex problem, but is an accomplishment that depends largely on the mental attitude of the railroad employees. During the year 1917 the fuel consumption of the United States railroads, when compared with the 1916 performance, showed an increase approximating five per cent. By the middle of the year 1918 this increase in consumption had grown to a point approximating eight per cent over the 1916 performance. About this time the Railroad Administration established a Fuel Conservation Section, which was authorized to make a careful study of the whole fuel situation so far as it was related to the country's transportation systems. Eugene McAuliffe, a coal expert of wide experience, was placed in command and the business of saving railroad fuel commenced in dead earnest. As a result of the efforts of this new conservation section large savings in fuel costs were effected and I estimate that the total saving in 1919, when compared with the previous year, will amount to no less than $40,000,000. The fuel saving on the railroads last year would make a train more than 2000 miles long. The value of this fuel that was saved would buy 700 modern locomotives or 15,000 modern freight cars. Measured in area of coal land exhausted, the fuel that was conserved represents an area of more than 2000 acres in extent. If reduced to another basis, it is evident that the railroad employees who took part in this conservation effort saved one and a half billion shovelfuls of fuel during the year, which in the aggregate represents a large saving in muscular effort as well as dollars.

In bringing about this important conservation of coal and oil the fuel section worked along certain definite lines. It was found on investigation that each unnecessary stop made with a heavy freight or passenger train represented a fuel loss of from 500 to 1750 pounds of coal, depending

(Continued on Page 37)



This Diagram Shows Very Clearly Where the Fuel Burned in the Locomotive Goes

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(Continued from Page 34)

on the weight of the train, the length of the stop and the grade conditions. As a consequence dispatchers, signal-tower and telegraph operators were encouraged to reduce slow-downs and especially eliminate all the stops possible. It was also discovered that brake-line air leaks are heavy consumers of fuel.

One test on a train of fifty freight cars demonstrated that such a loss may amount to as much as 2540 pounds in a ten-hour period.

Other recommendations covered the proper heating of passenger cars, the consumption of coal in station buildings and the losses of fuel incident to the wasteful use of water at shops and roundhouses where the water is supplied by steam-pumps.

Large losses were found to result from using a poor grade of sand, making it impossible to keep the locomotives from slipping on bad rails. It was also discovered that over-sized shovels encouraged the extravagant use of coal, which resulted from the fireman unconsciously throwing in an excessive amount of fuel.

This whole railroad-fuel problem is a matter of more far-reaching importance than the mere dollars involved. The solution must commence at the very beginning, which is the careful purchase of fuel. As an evidence of the importance of requiring the removal of all noncombustible matter from railroad coal, I may mention that each one per cent of excess ash in coal represents a direct fuel loss of one and a half per cent when it enters the fire box. Dirty coal is also the chief cause of other losses, which include delays to trains, reductions in train tonnage, payment of overtime and the frequent necessity for fire-box repairs. It is also true that large savings will result from giving careful attention to the percentage of water contained in the fuel oil that is purchased for locomotive use. Competent inspectors are the answer to this problem of careful buying.

For each one per cent of fuel saved the railroads of the United States effect a direct gain of six million dollars, while the indirect saving amounts to a sum that is equally as great. Of all the coal that is used in the fire box of a locomotive only six per cent of the total value of the fuel is applied to the work of moving the freight or passenger cars. A pound of coal measures two and three-quarters inches on each side.

If burned in a modern superheating steam locomotive under conditions of constant speed it will be sufficient to develop one horse power for from twenty to twenty-five minutes. If burned in a freight locomotive at ordinary freight-train speed the pound of coal will carry one ton fifteen miles. Assuming an ordinary passenger locomotive burning a ton of coal to each twenty miles, the engine would consume a pound of fuel for every fifty-two feet it travels.

Among the great fuel-saving devices applied to the American locomotive in recent years is the brick arch, which if properly operated and maintained will save approximately fifteen per cent of locomotive fuel. It has also been found that the locomotive superheater will save from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the engine's fuel. At the end of last year the Railroad Administration controlled lines operating 63,666 locomotives, of which 36,000, or fifty-six per cent, were equipped with brick arches and 29,000, or forty-six per cent, were supplied with locomotive superheaters. One of our railroads has ninety-six per cent of its locomotives equipped with arches and another system has eighty-two per cent of its engines equipped with superheaters. On the other hand, one of the largest Western roads has just made its initial application of the brick arch, which indicates plainly that modern practice, so far as the business of transportation in the United States is concerned, is not universal.

Not all the coal that is wasted by the railroads is lost in the firing of locomotives. Twelve per cent of all the railroad fuel is consumed in stationary plants. This means that large quantities of coal can be saved through the installation of many improvements in and about our railroad properties. One investigator has pointed out that in a long steam line each square foot of exposed surface piping carrying steam at 100 pounds gauge pressure results in a loss of 700 pounds of coal annually, estimating the temperature of the outside air at seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The losses sustained in zero weather in such a case exceed those stated above several times.

As an indication of just how important the fuel bill is in the operation of our railroads it is interesting to itemize the cost of moving 1000 gross tons of freight and freight cars one mile. This division of the expense is as follows: Locomotive repairs, 32.7 cents; locomotive fuel, 31.3 cents; other locomotive supplies, 2.6 cents; wages of enginemen and trainmen, 34.1 cents; train supplies and expenses, five cents. In the matter of the distribution of each dollar earned by American railroads, however, the division is quite different. During the year 1918 labor received 54.06 per cent of each dollar earned by the railroads. The fuel expenditures amounted to about eleven per cent of the railroads' income.

Since every pound of coal wasted in the operation of our railroads is an important factor in the cost of all essential staples, it is gratifying to know that a number of progressive railroad officials are attacking the problem in a most compelling manner. In one roundhouse a local superintendent has emphasized the losses sustained by waste at the safety valve in a convincing fashion. This official constructed a box with glass sides and after placing seventy-five pounds of soft coal in the receptacle attached a legend which read as follows:

This box of seventy-five pounds of coal is lost every time a modern locomotive pops off for five minutes.

On several railroads the operating officials have put vitality into the conservation movement by encouraging competitions between certain divisions. On a Western road a thirty-day contest between the men of two divisions resulted in a fuel saving of from 6.28 to 8.52 per cent in freight operations and from 16 to 22 per cent in passenger service.

A live superintendent of motive power recently prepared a catchy bulletin which read:

The job of firing a locomotive is one of toil; obviously the more you save the less you toil. It is worth ninety-five cents a minute when a locomotive is in actual service; let's make it operate at its full economic value. Over six million tons of coal are lost each year in this country through leakage of air in brake lines and connections under freight cars. If one shovelful of coal is saved per ton used this saving is equivalent to three-quarters of one per cent of all the coal handled.

The ultimate in fuel economy on our railroads is a long way off. In the meantime the territory all round us is filled with opportunities for distinguished service. One excess begets another. The reverse of this is also true. A further coal saving of a million dollars a week would not be a bad example of efficient management for the railroads to hold up to the gaze of other industries as an incentive to imitation.

A dollar gained through wise saving is economically a better value than a dollar gained by boosting the selling price of a product. The possibilities of scientific achievement are by no means exhausted.

Salesmanship in a New Field

PEOPLE throughout the United States are possessed of many divergent ideas as to just what is ethical in the conduct of different kinds of business. It is likewise true that a large percentage of the beliefs that are held are inherited rather than created from the sum total of to-day's experience. We have not passed from the age when a son votes with the same political party that was supported by his father and when a daughter holds to the same religious denomination that was the faith of her mother. Just as the medical fraternity frowns on the physician who seeks to build a practice through advertising, so have the public-utility companies viewed the matter of merchandising their products, whether the thing they have to sell is street-car transportation or electric current for household use. A new generation of managers appears to be accepting the idea that it is not only proper but beneficial to popularize the service they have to offer.

In addition there is the further thought that too little attention has been given by such corporations to the cultivation of good will.

During the days of war the large central-station companies furnishing electric current to our big cities were compelled to defer the further extension of their lines and as a consequence were obliged to find some new way to enlarge the capacity of their business. One of the biggest electrical companies in the country doing business in Chicago decided to increase its business by increasing the sale of electrical appliances, which apparatus would not only afford the company some profit in the merchandising transaction but would add to the total of current consumed. In this particular case the new plan afforded the company an additional rated capacity of 20,000 kilowatts without incurring any additional capital expenditure for new equipment.

The company referred to decided that corporation dignity was more ornamental than profitable. The management started with the primary idea that the basic principles of retail salesmanship could be applied successfully in the field to which they were supposed to cater. Company employees were instructed that real service consists in giving the customer what he wants, not what the company wants to give him.

A system of merchandising was inaugurated, based on a careful study of the psychology of the general run of customers. Experience had taught that the average person who is not technical is not at all interested in the fine point involved in the fact that a coffee percolator derives its energy from a lighting circuit, while a flashlight derives its energy from a dry cell. Both of these articles are associated

Two of the Big Central Power Stations From Which Chicago Gets Its Electric Current

with things electrical and a customer is annoyed if he enters a shop which advertises everything electrical and then fails to find a flashlight among the articles that are sold. It was this kind of practical psychology that caused the Chicago people to add many articles of a nonelectrical nature to the stock of merchandise sold in their electrical shops.

After careful planning the concern adopted a selling policy based on three methods of stimulating merchandise sales:

First was a premium plan; second, coupons; third, a system of deferred payments. As one manager stated: "It is only a few years since the idea of offering premiums with electric merchandise would have been regarded by large central-station companies as nothing short of a criminal offense. We know that the premium idea is almost as old as the human race, but it appeals to a universal weakness—the desire to get something for nothing. The plan has enabled us to sell thousands of washing machines and vacuum cleaners that we could not have sold otherwise. Our customers like the scheme and that's the only practical answer worth while."

The coupons are given to customers at the rate of one coupon for each five cents of merchandise purchased and are redeemable in the electrical stores for all kinds of merchandise at the rate of 1000 coupons for each dollar of retail price. In six months the company put out 73,753,750 coupons in the city of Chicago.

In talking with Henry E. French, who was largely responsible for the establishment of this electrical-merchandising plan in Chicago, I gathered the following ideas: Many concerns are able to cultivate the good will of large customers by giving them a discount for cash payment; however, the five-and-ten-cent customer is just as valuable an asset and with him the small cash discount is not practicable. A coupon for a fractional amount, however, does secure the same results and gives the little fellow a similar sense of satisfaction in his dealings with the merchant.

I find that one of the chief benefits of this energetic selling campaign in Chicago has been to create a material rise in the day load of the central station through the wider distribution of current consuming devices, which otherwise could not have been brought about except through carrying on a strenuous missionary and educational movement. It is also a definite fact that the good will of the company has been greatly increased by the publicity obtained through this merchandising scheme.

Concerning the third plan, that of deferred payments, the results show conclusively that this service is also appreciated. In 1915 the sales in the electrical shops were made on the following terms: thirty-five per cent were deferred payment; forty per cent were charge purchases; and twenty-five per cent were for cash. In 1919 it is estimated that the sales were forty-seven per cent deferred payment; nineteen per cent charge; and thirty-four per cent cash. In this connection it is interesting to know that in the city of Chicago in 1918 seventy-five per cent of all the pianos sold were on the deferred payment plan, while in talking machines ninety per cent were sold in this same way.

In getting business the Chicago people equipped a number of electric trucks for use in disposing of such bulky articles as washing machines and other heavy apparatus. The company engineers invented an ingenious carrying harness by which two men are able to take a sample machine from the truck into the prospective customer's home for an actual demonstration. This vigorous scheme of selling has resulted in bringing about record sales of washing machines and suction sweepers. The company has also taken into account the fact that seasonal sales offer an opportunity to increase the gross business. Electric fans are pushed during the warm months, while sick-room comforts are shoved to the fore in February and March. There is a special exploitation of certain electrical appliances that are suitable for gifts during the June wedding season and the Christmas holidays.

It is not likely that everyone will agree that the big central-station companies are following a proper course when they enter actively into the sale of electrical appliances. However, it is difficult to deny that the greater the use of electricity in any community the cheaper will be the price of current. The use of electricity also increases comfort and reduces labor. So let us look rather at the benefits derived and wish that all public utilities would try to solve their problems by increasing their gross sales rather than by seeking a way out through a boost in prices.

The Nation's Sweet Tooth

IT IS a doubtful question as to just what effect national prohibition will exercise on the industries of the United States. One authority, who appears to have made a careful survey of the situation, classifies the beneficiaries of prohibition as follows: Savings banks, soft drinks, motion-picture shows and other places of amusement; candy, tobacco and miscellaneous merchants. In this list one of the most interesting things is candy, because it is a product that is manufactured largely from a staple that is just now very much in the public eye.

During the war the United States with one-eighteenth of the world's population consumed about one-fourth of the world's output of sugar. In other words, America uses about eighty pounds per person, while the per capita consumption of the rest of the world is something like thirteen pounds annually.

Cutting the Fillers for Chocolate Candies

Since it is a fact that there is a world shortage in sugar and that this shortage will likely continue, it is interesting to note to just what extent the manufacture of candy has helped along the deficit. The truth of the matter is that though sugar is the chief basic raw material used to make candy, many other ingredients, such as chocolate, molasses, nuts, fruits, corn sirup and starch, are also used in large quantities. Some kinds of candy average only fifty per cent sugar and many kinds contain even a less amount than this. Information collected and given out during the last months of the war divided up our sugar consumption as follows:

Seventy per cent was consumed in the households; twenty-two per cent was used in manufacturing canned fruits and vegetables, bakery products, condensed milk, ice cream and soft drinks; eight per cent went into the manufacture of candy.

Undoubtedly the most interesting phase of candy making just now is concerned with the use of substitutes for sugar. Corn sirup has been extensively used in confectionery. But this product, containing only about forty per cent sucrose, appears to have a rival in a new product known as maltose, or malt sirup, made from corn, barley, potatoes or any plant containing a large percentage of starch. This new malt sirup was first produced three or four years ago, but the candy makers found the product unsatisfactory due to its strong malt taste. The manufacturers of maltose, however, continued the work of perfecting their process and in recent months have been turning out a sugar sirup that is averaging from sixty to eighty per cent sweet and is proving to be a most desirable substitute for sugar in confectionery manufacture.

The prohibition law has made available both the raw material and the machinery needed for the production of maltose. This sirup is made from the same cereals as beer and up to a certain point the process for manufacturing maltose is the same as the method employed in making beer. Evaporating pans are about the only important new equipment the breweries require in changing over to maltose production. Those breweries that have gone over to the manufacture of sirup have been unable to supply even a large part of the present urgent demand for their product.

In general appearance maltose looks like maple sirup and has a flavor somewhat resembling honey. It can be used on the table and is splendidly adapted for cooking and baking. One variety of this malt-sugar product made by a special process is white in color and is coming into large use in candy making and ice cream manufacture. Not only do these malt sirups for certain uses possess an advantage over sugar, in that they do not so readily crystallize, but they conform closely to our pure-food laws, because of the fact that unlike certain other sirups they are made without chemicals.

As a part explanation of the present high prices of candies it is pertinent to remark that the confectionery industry bought sugar in 1914 for four and a half cents a pound. At the same time a pound of glucose cost the candy people two and a half cents. Last year the confectionery manufacturers paid from nine and a half to ten cents for sugar and from six to eight cents for glucose. The outlook for 1920 is that sugar on an average will cost the candy producers not less than fourteen cents. It is for this reason that the new malt sirups from the former breweries are in such urgent demand, for the new product is now selling at a much lower price than sugar.

As in many other industries, the capacity of the candy factories of the country is in excess of the Nation's demand for such sweets. However, the present reduced output of confections due to the sugar shortage and other causes has created a very real candy deficit. In 1914 the output of candy in the United States was in the neighborhood of a billion pounds and the best estimates I can obtain to-day indicate that the present rate of annual production is not far in excess of that quantity. This makes it appear that a recent estimate, which was widely circulated, stating that the Nation's yearly candy bill is nearly one and a quarter billion dollars is exaggerated.

The manufacturing end of the confectionery business employs about 80,000 people, of whom more than sixty per cent are women and girls. The average wage in the candy-producing establishments is low compared with most other industries. The Department of Labor tells us that in one large Eastern city last year the median rate was not quite $450 a year.

The candy industry, though more of a domestic affair than heretofore, is not a business wherein we can boast of American independence. In the case of sugar we produce in this country only one-fourth of what we consume. Upward of another fourth in recent years has come from Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, while the remaining one-half of our supply has been imported principally from Cuba. Practically all of the cane sugar produced in the United States is grown in Louisiana. This variety last year totaled less than one-sixth of the quantity of beet sugar produced in this country.

But the manufacture of candy, as before stated, calls for other ingredients than sugar. The American candy makers

(Concluded on Page 163)

Selected!

To the President's desk go the selected few from among the visitors in the morning mail. The letters that speak well *of* the sender—and *for* him; *individual* letters—which mark our complete removal from the clay tablet days when "letters" were nothing more than messages.

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WHY IS SUGAR SCARCE AND HIGH?

(Continued from Page 11)

In order that we may judge ourselves as others see us, we should compare our sugar consumption with that of the nations of Europe. The following table presents the figures for the prewar consumption and that of 1917–18 and 1918–19, in pounds per person.

COUNTRY	PREWAR	1917–18	1918–19
United Kingdom	74	52	55
France	38	38	40
Italy	12	19	17
Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland	60	50	50
Germany	40	40	40
United States	81	73	85

Following our entrance into the war the remnant of the sugar supply of that year—the crop of 1916—was administered with the view of conservation of the interests of the household consumer. It soon became clear to the United States Food Administrator that control of the sugar supply justified and demanded a special organization. In October, 1917, an International Sugar Committee was organized, consisting of representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers, and by uniform agreements made with the sugar refiners all purchases of imported raw sugar were assigned to it. The small remnant of our beet and cane crop was handled through the Food Administration directly. In December, 1917, an understanding was reached between the International Sugar Committee, the Royal Commission on Sugar Supply of the United Kingdom, a commission representing Cuban growers, and the prominent refiners of the United States, in accordance with which the entire raw sugar of Cuba of the campaign 1917–18 was sold to the International Committee and allocated to the United States and to the Royal Commission for division between the United Kingdom, France and Italy. The price of Cuban raw sugar was established; duty, insurance and freight were fixed items; the margin of the refiner was regulated and the wholesale price set. Similar agreements were reached concerning our cane and beet sugar and the sugar of Porto Rico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. A margin was also established for wholesalers, jobbers and retailers. Thus a fair and even price was established for sugar throughout the United States. This scheme worked out advantageously for all concerned, and the interests of manufacturer and householder alike were equitably considered.

Field of Sugar Beets

Production Costs Examined

When it came to handling the crop of the 1918–19 campaign a different plan was determined upon, because the cost of raising sugar had increased more in the United States than in Cuba, and with falling production in Europe it was felt imperative to stimulate domestic production by increase in price. The question of cost of production of sugar was investigated by the Food Administration and the Tariff Commission. As a result, ten dollars a ton was fixed as a fair price for beets, and the refineries contracted for the crop on that basis. The cane producers of the Gulf entered into an agreement with the Food Administration, fixing the wholesale price of refined sugar at nine cents, and the same price was set for beet sugar. It was necessary to purchase the Cuban crop outright and to negotiate with the producers of insular sugar. To this end the United States Sugar Equalization Board was incorporated in July, 1918, with a capital stock of $5,000,000 subscribed for in the name of the United States by the President and paid for out of his appropriation. The members of the board were Herbert Hoover, Edgar Rickard, E. E. Shattuck, F. W. Taussig, Theodore Whitmarsh, Clarence Woolley and George Zabriskie, chairman, with later W. A. Glasgow replacing Herbert Hoover. The President was the sole stockholder of the company. The Equalization Board purchased the Cuban crop at 5.5 cents a pound and the Food Administration fixed the basic wholesale price for granulated sugar at seaboard refining points at nine cents a pound. Since the entire Cuban crop passed into the possession of the United States the requirements of our Allies devolved upon us, and one-third of the crop was sold to the Royal Commission for account of the United Kingdom, France and Italy.

It will be advantageous to note the several functions connected with sugar, exercised directly or indirectly, by the Food Administration:

To buy and handle foreign raw sugar.

To ship, insure and pay duty upon foreign raw sugar.

To fix cost and margin of profit of refining.

To allocate imported sugar to refineries.

To make zonal allocation of water-borne and domestic sugars, in order to conserve transport and insure equity in consumption in different parts of the country.

To control wholesaler and jobber of sugar and fix margin of profit.

To allocate sugar between manufacturers and retailers for household consumption.

To allot sugar between the different manufacturing uses.

To control the retailer, fix margin of profit and determine conditions of sale.

To control the exportation of sugar.

The Sugar Equalization Board completed its function when imported sugar was delivered to the refiners. The other functions were exercised by the Food Administration in Washington, through agreements under a system of certificates. Exportation was controlled by the War Trade Board.

The Plan of the Board

The plan of work of the Sugar Equalization Board was to operate from the inside with the normal implements of the sugar industry, rather than from the outside through arbitrary methods of war control, in conformity with the general policy of the Food Administration. Agreements were reached with the producers of Porto Rico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands by which their sugar reached our seaports at such prices as enabled them to conform to the fixed wholesale price of nine cents. All agreements within the United States were of a voluntary character and represented the patriotic cooperation

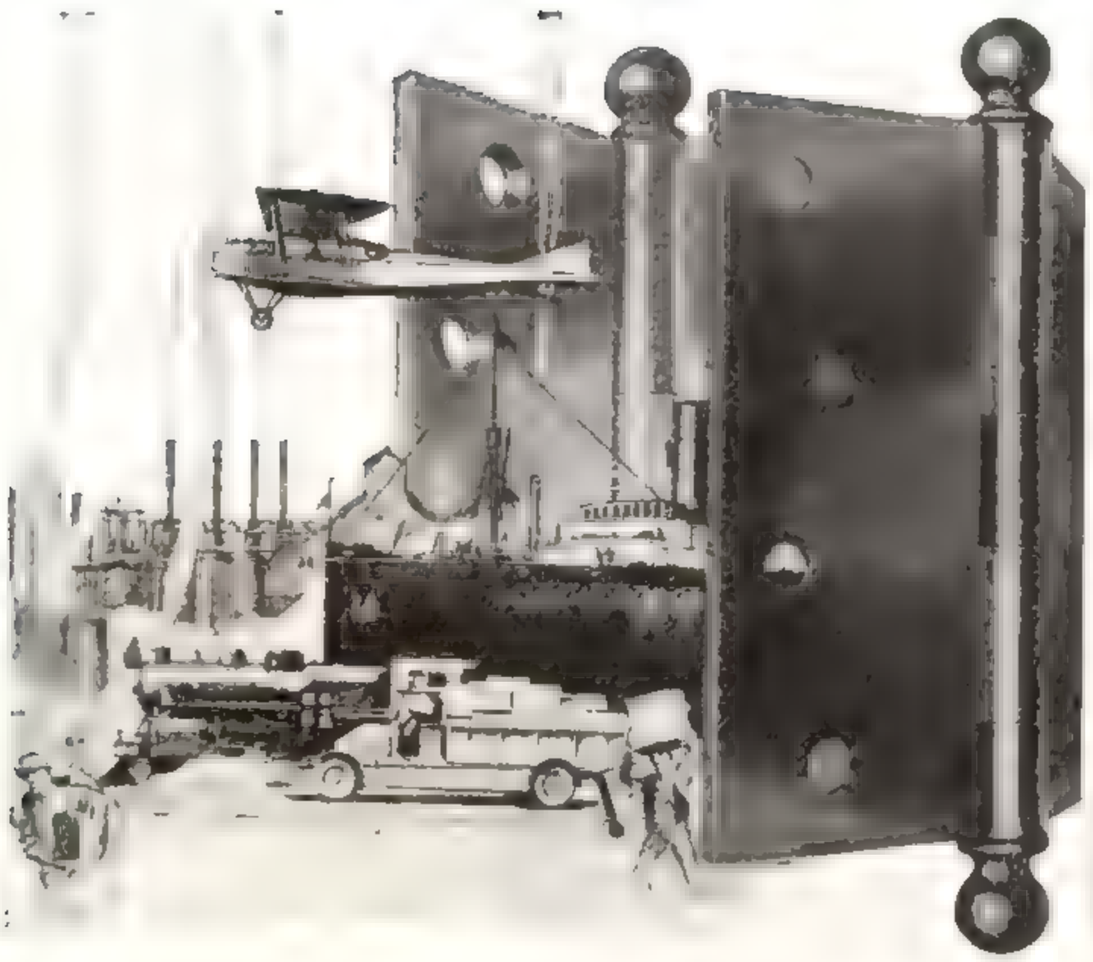
(Continued on Page 42)

At Sugar-Cane Crop in Louisiana

THE *everlasting faithfulness* of the Hupmobile makes a strong appeal to the average American family.

They admire steadfastness in a motor car only a little less than they do in a friend.

The Hupmobile *stays right* in a way that makes a man say:—"Well, there's one investment I've made, that's paid out."



HINGES *opened the way to* PROGRESS

THE exact date when hinges were first used is not known. Hinges outdate History!

Evolved in ancient times to make doors possible, they have come down through the ages—serving man in every generation. Since the time of that first hinge conditions have greatly changed. New countries have been discovered and developed. There have been many inventions. The world has grown!

And hinges played their part in opening the way to progress.

Fifty years ago, hinges and butts assumed a new identity. Stamped with the name McKinney they set a new standard for the hinge industry. For half a century McKinney Hinges and Butts have effectively and noiselessly served. They do their day's work without sagging or squeaking.

Whether it be a massive portal or small box lid, there is a McKinney Hinge or Butt of proper beauty and design to fit. They fill every hinge need.

In your plans for building or repairs consider the little hinge item seriously. A careful selection at first will later be rewarded by years of unfailing usefulness.

See that the name McKinney is stamped on the hinges or butts you buy.

The name McKinney is important!

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Western Office, State-Lake Bldg., Chicago. Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of McKinney garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks.

(Continued from Page 40)

of the manufacturing industries and distributive agencies with the Food Administration.

The Cuban crop received a different price treatment from that accorded other ocean-borne and home-grown sugar. The crop was purchased for 5.5 cents, the duty was one cent, the freight and insurance .40 cent; the refiner's margin was 1.54 cents, and the sugar was sold at the basic price of nine cents, with two per cent off for cash, representing 8.82 cents. Between this figure and the sum of the several items is a difference of .38 cents per pound. This represented a margin reserved for the Equalization Board (it is included in the price of 7.29 cents charged the refiner), employed as a contingent fund to insure stabilization in price and distribution and to constitute finally a small profit that would return to the Government. In the handling of the domestic sugars and of the sugar from Porto Rico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands no such differential was maintained for the Equalization Board. It was necessary in the case of Cuban sugar because the price of Cuban sugar was lower than the fair price established for domestic sugar. Had the Sugar Equalization Board not withheld the sum of .38 cents a pound the Cuban sugar would have undersold the other sugar on the market or the Cuban grower would have secured a price above the contract price of sale.

The Sugar Board's Price

The following table presents the figures for the two calendar years, illustrating the combined operations of the Sugar Equalization Board and the Food Administration, in averaged prices and margins in cents a pound:

	1918	1919
Domestic cane, raw	6.42	7.28
Domestic beet, refined	8.13	9.27
Porto Rico, raw	6.42	7.28
Hawaiian and Philippine, raw	6.42	7.2
Cuban cane, raw	4.5	5.58
Refiner's margin	1.37	1.54
Wholesaler's and jobber's margin	.68	.68
Retailer's margin	1.5	1.0–1.5
Consumer's price	9.7	10.9

The retail price during the last two months of 1919 was not everywhere maintained because a certain amount of new domestic sugar reached the market and was not under the control of the Equalization Board.

These may be contrasted with European prices. During 1918 two countries in Europe had wholesale prices for sugar as low as ours, Germany and Denmark, both sugar-producing countries, the price in Denmark being eight and a half cents and in Germany nine cents, prices and amounts of purchase being controlled by state. During the past two years the average wholesale prices in the several countries in Europe were, in rounded figures, in terms of par exchange with tax subtracted, as follows: United Kingdom, twelve and a half cents; France, sixteen cents; Italy, eighteen cents; Spain, fifteen cents; Norway, sixteen cents; Sweden, sixteen cents; Switzerland, thirteen cents; Germany, eleven cents, Holland, ten and a half cents. The price for the new crop in Germany has been fixed at 300 marks a quintal, corresponding to about thirty-three cents a pound at par of exchange. In all countries the prices were controlled by the state. The price in Canada was the same as ours.

German Sugar Control

It is interesting to group Europe into allied, enemy and neutral states. Thus grouped the average prices were:

	CENTS
United States	8.8
Allied States	16.2
Enemy States	15.3
Neutral States	13.1

On the basis of trade index numbers the wholesale price of uncontrolled sugar would have been in the neighborhood of twelve cents. Under control the spread between wholesale and retail prices was much narrower than would have been the case without control. Four cents a pound represents a fair estimate of the saving through control of sugar by the Food Administration, representing more than $300,000,000 a year.

It is illuminating to contrast the beginning of our sugar control with that of Germany. When the war broke out Germany stood before the harvest of a crop of sugar beets that was worth more than 2,500,000 metric tons of sugar. The government, to the amazement of scientists, at the behest of the trade permitted the

(Continued on Page 45)

Sugar-Beet Storage Bins and Mill

Again a wonderful
Paramount Artcraft Picture

IF you would understand the reason for Paramount's supremacy that you have heard so much about, see one magnificent example of it in "His House in Order".

Elsie Ferguson, star of stars, popular wherever distinguished acting and peerless dressing are appreciated, is the lovable heroine.

The picture is made from Sir Arthur Pinero's famous play of the second wife whose happiness was ruined at every point by her husband's memories of his first wife.

How the dead unjustly ruled the living is the burden of the plot, and it is worked out by a hand as cunning as Fate's.

"His House in Order" is your sort of entertainment—the best—Paramount Artcraft.

ADOLPH ZUKOR Presents

Elsie Ferguson
in "His House in Order"

By SIR ARTHUR PINERO
DIRECTION and SCENARIO by HUGH FORD

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

The preference which makes the Republic the largest selling motor truck in the world, was *won by harder work, better done.* The evidence of one owner, that his Republic Trucks stand *harder use,* for a *longer time,* at *lower costs,* would not be conclusive. But no good business man can fail to respond to this same evidence when it comes from more than 60,000 owners.

Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan

(Continued from Page 42)

exportation of 500,000 tons, part of which went directly and indirectly to the United Kingdom. Later in the winter 475,000 tons of raw sugar was allocated for feed for horses and pigs. Thus nearly a million tons of sugar, a staple, nonperishable concentrated food, was deflected from the food supply of the German people, practically thirty pounds per capita. During the last three years sugar has been scarce in Germany, due to low production. Blunders have been made in the administration of food supplies in every country during the war, but nothing to compare with this act of improvidence on the part of the German Government.

Following the granting of the armistice the American people immediately gave expression to the desire to return to the paths of peace. No matter how military authorities defined armistice the people knew that armistice meant peace—at least no more war. The majority of our restrictions upon trade and industry had been imposed with the coöperation of those concerned and were, therefore, of a voluntary nature. Though control had demonstrated its benefits it was foreign to the characteristics of our economic life. The press recognized that with return to freedom of trade and industry we should be taking chances of speculation, high prices and disturbances in the flow of commodities. But the people wanted to take the chances and there was certainly no military reason for any continuance of wartime control after December, 1918, except so far as such might prove necessary to enable us to fulfill our obligations to Allies, to neutrals under agreements of the War Trade Board, and to enemy under the terms of the armistice.

No Shortage Feared

Between December, 1918, and April, 1919, practically all the regulations and restrictions governing trade and industry by the Food Administration, the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, the Fuel Administration and the Shipping Board were abolished by nonenforcement. Technically they remained upon the books pending the armistice and prior to the ratification of the treaty of peace. Some departments expired by legal limitation on June thirtieth. Restrictions on sugar were released in January; the stabilized prices on rice, cotton-seed oil and hogs were abandoned in March and April. Trade in sugar became as free as trade in copper, cotton, tin and rubber, all of which had been controlled for the fulfillment of war requirements, and released after the armistice.

When the Food Administration passed out of legal existence on June thirtieth, it was survived by the United States Grain Corporation, operating under a special enactment to market the wheat crop of 1919; and the Sugar Equalization Board, a corporation whose sole remaining function was to close out its contracts and agreements for delivering crude raw sugar to the refineries up to December 31, 1919.

The Food Administration was in no position in January, 1919, to resist relinquishment of control and regulation had it so desired, because the statistical position furnished no basis for resistance and indicated no necessity for continuation of control. The position of stocks in January indicated more than 600,000 tons, and the estimated new supplies to October first brought the figure up to 3,800,000 tons. Now this was 300,000 tons more than the consumption in 1918, and was as much as our largest consumption in 1915. According to the best estimates this figure did not completely exhaust the supplies of Cuban and Island sugar. The beet crop of 1919 would enter the market in October.

From every statistical angle the position looked safe; and though warning voices suggested a possible postwar splurge in consumption in the United States, that could not serve as the basis for resistance to the universal desire of the Americans to discard wartime control. We have since learned that we cannot enjoy the benefits of control and of freedom at the same time; and if some of our economic freedom has cost us something few Americans will be disposed to begrudge themselves the experience.

Consumption of sugar in the first quarter of 1919 was about 920,000 tons, only 50,000 tons more than the average quarterly consumption in 1918. This tended to discredit predictions of increased consumption, and instead roused fear of a carry-over into the crop of 1919. In March the statistical position indicated certainly the possibility, if not the probability, of a substantial carry-over, several hundred thousand tons, the disposition of which would have constituted a problem for the Government and provoked a serious disturbance in the marketing of the free crop of 1919–20. It was partly in consideration of this position that the Sugar Board permitted the exportation from Cuba to France of 180,000 tons of Cuban sugar belonging to us, in order to cover urgent requirements in France.

In April the spring fever of the American public took on the form of hunger for sugar. Retailers everywhere reported increased sales and they enlarged their takings. The innumerable manufactured articles containing sugar displayed every week progressive strides in production. It soon became clear that there would be no possibility of a carry-over. When the Food Administration closed, on the thirtieth of June, the fears of an impending scarcity were already well founded.

First Signs of Scarcity

Depletion of refiners' stocks appeared early in July. This was greatly aggravated by a marine strike, beginning in August and lasting six weeks, that held back supplies from the refiners. Our normal refining capacity is about 85,000 tons a week, and a month's stagnation meant an almost irreparable gap. There was some commercial export of sugar going on, and in July the Sugar Equalization Board requested resumption of export embargo by the War Trade Board; but this was refused, because Congress and the people were in no temper to return to control.

When the signs of scarcity became generally apparent everybody rushed to the market, especially manufacturers, attempting to cover present requirements and secure supplies for the future program. There was also some buying of actual sugar for speculation, with hoarding for higher prices; but the volume was small. The consumption during the second quarter had risen to 1,250,000 tons, and would have been the same or more during the third quarter had the sugar been available, but was, in fact, 1,110,000 tons. The per capita consumption during the first three quarters of 1919 was almost as much as during the four quarters of 1918.

The supply of the fourth quarter was uneven both in time and space, for the obvious reason that with scarcity there was no control, because the power of the Sugar Equalization Board ended with delivery of raw sugar to the refinery. The consumption in the successive quarters of the last two years was as follows in pounds per capita: 1918—18, 24, 15, 16; 1919—20, 26, 24, 15. During the fourth quarter, 740,000 tons of sugar were distributed, which, of course, represented greater or less scarcity in most portions of the country. This was aggravated by two additional deficiencies: 15,000 tons of Porto Rican sugar had gone abroad directly, and the harvest of Cuba had failed of the expected figure by 75,000 tons. As previously stated, 180,000 tons had gone from our stocks in Cuba to fill an urgent need in France. The sum of these three amounts, 270,000 tons, would have brought the deliveries of the fourth quarter up to 1,000,000 tons. But it is more than doubtful whether any of this 270,000 tons would have reached the household consumer, because the manufacturing trades were outbidding the retailer and there was no way of controlling them.

A small amount of beet and cane sugar of the new crop was contained in the figure of 740,000 tons. The contracts for domestic sugar expired on September thirtieth, and it is possible that some of the old sugar was hoarded and released as new after the date of expiration of the contracts. In October a refiners' committee tried to ration the manufacturers and to resume zonal distribution. But it had no power, except such as might be given to it by the Attorney-General under certain clauses of the unexpired Lever Act; it did not possess the machinery once available to the Food Administration, and the rationing was a failure. It is interesting to recall that the British released control of sugar for a short time in the spring of 1919, but resumed control shortly thereafter and has it still, because the same sequence of events began there that has occurred here.

The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses Chapter 3

"If you wore KRYPTOKS as I do, you could look up from your menu card and see across the room clearly without scowling over your glasses."

I NEVER see anyone scowling over, or removing, reading glasses in order to see at a distance, without thinking of my own experience. Until I found KRYPTOKS (pronounced Crip-tocks) I actually suffered with the annoyance of inefficient glasses.

Then came KRYPTOKS. They ended my troubles. KRYPTOKS never give me the least bit of trouble. I can see near and far with equal clearness, without ever having to remove, or peer over, reading glasses or ever having to fuss with changing from one pair to another.

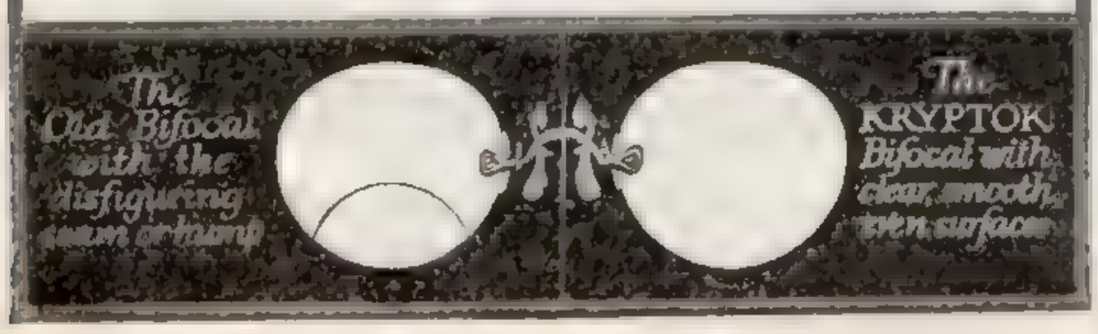
I have been through the whole eyeglass experience. I have known all the bother and inconvenience of constantly taking reading glasses off. I have known all the double bother and inconvenience of constantly taking reading glasses off and of putting distance glasses on. I know how the conspicuous line or seam across the lenses of ordinary bifocals makes you look older than you really are, because I have worn them, too.

And I also know that KRYPTOKS end these troubles. They give you perfect near and far vision in one pair of glasses. You cannot detect even the slightest trace of a line, hump, or seam in KRYPTOK Glasses. They are the *only invisible* bifocals. They cannot be distinguished from single vision glasses.

* * *

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK Glasses. They are, of course, sold only upon the advice or prescription of the oculist, optometrist or optician. Write for descriptive booklet. Please give the name of your optical specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



One point deserves emphasis: It is frequently stated in the press that scarcity of sugar in this country was due to excessive export from this country to Europe. This is without foundation. England cannot refine more than 750,000 tons of sugar per annum. Since in her share of the Cuban crop she was importing much more than this she was compelled to consume brown sugar or transship through this country and have the sugar refined here. The Royal Sugar Commission placed contracts in this country for the refining of 500,000 tons of their share of the Cuban crop. Exportations in material amounts outside of this have not occurred.

The Equalization Board and the refiners maintained the wholesale price of nine cents through the fourth quarter of last year for such sugar as came in under the old contracts and agreements. But new sugar from domestic cane and beet appeared on the market, the price of which was not covered by such contracts. This sugar naturally went to a much higher price; and thus one witnessed the unusual spectacle of limited amounts of sugar on sale in different shops for from eleven to as high as twenty-three cents a pound. Doubtless some of the old sugar was sold as new-crop domestic sugar; but on the whole, to the extent that the old sugar was available, American tradesmen did little profiteering in the sugar sold by the refiner for the fixed price of nine cents.

The sequence of events following the first positive signs of scarcity in July led to efforts looking toward the control of the 1919 crop. There were two frankly divergent points of view. One ran to the effect that the best course was to return to freedom of trade, whether sugar went high or low, and at whatever risk of speculation and profiteering; that the struggle to return to the law of supply and demand might just as well occur now as later, even with the certainty that the retail price of sugar would be for a time greatly elevated, at the very time when the President and Congress were trying to reduce the high cost of living. The opposing view ran to the effect that it would be wise to continue the complete machinery of sugar control for another year, buy the Cuban crop, allocate one-third of it to Europe, make agreements with Porto Rico, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands and with the American cane and beet growers, and control refining and distribution as before. With the forecast crops it was believed that this could be accomplished with no greater increase than one cent a pound in the retail price of sugar.

Up to Mr. Wilson

These two views were expressed in communications from the Sugar Equalization Board to the President in July, 1919. On July nineteenth the board had received an unofficial but authorized offer of the Cuban crop, at a price that was known to be six and a half cents, in any event not to exceed seven cents. Thereupon the board wrote to the President, on August fourteenth, outlined the situation, and offered the suggestion that if the President so desired it was practicable to purchase the Cuban crop, control the Porto Rican, Hawaiian and Philippine sugars and the domestic production, and regulate refining, distribution and prices just as during the previous year, for which, however, additional legislation would be required, prolonging for another year the functions of the Food Administration and the Equalization Board and power of import and export embargo. A minority report was presented by Professor Taussig, whose opinion favored a return to the law of supply and demand.

The President did not act; and nonaction had the effect of accepting the minority report. The board on September twentieth again addressed a communication to the President, advising him that withdrawal of the Cuban offer of sale was imminent if prompt action was not taken. On September twenty-second the Cuban offer was withdrawn, and on the following day the President was so advised by the board, with the further statement that the situation was out of hand and that refiners had been advised to secure raw sugar from the new crop according to prewar practice. The growers of domestic beet and cane, the island producers, the refiners and the distributive trades were desirous of a continuation of control for one year, since they preferred a stabilized market to speculation.

In October, action was taken in Congress looking toward additional legislation for the control of the sugar of the new crop. The Attorney-General and the Department of Justice undertook respectively to administer certain clauses of the unexpired Lever Act applicable to the uncontrolled market and to uncover and repress profiteering. Investigation by officials of the Department of Justice resulted in the statement that no profiteering in sugar by the legitimate trade had been discovered. There had been some speculation and purchases for future delivery by outsiders and occasional acts of hoarding, though in no considerable quantities. Such hoarding as had occurred was clearly the result of shortage, not the cause of it. A resumption of the licensing provision by the Attorney General proved impractical.

Crop failure had occurred in the Gulf region and the yield was reduced to one-half. The administration agreed that the Gulf growers were entitled to a doubled price, though no such provision had been determined for the wheat growers whose crop failed in the Northwest. The result of this agreement was an understanding in November that no prosecution for profiteering would be undertaken against sale of Gulf clarified sugar for seventeen cents or refined sugar for eighteen cents a pound. This sugar appeared on the market at this figure in November. The beet growers contended that the lowest for which they could sell sugar was ten cents refined; and though no contract or agreement was entered into, beet sugar also appeared on the market in November based upon that price.

Back to Supply and Demand

A little later some beet sugar sold as high as twelve cents f. o. b. factory; and it is possible that some of it was sold as Gulf cane sugar for seventeen cents. It is also possible that Porto Rican sugar entered the back door and appeared at the front door as Louisiana cane, since the estimate of the Gulf cane yield was naturally only an approximation. It was the intention of the Equalization Board, had control been undertaken for another year, to purchase the Gulf crop at seventeen cents, absorb it into the total supply and sell it for approximately twelve cents, paying the difference out of the accumulated contingency fund of the previous year.

Congress that in October was adverse to any legislation, two months later passed a bill empowering the President to continue, after a fashion, the operation of the Sugar Equalization Board and the Lever Act as applicable to sugar. The bill, however, limited control by license to the thirtieth of June, which limitation rendered the bill worthless for practical purposes, because the rush demand for sugar for the manufacturing trades occurs largely after the first of June. Though the bill became a law by signature of the President he has wisely decided not to avail himself of the legislation.

The entire Cuban crop could have been purchased at six and a half to seven cents, the beet at nine to ten cents, and the insular sugar at a figure comparable to that of Cuban. The total supply could then have been retailed at practically twelve to twelve and a half cents a pound. With the decision of the Administration not to use the new legislative powers conferred by Congress and the legal expiration of the Equalization Board on December thirty-first the sugar industry of the country was returned to the operations of the law of supply and demand.

For the present calendar year, what are the prospects for supply and price? The Royal Sugar Commission purchased 500,000 tons of raw sugar in Cuba in July for six and a half cents a pound. Since that time prices for advance purchase have been gradually rising because the Cubans saw that the market was in their power. The January price for Cuban raw is about ten cents; the price quoted for February, nine and a half; for March, about nine. The flood of Cuban sugar may be expected in April, by which time the price will fall to eight or possibly seven and a half cents. The spread of the refiner has been widened to two cents. The spreads of the wholesaler, jobber and retailer have also been widened, in some instances to twice the extent fixed under the Food Administration. The margins on sugar under the Food Administration were narrow, so narrow, indeed, as to have represented little profit.

(Continued on Page 49)

IF YOU SHOULD ASK YOUR BUTCHER

to explain how the Toledo Scale works, you would readily understand why he takes pride in it and advertises that it protects his customers.

First, and most important, it contains no springs and, therefore, is not affected, as spring scales are, by changes in temperature. It is a pendulum scale, measuring gravity with gravity itself, unerring in its operation.

It is attractive in appearance, sanitary and sensitive to the weight of a feather—the achievement of twenty years' experience in building springless automatic scales exclusively.

It is automatic, weighing and computing without hand operations or mental calculations; and self-illuminating, the whole face of the scale flooded with electric light, making the weight and value indications distinct and easily readable.

You would be impressed with the ingenious shock-absorbing device which also regulates the vibration of the indicator; with the surprising simplicity of the mechanism of the scale, and with its strength, accuracy and durability.

He might then direct your attention to the customer's side of the scale, with its brilliantly illuminated weight indication, and its sign, "Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight," and tell you that the scale is the only fixture in his shop in which his customers are financially interested, and because of their interest and for their protection he had not considered price, but had purchased the best scale that money could buy.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario
Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World
Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and Canada. Others in thirty-four foreign countries.

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

SMART Boyish Style with Erect Manly Bearing distinguishes "RIGHT-POSTURE" Clothes from all others. The novel construction reminds a boy (should he forget) to square his shoulders and stand up straight. "RIGHT-POSTURE" Clothes are the best Boys' Clothes money can buy, with **an exclusive feature** no money can buy in any other clothes.

BOYS, WRITE FOR OUR BOOK, "THE CLOTHES A BOY SHOULD WEAR," SENT FREE.

The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

(Continued from Page 46)

In the present speculative market each dealer feels compelled to increase his margin in order to cover his risks and to compel sugar to carry its fair share of the overload. The retail price of sugar may be reasonably expected to fall to fifteen or fourteen cents, or even lower, when the high flood of Cuban sugar—that will probably appear earlier than usual in response to the present price—enters the market. European purchases in Cuba do not exceed 1,000,000 tons and may be no greater than 800,000.

The total production of sugar in the world is below normal, the increase in cane having been more than offset by decrease in beet production. With the normal rate of increase the sugar production of the world would this year be about 19,000,000 tons. The accepted forecasts in trade and governmental circles promise only a scant 16,000,000 tons, as against 16,340,000 last year and 17,300,000 the year before. The domestic acreage of sugar beet for this year will depend upon availability of seed and the growers' reaction to price at the time of planting. For this year the trade must not merely plan to supply the demand; normal stocks must be reaccumulated. Under control, with price and allocation fixed, neither wholesaler nor retailer had any motive for carrying stocks; but under normal conditions business cannot be done without a safe margin of reserved stock.

The forecast of our sugar supply for the calendar year 1919–20 may be stated as follows in approximate terms:

	LONG TONS
Continental cane	11[illegible],000
Continental beet	7[illegible],000
Porto Rico	4[illegible],000
Hawaiian Islands	5[illegible],000
Philippines	1[illegible],000
Our share of Cuban crop	2,000,000
Total	4,500,000

These figures are believed to be conservative. If we were to consume again this year 4,100,000 tons—representing a per capita consumption of 85 pounds—and establish a reserve stock of 400,000 tons, this would fall within the figure stated. The figure for our share of the Cuban crop assumes that Europe will obtain 1,600,000 of the forecast crop of 4,200,000 tons. Since the amount thus allocated to Europe is practically twice her present purchases this is believed to be conservative, in view of the continued fall of exchange and inability of the European nations to purchase on credit in Cuba. Included in the European allocation, however, is 400,000 tons for Canada.

European Requirements

According to the best available information the situation in sugar supplies in Europe, on the basis of the harvests of last year, will require the following importations:

	LONG TONS
The neutral nations—Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, Spain	200,000
United Kingdom	1,200,000
France	400,000
Belgium	60,000
Italy	100,000
Germany, self-sufficient	
Russia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Balkan States—no reliable information as to imports or exports	
To this must be added Canada	400,000
Total	2,360,000
Subtract Czechoslovakian exportable surplus	200,000
Requirements	2,160,000

Where is this sugar to be obtained? The answer depends partly upon the requirements of competing countries elsewhere on the globe. There are evidences that the sugar consumption in South America, Australia and South Africa tends to rise. During the war, when Javanese sugar was cheap, the Chinese became accustomed to sugar to a greater extent than ever before; and China, Japan and India may be expected to draw heavily upon Java, the crop representing an exportable surplus of nearly 1,500,000 tons. It is, however, believed that the following supplies will be available for Europe:

	LONG TONS
Cuba	1,900,000
British West Indies	210,000
French West Indies	40,000
San Domingo	100,000
Mauritius and Reunion	300,000
Total	2,150,000

On paper, therefore, sugar is apparently available in sufficient amounts to cover the minimum requirements of the nations of Europe if they can finance the purchases. With the pound sterling at $3.60, the franc at eight cents, the lire at seven cents, Cuban raw sugar costing now twelve cents and scaled to fall to eight cents becomes a much more expensive commodity. Cuban raw sugar at nine cents costs with current sterling exchange 220 per cent of 5.5-cent sugar at par exchange last year.

The importing nations of Europe cannot purchase Cuban sugar at the present rates of exchange, except at a greatly increased sale price at home over the fixed price of the past year. We may take it for granted that the nations of Europe will not enter upon a sugar subsidy. Not only is the buying power of the importing nations greatly weakened, but the purchasing desire of the individual consumer will be restrained by the sharp rise in price necessitated by increase in the cost in Cuba and depreciation of exchange since the last sugar crop. The buying power of the United States is so immeasurably greater than that of Europe that we can secure 3,000,000 tons of the Cuban sugar if we wish it. It is merely a question of price. Finally, the return commodities needed in Cuba are largely of American design and manufacture.

The only item of exportable sugar given above was 200,000 tons from Czechoslovakia. It is presumed that this will go to the United Kingdom, directly or indirectly. It is, however, possible that Germany may throw a small block of sugar to the United States. A ton of German refined sugar sold in New York at twelve cents minus freight charges would yield $230. This will purchase and deliver back in Germany 600 pounds of cotton. The sugar is worth in Germany 3000 marks under the new governmental price; 600 pounds of cotton would cost in New York about 16,000 marks. Under such circumstances it is possible that 100,000 or 200,000 tons of sugar from Germany might come to this country in exchange for cotton.

Why is Consumption Increased?

If one might venture a forecast, the following sequence of events is likely to happen during this year: The retail price of sugar will gradually fall to about fourteen cents at the end of May. Then will begin the sharp increase in consumption natural at this season. The total consumption during the first three quarters might easily exceed that of last year, with the result of repetition of stringency, areas of sugar vacuum in different parts of the country, and for the remnant of the crop a sharp rise to eighteen or twenty cents, until relieved by early refining of the new crop of domestic cane and beet sugar. This is the worst that can happen; and in the present mood of the American public it may easily happen.

Is the cause of increase of consumption of sugar physiological, psychological or sociological? The writer is unable to believe that it is physiological. Sugar is a most valuable food in times of heavy physical exertion. It is so rapidly assimilated that to the mountain climber it acts almost as a diffusible stimulant. But the exertions of the American people are not greater than during the war. Quite the contrary; they are definitely less. In nearly every industry and occupation there is underwork, measured in terms of hours and output. There is nothing in the life of the American people during the past year to suggest any physiological justification for increased consumption of sugar.

A psychological explanation lies at hand. The rebound from control to freedom is usually attended by an increased consumption. This was observed in England during the short period of relaxation of regulations; and fear of this rebound has retained the sugar regulations in every country in Europe.

A sociological explanation also lies at hand. The high consumption of sugar is a part of the splurge of postwar prosperity, an expression of easy accumulation and large earnings, of the carelessness in expenditure that is characteristic of a period of high earnings. This naturally results in display of the universal fondness for candies and sweet beverages, the shops for the dispensing of which multiply overnight along our streets. The manufacture of ice cream and pastry and cakes of all kinds has also greatly increased. There is no evidence that the use of sugar on the private table or in the home kitchen has increased to

For the Price
Of 3 Chops—Or 7 Eggs

You Get a 35-Dish Package of Quaker Oats

The large package of Quaker Oats serves some thirty-five average dishes. That means delicious breakfasts for one person for a month.

The package costs 35 cents. That's about the cost of three lamb chops or of seven eggs at this writing.

Think of that. Three little chops will buy you thirty-five servings of the greatest food that grows.

It Buys You 6221 Calories

That large package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value. It takes seven pounds of round steak to yield that many calories.

And here is what those calories cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	35c
In Average Meats	$2.80
In Average Fish	$3.10
In Hens' Eggs	$4.35
In Potatoes	70c

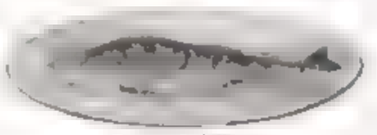
Many common breakfasts cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It is almost a complete food. It yields 1810 calories of energy per pound.

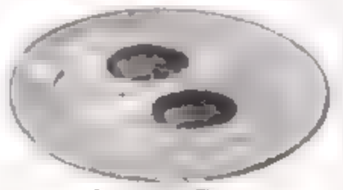
Quaker Oats forms the ideal breakfast. And what it saves will help you pay for costlier foods at dinner.

Many who omit this dish are being underfed.

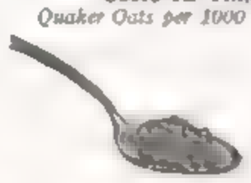
Costs 8 Times
Quaker Oats for each 1000 Calories



Costs 9 Times
Quaker Oats per 1000 Calories



Costs 12 Times
Quaker Oats per 1000 Calories



Costs 10 Times
Quaker Oats per 1000 Calories to serve Canned Peas

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Make this great dish delicious. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get the cream of oats in this brand without an extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

A Pail that is a Pail

Many pails are short lived and unsatisfactory. They scale, rust and dent easily. Their seams and cracks hold dirt. Others absorb water, grease, etc.,—become ill smelling and unsanitary, or dry up and fall apart.

Buy "Fibrotta" pails, made in one piece, without cracks or seams. They have a hard, glasslike surface, impervious to water or grease. They will not rust, warp, swell, leak or dent out of shape. They combine great durability, sanitary efficiency, good looks and economy. They last twice—yes, *three times as long as other pails.*

"Star" Pail for general use. Exceptionally durable

"Fibrotta" Equipment Saves Money

Besides the "Star" pail of "Fibrotta," for house cleaning, office and general use, we make other "Fibrotta" equipment for hotels, offices, institutions, railroads and factories. Handsome mahogany in color, it is exceptionally durable and sanitary. Reduces equipment expense to a minimum.

"Fibrotta" Fire Pails, round and flat bottomed styles

Waste Baskets, Spittoons, Tubs, Jars, etc.

No papers can sift through a "Fibrotta" waste basket and litter the floor. Handsome mahogany colored "Fibrotta" umbrella jars fit in with the finest surroundings. "Fibrotta" spittoons are not only the most durable but they are the easiest to clean and by far the most sanitary. "Fibrotta" fire pails outlast all others. Keelers or dishpans, handy dishes, and tubs of "Fibrotta" are fine for hotel and household use. "Fibrotta" baby baths are not cold to the tender skin of an infant, like metal baths. Ask your dealer for "Fibrotta" goods.

We also make the "XXth Century" Water Cooler, very sanitary and a *great ice saver.* It soon pays for itself in ice savings alone.

Write for the "Fibrotta" Catalog

"Fibrotta" Waste Baskets. Two sizes

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Established 1889

a marked extent. The best analyses of the figures of distribution indicate that the increase of consumption has not been as table sugar or kitchen sugar. In theory, high consumption should occur with low price; but if this had held we ought to have observed increase in household use of sugar.

Is increased consumption of sugar the result of prohibition? The less one knows about the action of alcohol the more confidently one talks about sugar as a substitute. It cannot be seriously argued that the man addicted to alcoholic beverages has to drink something for the mere act of swallowing, and for that reason consumes soft drinks. Alcohol is a narcotic. Sugar and starch are substances that in the course of digestion become converted into the glucose of the blood that serves as the principal fuel of the body. Alcohol is also burned and acts as a fuel. But the idea that sugar is a substitute for alcohol because the drinker lacking alcohol has to seek another fuel is too crude even to appeal to the lay mind.

If sugar is a substitute for alcohol, starch must also be, because the products of the digestion of starch are the same as the products of the digestion of sugar; but there has been no increase in the consumption of starchy foods. Let anyone spend a week in one of our large cities visiting candy shops and soft-drink establishments and classify the patrons; he will surely decide that the patrons are not the same individuals who used to stand before the bars of the saloon. No Carrie Nation can point to the jeunesse dorée that throngs the soda shops and say: "These have I saved from rum." Chocolates are not served in place of cocktails; and soft drinks are not taken to ward off cold. Scarcity and high price of sugar attended with the increase in consumption of candy and soft drinks furnishes the opponent of prohibition with the cheap retort that these are the result of the withdrawal of alcohol.

Sugar as a Food

The proponents of this view are also in the habit of pointing to the consumption of sugar in Europe. Physiological arguments cannot be conducted on these observations. The peoples of France and Italy consumed much wine and little sugar; the people of Germany consumed a moderate amount of sugar and a very large amount of alcohol; the peoples of Denmark, Holland and the United Kingdom consumed large amounts of sugar and of alcohol; and we consumed the heaviest amount of sugar and a moderate amount of alcohol. In an indirect sense the abolition of the saloon has resulted in increased consumption of sugar. When father drinks less there is more money for clothing, books and candy for the children.

Are there advantages in a high sugar consumption? Does injury proceed from it? This is a fertile field for speculation, lay and medical. With increase in the consumption of sugar we have decreased the consumption of flour and also of meat to some extent. Sugar and starch have different reactions in the digestive tract, since sugar is easily and quickly assimilated while the starches require a prolonged period of digestion. But once digested, the products that reach the blood are the same. For the normal digestion they may be regarded as equivalent, and for normal work they are equivalent; but for forced exertions sugar is superior because more quickly assimilated.

Practically speaking any disadvantage that sugar might possess compared with starch would lie in possible disturbances of the digestive tract. Evidence of widespread injury to digestion through consumption of large amounts of sugar is very difficult to secure; and it is greatly exaggerated by faddists who for one reason or another preach curtailment in the use of sugar. During the season of harvest the cane cutters consume enormous quantities without apparent injury. Sugar is one of the causes given for decay of the teeth. But as one new cause is discovered each year this has ceased to be a tangible objection.

Certainly if high consumption of sugar produces decay of teeth and derangement of digestion the American public is heading for an age of toothless indigestion.

Cutting the Sugar Cake

On the other hand, there is no physiological reason to indicate that anything is gained by increasing the consumption of sugar and reducing that of the starchy foods. It is merely a question of taste and the American cuisine is developing each year more and more round sugar. Sugar saves work in the kitchen since a great many foods are rendered palatable by sugar that would otherwise have to receive a more or less elaborate culinary preparation. The consumption of fruits in increased amounts is a positive gain, though not because of the sugar they contain; but the sugar is one of the elements of their attractiveness. All in all, it is largely a question of taste whether one consumes fifty pounds of sugar a year and 400 pounds of starch or 100 pounds of sugar and 350 pounds of starch. The price difference is amazingly small, because sugar in the prewar period was almost as cheap as flour. But further replacement of starch by sugar will result in exaggerated substitution of factory-made for kitchen-made foods. With modern methods in preparation of foods the factory-made foods are probably as healthful as homemade foods, so that the matter becomes one of sociology and not of physiology. There are sociological considerations against the replacement of home work by factory work beyond a certain point.

The situation is up to the American people, just as it was last year. We can restrain the use of sugar throughout the year; or we can gorge in one period and have scarcity in another. Last year we stumbled with our eyes shut; if we stumble this year it will be with our eyes open. All that is required to meet the situation is to plan a reasonably generous use of sugar, with slight restraint in the use of manufactured sugar. Not that there is any objection to confections; the sugar in them comes to the good of the body just as does table sugar. But the householder cannot compete in the market with the manufacturer. Therefore, restraint should be practiced in the use of sugar in manufactured states, in order that scarcity in the household shall not be provoked. It is surely not to be contemplated in a normal household that candy shall be available, but no table sugar.

If we act this year as we acted last year we run grave danger of inducing sugar shortage in the autumn. We can cut and consume the cake of the year's sugar supply in twelve parts—making allowance for the requirements of canners; or we can eat ten parts in eight months and then divide two parts into four months. The consumers have never had a commodity so directly under their control as is the case with sugar this year.

"Horse Sense"

The difference between "horse sense" and common sense is that "horse sense" is not common.

What was probably the first theatre party to "ship by truck" was made up recently at Easton, Pa., for attending a matinee performance in New York. Twenty-eight women composed the party. The truck had been converted into an enclosed "carry-all" capable of seating thirty persons. The trip each way, a distance of seventy-eight miles, was made in a little more than four hours. It was so successful that another trip from Easton has been planned, and several nearby towns are planning community "ship-by-truck" theatre parties for the near future.

Now that we have nation-wide prohibition, the sane and economical way to carry loads is on a Traffic Truck.

The greatest motor-truck show is what you see in profits from its use on the right side of your ledger.

Do your hauling with a Traffic Truck and save 50 per cent of the cost of hauling with teams.

W. C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, recently stated that "You might build up the railroads until they are ten tracks wide, and fill the rivers with steamers, and still the farmer would not be served."

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russell rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395 Factory

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished), *no extras required,* $1890 complete, at factory.

The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada.

The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

You have no time to lose.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis) $1395 (factory)

A Record in Road Work

W. L. DICKENSON
TOWN SUPT. OF HIGHWAYS
SILVER CREEK, N.Y.

January 3rd, 1920.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation.
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:

After looking over the specifications and inspecting several types of motor trucks we decided to purchase a Traffic, equipped with Dump Body and Hoist.

This truck was delivered in May and used during the entire summer and fall in road building. It was purchased upon a rental basis of twenty dollars per day for each day used. Not only was the purchase price earned by the truck but in addition it made a saving for the township of at least fifty per-cent the cost of hauling road material.

I consider our investment in a Traffic was a good stroke of business for the Township of Hanover as after a summer of hard work it is apparently in No. 1 condition and good for several years more and has cost the taxpayers of the district not one cent that it has not already earned.

Yours very truly,

W. L. Dickenson
Town Supt.
of Highway

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

Tom goes to church

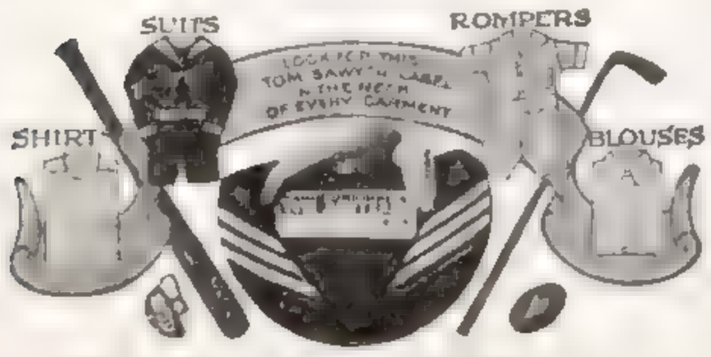
THE TOM SAWYER BROADFALL gives boys a distinctly well-dressed look, mainly because it is made to stand wash-wear and real boy-play.

The dyed-in-the-thread process that makes the colors of Tom Sawyers enduring, also makes them rich.

The many refinements of fit not only allow free movement, with the least possible strain on the thoroughly stitched seams, but they make the boy look his best.

And the sturdy waistbands, the wide hems, the stoutly made pockets and buttonholes, all help to make lasting the distinctly tailored look of Tom Sawyers.

Yet they cost you no more than you usually pay, for your dealer can buy them direct from the maker.



SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck.
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years.
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10.
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For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away

Elder Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.
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Tom Sawyer

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

CUT OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

The Price of Empire

By HENRY M. HYDE

ONE winter evening a year ago I dined at the Reform Club in London with a great dignitary of the Established Church. Over the metropolis still lay the almost crushing weight of the war. The relief and reaction of peace, so long delayed, had hardly begun to be felt. The multitudinous streets swarmed with what seemed like millions of men, practically all in khaki, and with almost as many women, also in military uniform, their faces drawn and strained.

The dirty brown fog hung low and a fine drizzle of rain fell on the mottled gray-and-black fronts of the great clubs along Pall Mall. Only a faint yellow glow came through the huge windows, for even the current for electric lighting was still strictly rationed.

My host, who had just returned from a journey which took him across the United States, began with an apology: "I'm sorry we shan't be able to give you much of a dinner," he said. It was true. At the time it was impossible to buy in London what we should call a decent meal. Practically the only available meat was what the English themselves called "offal."

"The most desirable thing in the world," said the lord bishop over the dinner table, "is, in my opinion, an alliance or at least a solid working agreement between the United States and Great Britain. I can see no other reasonable hope for civilization."

The bishop is more than a dignitary of the church. He takes an active interest in politics, sits in the House of Lords, and enjoys to a remarkable extent the confidence of labor leaders and the progressive liberals of the country. He speaks for a considerable and important section of British opinion.

A week later I called in Paris on two Englishmen who belong to that important but little-known class who do much of the real work of managing the British Empire—the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, the War Office and the Admiralty. One of them is also close in the confidence of Premier Lloyd George, though there was nothing official about our conversation.

I mentioned the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance, which had been several times suggested by influential men in London. For an instant there was hesitation and what seemed like an air of embarrassment. Then the elder of the two spoke.

"It depends," he said, "on whether the United States is ready to give up its traditional policy of aloofness and to take an active part in world politics. To be blunt, I should think we British would be glad of such an alliance if the United States is ready to take over its share of the white man's burden.

"We have watched your administration of the Philippines and your dealings with Cuba and we conclude that you are the only people in the world—except ourselves—who have the necessary qualities to govern and develop colonies and dependencies with the lasting good of the governed always in mind. But will the United States be willing to extend its influence and send its men and money all over the world?"

There was something of a challenge in his voice, as of a proud man who is making a suggestion he fears may not be welcome. He is fairly familiar with the United States. He has traveled pretty well over the country and lived for months at a time in Washington without getting his name in the newspapers. Our conversation took place before the peace conference in Paris began its sessions, so one may imagine my somewhat gasping astonishment as he went on:

"I wonder, for instance, if the United States would be willing to accept a mandate for the protection and development of Armenia and perhaps part of Turkey? Coming nearer home, what about a mandate for Mexico? Yes, if the United States would be willing to pull her fair share of the load I think we British should be glad of an alliance between the two countries."

This was, so far as I know, the first definite mention of the part the United States might be expected to play in the application of the mandate system. The speaker went on to outline somewhat roughly and

The Victory Parade From the Roof of Buckingham Palace. This Picture Was Made Just as the U. S. Troops Were Approaching the Victoria Monument

Heat without work, worry or dirt. The

NO NOKOL COAL

automatic burner fits any type of furnace; installed in half a day and burns oil which is always plentiful

OIL HEATING—for years successful in the industrial field—is now adapted to the home, made so by the Nokol burner.

Your furnace can be made workless, dirtless and dependable in operation by installing Nokol; merely remove the furnace grate and put this compact burner in.

Nokol uses oil for fuel; thus it ends your worry over coal shortages. Nokol leaves no ashes, dirt or grime, thereby freeing you from basement jobs.

Moreover—it tends itself.

Just fill the tank, set the living room thermostat and your one job is done. Then Nokol's begins; it automatically delivers any temperatures you want at any time, day in, day out.

On the National Board of Underwriters' list of approved appliances, Nokol is the one ideal device to insure you even, dependable heat without labor or dirt.

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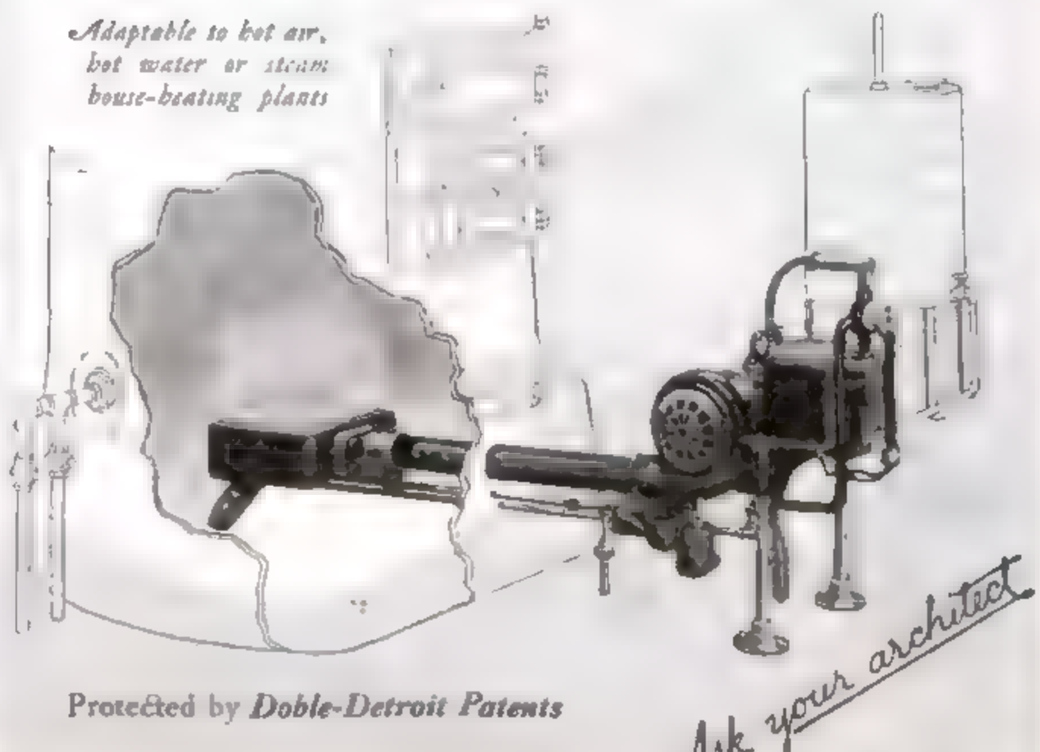

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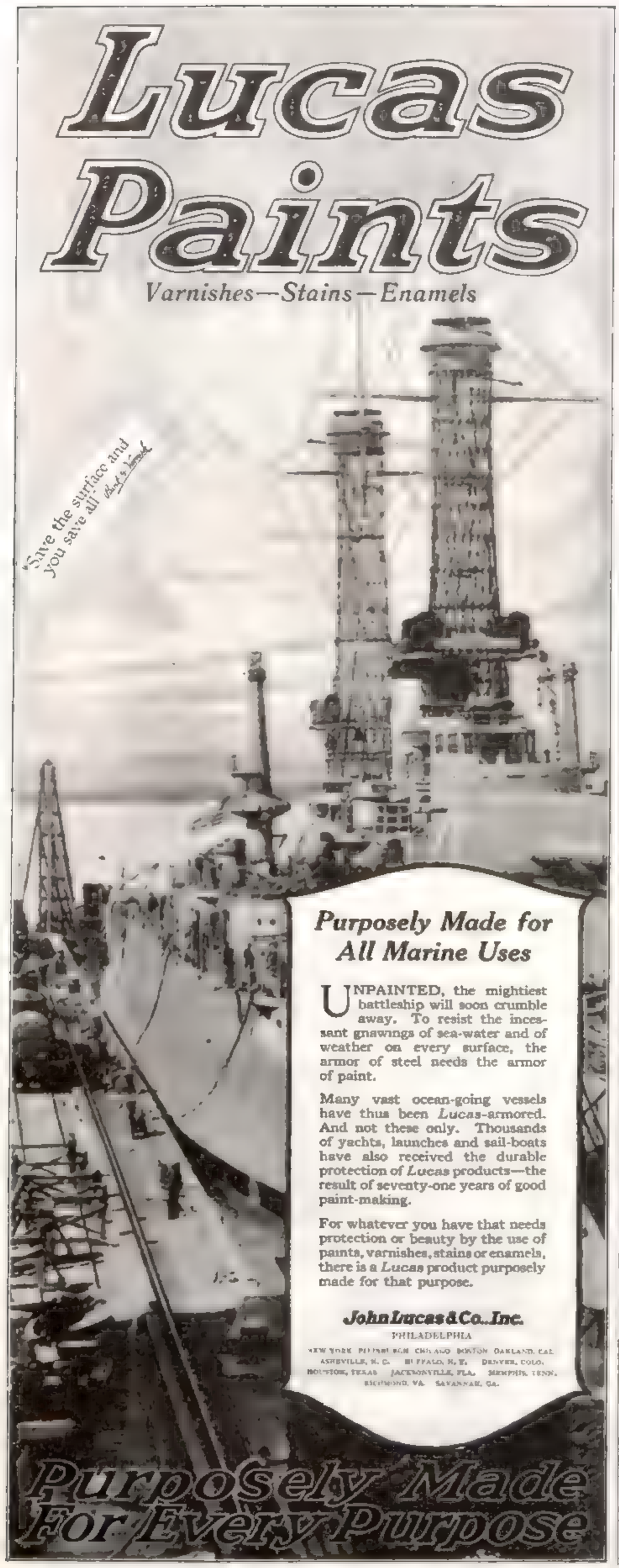
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UNPAINTED, the mightiest battleship will soon crumble away. To resist the incessant gnawings of sea-water and of weather on every surface, the armor of steel needs the armor of paint.
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incompletely a considerable part of the program which the peace conference finally adopted.

I heard Lord Robert Cecil, Viscount Grey the present special ambassador of Great Britain to the United States—and perhaps twenty other Englishmen of the so-called governing class discuss an Anglo-American understanding as mutually and internationally desirable Some of them seemed to feel that it is a necessity if the world is to be preserved from anarchy and chaos. Winston Churchill, Secretary for War, has declared that a working agreement with the United States must be the keynote of the foreign policy of Britain.

When Lloyd George came home from Paris and announced to the House of Commons the results of the peace conference I sat in the strangers' gallery. When he mentioned the League of Nations a half-suppressed burst of derisive laughter swept round the crowded house.

"I beg of you to take the League of Nations seriously," cried the premier.

I do not believe that the majority of the Commons have ever taken the League with as much seriousness as it deserves. I do think they are quite seriously in favor of something like an alliance with the United States.

I talked with a good many people—on the tops of busses in London, in railway carriages, in little shops and inns all over England—and found that where they had given the subject any thought they were generally in favor of such an alliance. One of my English friends has been for forty-three years head waiter in one of the oldest and most English of London eating houses. When I was sailing for home after a year's residence in London he and one of his assistants sent me a steamer letter. "May our two countries always stand together to protect the peace of the world" was the concluding sentence.

During the first six months of last year London was the scene of a succession of great victory parades. Almost continuously the streets of the city were gorgeous with the flags of the Allies. It was pleasant to see the Stars and Stripes flying almost everywhere. It seemed to me that next to the Union Jack our flag was most numerous and conspicuous. Certainly it was generously represented. In a single day on Regent Street, Piccadilly, Whitehall and the Strand I have seen displayed more flags of the United States than of all the foreign flags put together I have ever seen flying at home.

In the United States I find no general feeling corresponding to that which exists in England. Among large and important classes of our people there is, on the contrary, a growing irritation against Great Britain. Almost every important Englishman I talked with admitted that there was no hope for a good understanding with the United States until the Irish question is settled; and in this country Great Britain had been almost as unhappy in her friends as in her enemies. "Anglophile" has always been a term of reproach; because the quality often carried with it a certain amount of snobbishness and half-concealed contempt for republican institutions the reproach has been too often justified.

A Thriving Black Art

Generally speaking I do not think the people of the United States have ever given the subject of an alliance or a working agreement with Great Britain anything like serious consideration. This is not to suggest that such an agreement is desirable. It may not even be worth consideration. But it might be interesting to clear away some of the tangled underbrush which prevents one from looking the idea in the face.

One of the great curses from which the world suffers to-day is propaganda. It is the business of the propagandist to exaggerate, distort, conceal or misinterpret facts; to deceive or mislead as many people as possible; to prevent any well-balanced view of the truth from becoming known. During the war the black art of propaganda was developed to an unheard-of extent. It ranked with the tank and machine gun as a deadly weapon. This is not the place to tell how in Paris or London—or Washington—it was almost impossible for newspaper men to get the real truth about anything.

Since the war the propagandists have, if anything, increased their activity. Every nation, actual or aspiring, every cause, good or bad—one is tempted to say almost every personage—has agents at work poisoning the wells of information; which explains the frequent and ridiculous contradictions in the newspapers.

In London I had an illuminating talk with the man who was the real head of British propaganda during the war. He had just gone back to private life. It was pleasant to hear him enthusiastically agree that, between friends and Allies, propaganda in the accepted sense is worse than useless; it is dangerous.

"We must tell the truth about each other, as we see it," he said. "We must be even critical in a sympathetic and good-natured way. By no other process can friendship and mutual respect be built up."

Now it is a favorite joke in London that the violet is not the national flower of the United States, which is a delicate way of saying that we are boastful if not blatant. A considerable part of that reputation is due to the back fire of our own propaganda. Agents of our Committee on Public Information arrived in England announcing that they were "going to put the President over," as if the head of the Government had been a new vaudeville performer. Stunts like the fabulous Fourth of July story of the achievements of our destroyers in sinking submarines also had their reflex action on the other side. We printed early in our participation in the war certain books with unfortunate titles. And it cannot be denied that individual Americans have, without being urged, frankly confessed that we won the war.

Accepted Conventions

We are a young people, with the faults of youth. We are doubtless too ready to give expression to our youthful self-confidence. But it is not a unique distinction; older nations are quite as quick to make what are properly rebuked in the young as boastful statements.

There is a widespread convention that the British are the most modest of men. Reading the newspapers of London, listening to the speeches of English leaders, it is refreshing to find that this is only a convention. Pick up, for instance, the book on India, written by Earl Curzon, present head of the British Foreign Office. It is dedicated—I quote from memory—"to the British Empire, under Providence the greatest force for good the world has known." Listen to Sir Douglas Haig, commander in chief of the British armies, speaking at Newcastle, when he received the freedom of the city some time ago. "It is right," said Sir Douglas, "to speak of our Allies, but it was the British Army that won the war."

Americans have been many times told that the greatest personage at the Paris conference was President Wilson, that his was the potent voice, his the controlling will. Mr. Garvin's Sunday Observer, the great liberal weekly of London, does not agree.

"The most dynamic personal force was Mr. Lloyd George," it says. "In the world parliament at Paris his has been the most potent voice, his has been the freshest, the most original and the most diplomatic mind applied to the problems of the council chamber. The Peace Treaty bears the impress of his genius."

And that doesn't half tell the story. "The heavy work of making peace, like the heavy work of making war, fell to the British," says Lord Beaverbrook's paper, the Daily Express. "It was the British delegates and the British officials who practically drafted the treaty. It was the British who chased the illusive issues and after many exciting pursuits stripped them of their rhetoric and their prejudices and their phantasies and set them down in bald understandable language."

Another convention of the same kind is that the Englishman is so phlegmatic, so immutable, so altogether unintelligible that he is not able to understand himself.

"We are a great people," said the Times, the ancient Thunderer, in a leader published last July; "we are a great people and the envy and exasperating despair of mankind. . . . To our Allies, as to the Germans, we are a strange, unintelligible people; and no wonder, since we are unintelligible to ourselves. What is the cause of our immutability? Why do we go on doing the same things, whatever happens? Why cannot custom stale our infinite monotony? And why, being what we are, have we this enormous reserve of strength?"

(Concluded on Page 57)

THOSE who are seeking distinctiveness and smartness in footwear will find their ultimate choice in these better shoes.

NUNN BUSH

"Faithful to the Last"

Graceful lines, glove-like fitting qualities and ultra-durability are combined to a degree seldom found in shoes.

You will find these shoes at the better boot shops.

Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co.
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Style Book
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Where The Going Is Worst

The great TWIN CITY Line of Tractors now provides power for *all* farm work on *any* size farm.

In the hard spots on your farm the TWIN CITY 12-20 will meet the demand for surplus power

Its sixteen valve-in-the-head engine is built for just such emergencies.

It is a proven, perfect kerosene-burning engine. Its double valve capacity insures quick clearing—hence, perfect combustion. Valve-in-the-head construction gives greater economy and more power. Counterbalanced crankshaft practically eliminates vibration. Crankshaft drilled for force feed oiling means perfect lubrication. Removable cylinder head gives quick and easy access to valves and combustion chambers. Removable cylinder sleeves—no reboring ever necessary.

The spur gear transmission drives direct on both forward speeds. The machine-cut, heat-treated steel gears are completely enclosed and run in oil on Hyatt roller bearings.

Every feature that makes for surplus power, economy and endurance has been included in the TWIN CITY 12-20.

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TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

(Concluded from Page 54)

"It is 'British phlegm,'" answers the Daily Express, "the quality of hard reserve, which has made us great, kept us great and finds us greater now than ever before."

The London papers are fond of referring to their compatriots as a wondrous, marvelous or amazing people.

If sometimes this custom leads them into curious and amusing little complications and contradictions the foreigner who reads them will recognize only a very natural and human failing.

On the morning after the great Victory Parade last July, for instance, the Express said:

"This is a wondrous people. As the crowd melted away from the Mall streams of humanity crossed Birdcagewalk to St. James's Park underground railway station. In any other country there would have been a frantic congestion of humanity, with all the elements of a seething scrimmage and a nasty rush for the gates. Not at all. This British crowd just sorted itself into an orderly queue two deep. No attempts were made to push in from the outside."

On the same morning, describing the same general situation, the Observer said: "Extraordinary scenes were witnessed yesterday morning on the underground railway. At Earl's Court the trains for the city came in packed and hundreds of people who crowded the platform fought desperately to gain a footing at every compartment."

But if one concludes that nationally the Englishman is not more reticent or modest than his neighbors—that indeed in these respects he is "most remarkably like you"—he is a fool who is not quick to admit that no nation has more real and solemn right to its pride. One could not live in London last winter without getting at least some faint idea of what its tremendous war effort and the final victory had cost the British Empire. It was a cost beyond the comprehension of stay-at-home Americans. Nearly nine hundred thousand Britons were killed—the flower of the race. No less than eight hundred great explosive bombs were dropped by German aëroplanes on London, and the people of England lived for four years with their belts pulled tighter than we have ever realized.

If ever a note of bitterness against America creeps into English comment it is, I think, because they know we do not understand and cannot appreciate how much greater was the strain which the war threw on them.

Increased Responsibilities

I sat in the House of Commons and heard Lloyd George declare that the Paris Treaty had increased by eight hundred thousand square miles of territory the responsibilities of the British Empire. If one adds to that other countries and territories which in one way or another have come under British control during and since the war and sums up the total the result is amazing:

British Territorial Gains	Square Miles
Kamerun	191,000
German Southwest Africa	322,000
German East Africa	384,000
Pacific Islands	95,000
Egypt	400,000
Sudan	967,000
Arabia	170,000
Palestine	10,000
Syria	30,000
Mesopotamia	140,000
Persia	600,000
Tibet	463,000
Cyprus	3,000
Spitzbergen	15,000
Total	3,867,000

These figures are not entirely accurate. To some extent they are misleading, standing without explanation.

Egypt and Cyprus, for instance, were before in English occupancy.

Persia is controlled only through a treaty which gives Great Britain exclusive rights to direct the finances and commercial and military affairs of the shah's kingdom.

In the final adjustment some of the territory listed may be allotted to others among the Allies. But an effort has been made to allow for such possible changes and it is believed the table is sufficiently near the truth to illustrate the point that the war has added to British possessions and spheres of influence more territory than is contained in the whole United States, including Alaska.

The astounding fact is that to-day the Union Jack flies over more than one-quarter of the land area of the globe. One has heard in addition the claim that "Britannia rules the waves!"

I spent a week last September in Devon, in the southwest of England, making headquarters at a village inn high up on the wild and desolate country of Dartmoor. Walking one day down a long sunken road we came finally to a tiny and ancient village called Meachey.

There was a little public house in which the oak table and benches were black and battered with centuries of use, and a village church the stonework of which would indicate it might date back almost to Norman times.

Under a huge yew tree in the old churchyard stood a new tombstone in the form of a truncated pyramid. On one side of it was cut: "Thomas Atkinson, late Sergeant Major Royal Artillery"; who died in November, 1918, aged seventy-eight. On the three other sides were recorded the deaths of the old man's four sons. One had been killed in China some years ago. The three others had fallen in France. The dates of their deaths marked the progress of the war.

They were all men past the first flush of youth. One had fallen in 1916; one the next year; and the last, a man in his late forties, had been killed in action in October, less than a month before the Armistice.

It was no strain on the imagination to picture the paternal veteran of earlier wars standing shock after shock until, when his last son was killed in Flanders, he, too, gave up the fight.

There in that remote and forgotten village churchyard was written in little for the casual stranger the whole story of the price of empire. Reading it one realized that what one may call British boastfulness—if he wishes—is based on a solid and somber foundation of fact.

The High Country

A GENTLEMAN in Pioneerville, Idaho, ought to be able to write good pioneer stuff and Mr. Ezra Howard does. He writes about a hunt he once made east of Yellowstone Park:

"That is sure some country, upside down and turned over. I saw one place where the formation was rolled over like a scroll. I was in what they call the Natural Corral—a strip of country just dropped down one hundred and fifty feet below the rest of the land, with walls straight up and down. There is only one place where stock can get in and a fence a few rods long incloses miles of good grazing land. In one of the caves in the wall here I found some Indian writing done in charcoal.

"West of the park a Boise man got lost some years ago and froze to death within a half mile of the railroad. A few weeks ago a wealthy man from Pittsburgh went hunting between here and the park and strayed off from his party alone. No one knows what became of him.

"Some think he was murdered and others that he wandered until exhausted, and so died. October has been unusually cold and stormy and for days it snowed almost continuously.

"My father had an old map of the West, published in 1845, which I will try to get for examination. It is fairly accurate. The Boise River is called Reed's River on the map. I think it locates old Fort Henry.

"Pioneerville is one of the oldest towns in this part of Idaho and once there were thousands of gold hunters here, for the placers were very rich. Many fortunes were made and even now we find some good ground a few miles from the old town, which is now only a few old shacks with a half dozen people living in them. Idaho City, once capital of Idaho, with ten thousand voters, now probably has less than one hundred people. Centerville and Placerville and Quartzburg are mostly has-beens, though they are working some good mines near Quartzburg. I rather look for a mining boom of small dimensions, for there are some good ledges of silver, gold and lead. There has never been much quartz development done, for placering was the only thing the early miners cared for. There is some game about here and deer seem to be increasing."

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WHETHER on duty or pleasure bent, you are assured real comfort in walking if you wear AIR-PEDS. They apply the rubber-heel principle to the entire shoe.

In wet, slushy weather AIR-PEDS safeguard the health by keeping the feet "high and dry"—off the damp ground. They give a ground-gripping tread like the cushioned paw of a dog, and make a man surefooted. AIR-PEDS do more, they

Save the Shoes

and preserve their shape

They prolong the life of sole, welt and uppers, and are a boon in these days of soaring shoe prices.

AIR-PEDS are made in three pieces, are light in weight, and are attached where the greatest wear comes. They can't crack and won't draw the foot. They have stood up under the severest military tests.

Get shod with AIR-PEDS to-day

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Apply the rubber-heel principle to the entire shoe

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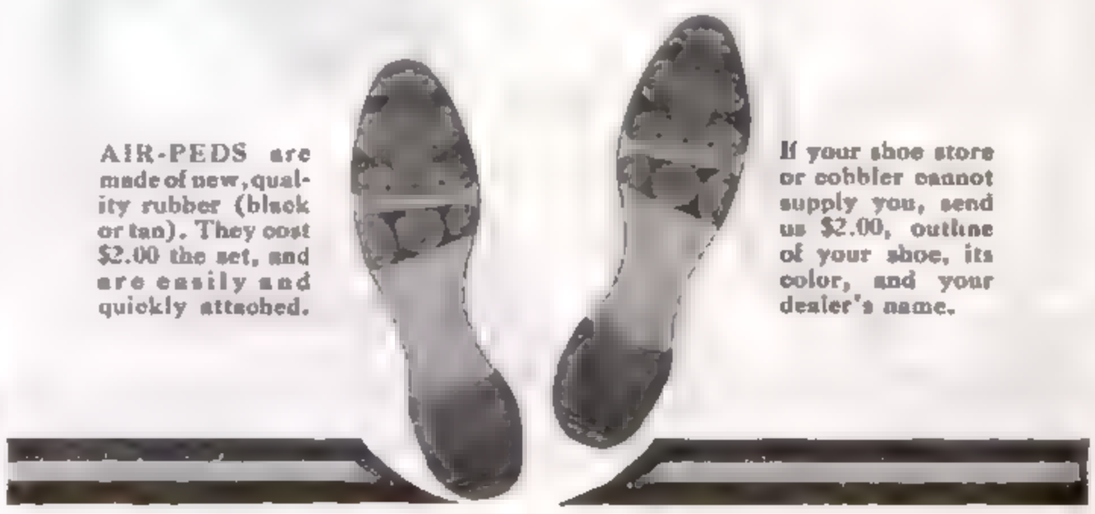

AIR-PEDS are made of new, quality rubber (black or tan). They cost $2.00 the set, and are easily and quickly attached.

If your shoe store or cobbler cannot supply you, send us $2.00, outline of your shoe, its color, and your dealer's name.

Style LQ 327
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You, Too— Can Have This Wonderful Night-time Daylight!

HERE THEY ARE—the absolutely finest lights ever invented—the lights *you* should be using, right now.

Here is the *Quick-Lite Lantern*, ready for any job, anywhere, any night—the safest, strongest, steadiest, handiest light ever offered you for after-dark work.

Here is the *Quick-Lite Lamp*. Use it in the home—all over the house. It brings you the clearest, brightest, yet softest, most easy-to-read-by light you ever let fall on the page of your paper or book.

The brilliant yet soft *natural* radiance of the Coleman Quick-Lite is far more than "not-harmful-to-the-eyesight." It is *positively beneficial* to the eyes. Because whenever you read or sew under the mellow brilliance of the Quick-Lite, eye-strain vanishes along with darkness.

This is not a mere claim. It's a fact. You can see them and prove it for yourself. Go to the store, ask the merchant to demonstrate. He'll do it and you won't be satisfied until you are an every night user of

Coleman Quick-Lite

Lamps and Lanterns

Make and burn their own gas, from common motor gasoline.

300 candle power — more light than 20 oil lamps.

Can't be filled while lighted. Can't spill, can't explode.

Burn dry without harm. Inspected, tested and guaranteed against any defect in material or workmanship.

Light them with matches—no torch needed.

No wick to trim—no daily cleaning and filling.

Cost only about a third of a cent per hour to operate.

Lantern has mica globe; stands rough handling; will last for years in ordinary use. Bug-proof; wind and rain can't put it out.

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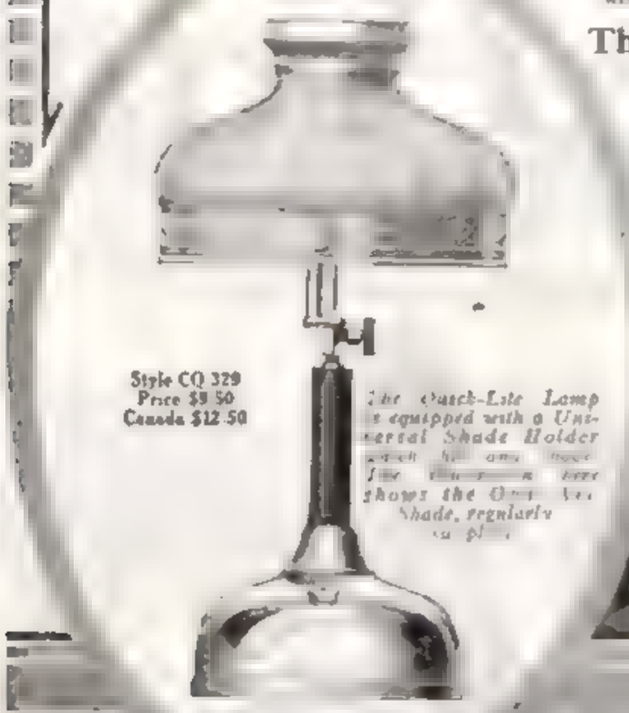

Style CQ 329
Price $9 50
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The Quick-Lite Lamp is equipped with a Universal Shade Holder which has come into use for this purpose all over the country. Here it shows the Opal Art Shade, regularly sold at $1.

Sense and Nonsense

The Efficient Letter Writer

No. I. To Accompany a Manuscript Submitted for Publication

DEAR EDITOR, I really think
It's up to you to take
This piece, because my Great-aunt Jane
Once knew your Uncle Jake;
Your book
For twenty years I've took;
In Maine
I ate some lobster stew
Beside a famous authoress;
I neither smoke nor chew.

Your sympathy I'm sure that I
Can count upon if you
Are married, single, wealthy, poor;
A Democrat, a Jew;
Wear ties
And socks to match your eyes;
Like all
Green vegetables but beans;
Are Bolshevistic, mystic, bald;
Can't live within your means.

So won't you please to pay me cash
And print these verses P. D. Q.?
For I've a wife and seven kids
And all the grocers' bills are due;
I won
The war against the Hun;
A paint-
Ing in the Louvre I've had;
I do a mile in fifty flat;
My life has been quite sad.

There, editor, you ought to find
One reason in that bunch
To touch your adamantine heart
And land me with a punch.
If not—
I've saved my surest shot.
Confrère,
All hail! At Syracuse—
Or Harvard, if you like, or Yale—
I RAN THE COLLEGE NEWS!
—Margaret Matlack.

A Precarious Job

THE recent merger of the New York Herald and Sun, which resulted in the closing of the old Herald office, caused no little disturbance and mental anxiety among the newspaper men affected, several of whom had spent half a lifetime at the desks they then held.

An old copyreader on the Herald, who had been on the desk for a little more than forty years, threw down his blue pencil in disgust at the announcement that the old shop would go out of business.

"I knew darn well when they got me to take this job," he said petulantly, "that it would not be permanent."

Sims' Way

ADMIRAL SIMS aimed to have all the men who were at sea under his direction, during the war, act on their own initiative.

One day the admiral got a wireless from a captain, saying in substance: "Am lost in the fog. Shall I try to proceed to destination or return to port?"

And Sims wirelessed back: "Yes."

The captain didn't get it, and repeated his original message.

So Sims then wirelessed back: "No."

The New Tribunal

NEW YORK'S big spree on New Year's Eve came at the time when the city was emerging from its excitement over the many wood-alcohol victims.

The police courts were prepared for a busy morning after. Oddly enough there was a surprising falling off in the usual number of drunk cases. Magistrates who had seen what went on the night before were puzzled.

"How do you account for the lack of drunk cases to-day?" one of them asked of a veteran policeman as he ran through the docket.

"Well, you see, Your Honor, there's been a change. All the drunk cases nowadays are sent direct to the morgue."

Why He Rejoiced

WILLIAM FLEISCHMANN, just returned from France, tells of an Irish soldier of the A. E. F. who was badly wounded, almost losing his sight. The wounded Irishman was cared for in a hospital near Verdun overlooking a wrecked village in that devastated area. He responded to treatment and finally the bandage was removed from his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked as he gazed out the open window at the shell-wrecked village and the torn-up wheat field.

"Why," said the nurse to soothe his feelings, "you are back in Ireland."

"Well, the saints be praised," he cried, again taking in the view, "we've got home rule at last!"

Paging Mr. Doe

A PHILADELPHIA clubman dreamed that he died and went to heaven. While sitting in a beautiful palace a cherub came through paging him.

"Call for Mr. Doe! Call for Mr. Doe!"

"Here you are, my boy," the clubman said, beckoning to the page. "I'm Mr. Doe. What is it?"

"Your wife wants you on the ouija board, sir."

HEALTH for you ~from the lap of NATURE

Says an eminent nutrition expert: "In using dried fruit (such as Sunsweet Prunes) we obtain not only the nutritive value of the sugar but whatever other hygienic or medicinal value they have by virtue of the salts and organic acids found in them. Remember, too, that prunes are high in iron."

HERE is a fruit-food beyond compare—a health-food essential to your daily fare! Thanks to California's wonderful sunshine, SUNSWEET Prunes are natural "sweetmeats." They contain more *digestible* natural fruit sugar than any other fruit. They are rich in tonic iron. And not only are they tasteful and nutritious in themselves, but they help to keep the *entire* diet on an even keel.

Ask your grocer for these top-quality prunes and serve them, early and often, in numberless ways. Also—send for our collection of SUNSWEET Recipes, printed on *gummed slips* (5 x 3") so you can paste them in your cook book or on recipe filing cards. Your Recipe Packet is waiting for you—and it's *free*. Simply address—

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS INC.
103 Market Street, San Jose, California
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SUNSWEET

CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES

BEHIND THE VELVET

(Continued from Page 13

"Is that so, Mac?" he asked.

"Sure it is! Now I know where a big four-pointer is bedding regularly only three-quarters of a mile up yonder"—I pointed toward the shoulder of old Bear Den. "He's been there ever since the snow line crawled past the brushy points in the spring."

Hiram looked up the steep mountainside and scratched his head.

"I see," he said. "And you think I ought to go and get him?"

"It'll be a cinch!" I said. "We'll get up about three o'clock in the morning and we'll get him and be back before it's too dark to travel. Or if it comes dark on us, why we can lay out and build a fire. And if we don't get him we can keep on going for three or four miles across the Devil's Washboard and camp out all night. I know of three or four nice ones that have been hanging round in the Washboard roughs."

Old Hiram cast an eye about the comfortable camp and looked up the steep slopes of old Bear Den again. Then an idea seemed to strike him.

"Suppose you go and get him, Mac," he suggested. "Do you mind?"

"Why, sure not! But ——"

"All right," said Hiram with a deep sigh. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a ten-dollar gold piece. "There," he said, and sighed again. "I leave it all to you, Mac."

"But, Hi," I said, "what's the ten dollars for?"

"For getting my deer," said Hiram. "And by the way, Mac, I wish you'd take my new rifle out with you and try it." His eyes went back to the market page and I saw that he had forgotten me.

Well, I took the new rifle and went up and brought down the buck. But I didn't enjoy it much, for I was worried to death trying to figure old Hiram out—and he wouldn't add up right no matter how I figured him. Why should he bring this expensive gun three or four hundred miles into the wilderness to kill a buck—and then pay me ten dollars to take the gun and kill the buck for him?

All behind the velvet!

III

OLD Hiram had been with me nearly two weeks and I was getting to like him a whole lot. He was just like a big good-natured boy out for a vacation—that is, most of the time. But sometimes when he was reading his telegrams he didn't look that way. They were business telegrams, I think, and when he read them a hard steel veil seemed to drop down over his eyes and you couldn't see behind it. That worried me too. Just when I'd think I understood him fine that veil would drop down and shut me out.

"Mac," Hiram said to me one day, "my family is coming up next Thursday. Wife and daughter and two friends. Chinese cook. Stay ten days. Of course they were not included in our original bargain, so we will have to make another deal. How much extra?"

"Well, Hi," I said, "I don't know. I'll think it over."

Now I remembered how kind Hiram had been to me and about the twenty-five-cent cigars I'd been smoking and something inside of me said I wouldn't charge him anything. Then I thought of the three-hundred-dollar gun and the expensive rods and the ten dollars he had handed out so freely and I thought: "Oh, well, he won't miss it. Besides, I expect he'll be tickled to pay it. But I'll make it low; just enough so he won't think I'm making it too easy for him. It might embarrass him if I did that."

"Oh, well, say a dollar and a half a day extra, Hi," I said, and blushed when I said it—it was so low.

"Too high!"

I didn't recognise his voice. It was hard, crisp, with no human quality in it, so far as I could see.

"I think a dollar is ample."

I felt a cold rage steal over me and I trembled with it. I was hurt and mad and bewildered. Was this the same man whose twenty-five-cent cigars I had been smoking for two weeks? Was it the same man who had paid me ten dollars for taking a little stroll and shooting a buck with the most beautiful rifle I ever cuddled to my shoulder?

Well, we argued it back and forth for nearly an hour. I got a lot of Scotch in me and the Scotch blood doesn't like to be skinned in a business deal. But the trouble was the longer we argued the more I felt myself slipping. I got hotter and hotter, while old Hiram got cooler and cooler. The hard level quality never left his voice and the steel veil of his eyes never wavered. When we finally compromised at a dollar and a quarter it was because I was so mad I couldn't talk any more.

Those extra people would be with us ten days. Old Hiram had argued me out of two and a half dollars! And him with all the money there was in the world!

"The camp equipage will arrive day after to-morrow, Mac," said Hiram cheerfully. "That will give you plenty of time to set up the new camp before the party gets here."

Again a cold feeling crept over me, but this time it was dismay. If Hiram brought a pack-train load with him, what would four other people—two of them women—bring? I had a presentiment that I was going to be stung some more.

And I was right. When I went down to Watts there was that hard-hearted Tom Milton looking hopefully at another mountain of camp stuff marked "Meeker." I won't go into details, but there were six or seven tents and a cookstove, a collapsible canoe and a ton or two of grub and several boxes of ammunition and holdalls and blanket rolls and mattresses. Well, it took Tom Milton and me two days to get it all into camp and set up. Tom charged me another ten dollars, the miserable thief!

I hadn't cooled off yet when Thursday came round. I saddled up the jackasses, grouchy and sour as a green persimmon. When I was ready to start I stalked over to where old Hiram was sitting dangling his fly in the water and reading his paper.

"These folks walk?" I asked.

Hiram came to the surface and regarded me absently.

"Oh, no," he said. "They'll ride the horses."

"What horses?"

"Why, I bought some horses in the San Gabriel Valley and ordered them sent to Eureka. My Eureka agent has seen to it that they arrived at Watts Station this morning."

"But how do you know they're there? Maybe there's been some mishap or other to delay them."

"Don't you worry, Mac, they're there."

Hiram went back to his paper.

That knocked me speechless. Why, it must have cost old Hiram a thousand dollars—yes, two thousand, or maybe three! For at that time there wasn't any railroad into Eureka. The horses would have been shipped by rail to San Francisco, loaded on a boat and sent up to Eureka and then brought over the mountains a hundred miles—just for ten days' use!

And Hiram had not even batted an eye! And this was the same man who had wasted a whole hour jewing me down two dollars and a half for ten days of hard work! For a minute I saw red and every muscle in my body itched to take the miserly old devil by the neck and heave him into the river, costly cigars and all. But I got hold of myself after a while and punched the old jackasses down to Watts. The first fellow I saw when I got there was Jeff Arnett. I knew Jeff; he worked in a livery stable in Eureka.

"Hello, Jeff!" I said. "What you doing over on this side?"

"I just got in with some horses for the Hiram Meeker outfit," said Jeff. "Ever hear of him? They say he's got so much money he itches all over."

"The old son of a gun's camping with me," I said. "You look worn out and sleepy, Jeff. What's the matter?"

Jeff's haggard face twitched.

"I been riding all night, Mac," he said. "They didn't send us word until fifteen minutes before the time I ought to've started. What d'ye think of that? These here rich people think their money can work miracles."

"They're pretty near right, at that," I said.

"You ain't far off, Mac," Jeff agreed. "But I got a hundred dollars out of it," he grinned. "I should worry!"

"You're better off than I am," I said sadly. "If I break even I'll be tickled stiff."

"What's the matter—old Hiram skin you?"

"Jeff," I says, "I got a feeling that when old Hiram goes home I'll be owing him three or four hundred dollars."

"I've heard he was a regular shark in a business deal," says Jeff.

"Shark!" I said. "You take it from me, Jeff, old Hiram Meeker is a whole flock of sharks!"

"Yonder they come," says Jeff.

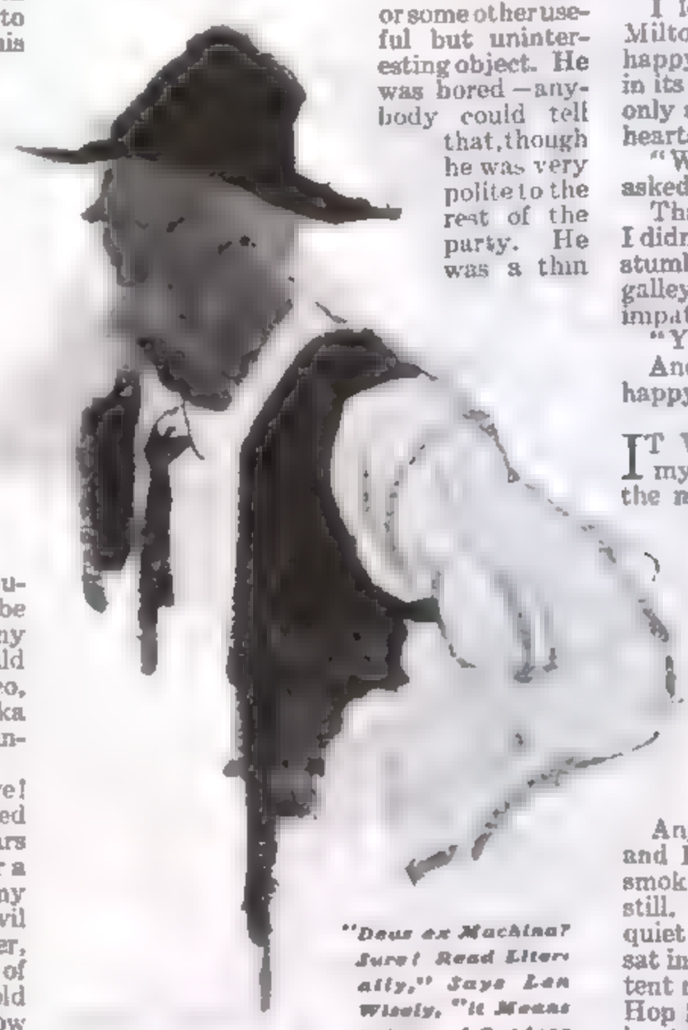
The big automobile skimmed round the bend again, the same stiff-necked young man driving it. This time he had four people with him—an oldish woman and a young girl, with two young men riding on the folding seats. The young men seemed to have considerable trouble helping the ladies out of the machine. I couldn't see why, for both women looked healthy and strong. But the boys helped 'em out as though they were made of glass. Then one of the young fellows came up to me and held out his hand.

He was a nice-looking boy with red hair and blue eyes and a grin that went straight to your heart. I liked him. "My name's Richard Coleman," he told me.

Then he introduced me to the two ladies. The oldish one was Mrs. Meeker and the girl was Miss Doris Meeker. I liked the girl too. She was little and quick and her smile was like old Hiram when he was just a simple good-natured boy off on a vacation.

"And this is Mr. Anthony St. Julian," says young Coleman, introducing me to the other young man.

St. Julian barely nodded, glancing my way indifferently, just as one would glance at a kitchen table or some other useful but uninteresting object. He was bored—anybody could tell that, though he was very polite to the rest of the party. He was a thin youth with a sallow face that hadn't any expression in it. I saw into his eyes once and they were still and expressionless, with pupils like pinheads. Otherwise he was very good-looking. I didn't like him. In fact, I hated him. Queer, isn't it, how you can hate a person instinctively the first time you meet him?



"Deus ex Machina? Sure! Read Literally," Says Len Wisely, "It Means Driver of Outdoor Machines"

Jeff Arnett brought up the horses and the party mounted. Again the two young men had quite a competition helping the ladies up—especially in helping Miss Doris. Young Coleman won out, and as St. Julian turned away and allowed the lucky one to help the girl I saw his left shoulder twitch nervously up and his right hand pass across his lips as though brushing away an imaginary fly. I learned afterward that it was a nervous habit he had, especially when he was excited. Just as I was about to give the word to start St. Julian spoke.

"Our traps have not yet arrived," he said.

"Perhaps Mr. MacPherson can show us the way," suggested young Coleman. "Then he can attend to the traps and follow later."

St. Julian's shoulder twitched upward and he passed his hand across his lips.

"Miss Doris has her camera among our traps," he said politely. "I think we shall wait."

He smiled, but it was not the smile of real people. I don't know what it was, but whatever it was it was behind the velvet and I couldn't figure it out. I glanced at young Coleman. He, too, was smiling politely, but his lips were white.

We didn't have to wait more than fifteen minutes before the truck came along. A Chinaman sat beside the driver. I had forgotten the Chinaman. And when the truck drew up at the station and I saw the load it carried I felt like throwing down my hat and jumping on it.

"What's all that stuff?" I asked in a queer choked voice. It was St. Julian who answered.

"Personal belongings," he said. "We shall need them directly we have reached camp. Kindly have them brought after us immediately."

There were holdalls and suitcases and umbrellas and cameras and dust coats and raincoats and rifles and rods and painting outfits and butterfly nets. If I should go through the whole list it would sound like an inventory of everything that old man Noah carried into the ark. And I know that Noah was a tenderfoot too. I can put my finger on a million things that he'd better have left out in the rain—rattlesnakes and fleas and yellow jackets and blowflies—and several people I could think of if I sat down and concentrated for a few minutes.

I looked about me, half dazed. Tom Milton was regarding me as pleased and happy as a coyote dog with a young rabbit in its teeth. Tom Milton hasn't any soul—only a dried fungus such as you find in the hearts of dead trees.

"Want me to bring it up, Mac?" he asked. I nodded.

That would be another ten dollars. But I didn't say anything more. I was licked. I stumbled back to my party feeling like a galley slave. Young St. Julian looked down impatiently.

"You may proceed, MacPherson," he said.

And those kind words made me very very happy!

IV

IT WAS another of the Hiram Meeker mysteries that you couldn't help liking the man—when he wasn't doing business with you. After I got the camp fixed up, with a tent for every individual of the party, including the Chinaman, with a cook tent and a dining tent besides, I sulked for a while. I don't get over things quickly. But old Hiram was exactly as though we hadn't had any trouble. Maybe he didn't think we had had any trouble. Possibly it was an every-day thing with him—I don't know.

Anyway, a couple of days later Hiram and I sat out on the river bank as usual, smoking our wealthy cigars and keeping still. It was a lovely day; the air soft and quiet as a sleeping kitten. Mrs. Meeker sat in a camp chair under the awning of her tent reading a book. Over in the cook tent Hop Sing worked and sang to himself. At least he probably called it singing, though it sounded like a riot.

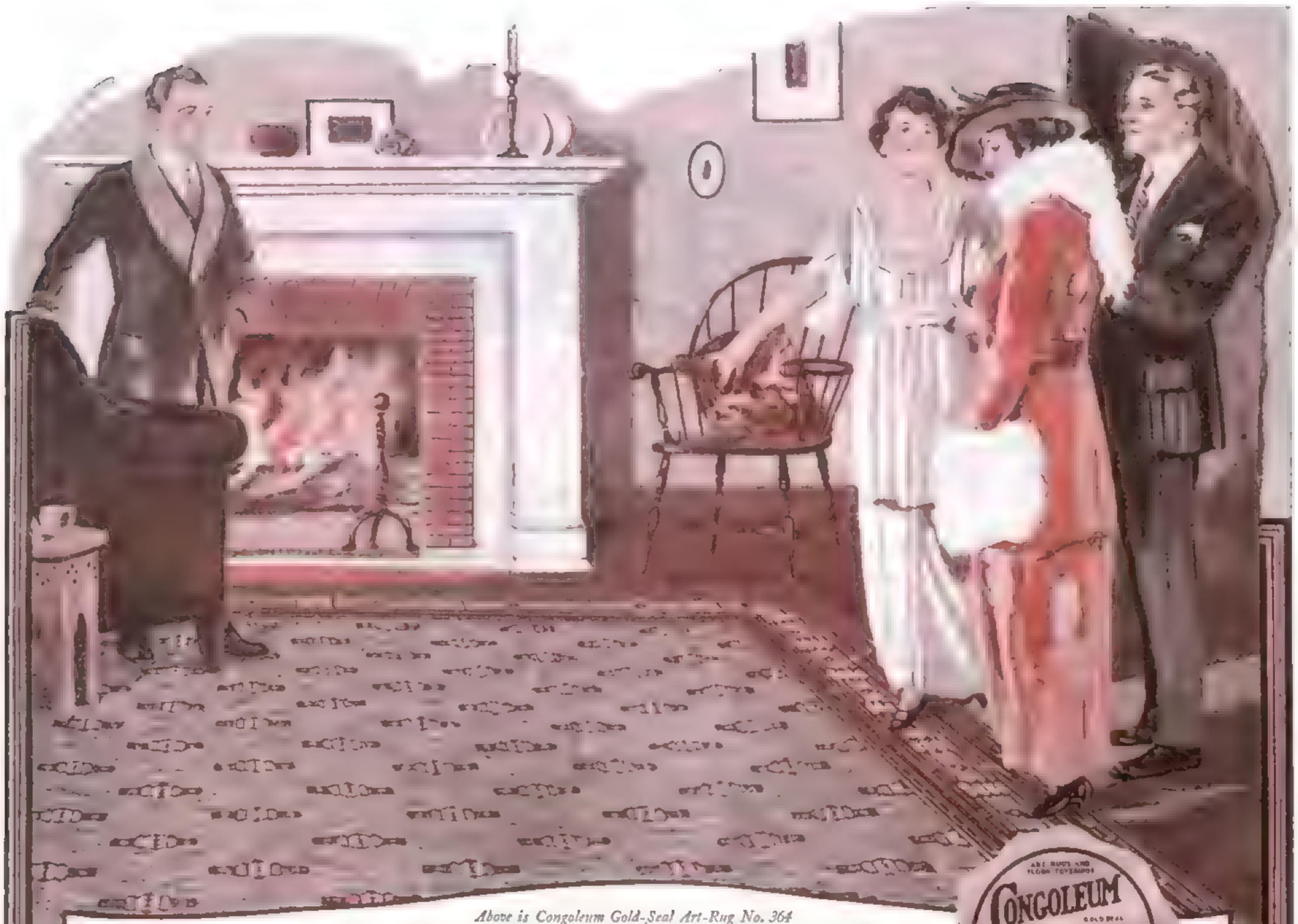
Presently Miss Doris came out of her tent and started down toward the river. She was dressed in some sort of fluffy white stuff and she carried a pink parasol. A pink parasol on the Chanowah! But she sure looked fine.

I happened to glance round and I saw both young men coming toward her. Both tried to stroll along in a matter-of-fact way, but they had a hard time keeping up the bluff. Looked to me as though they'd reach her together, but Mrs. Meeker suddenly put her book in her lap.

"Mr. Coleman!" she called. Young Richard stopped and went to her side, smiling and polite, but again I noticed that whiteness about his lips.

"I'm reading Muir's Mountains of California," said Mrs. Meeker, smiling that polite smile that seemed to come from somewhere behind the velvet. "Muir speaks so

(Continued on Page 63)



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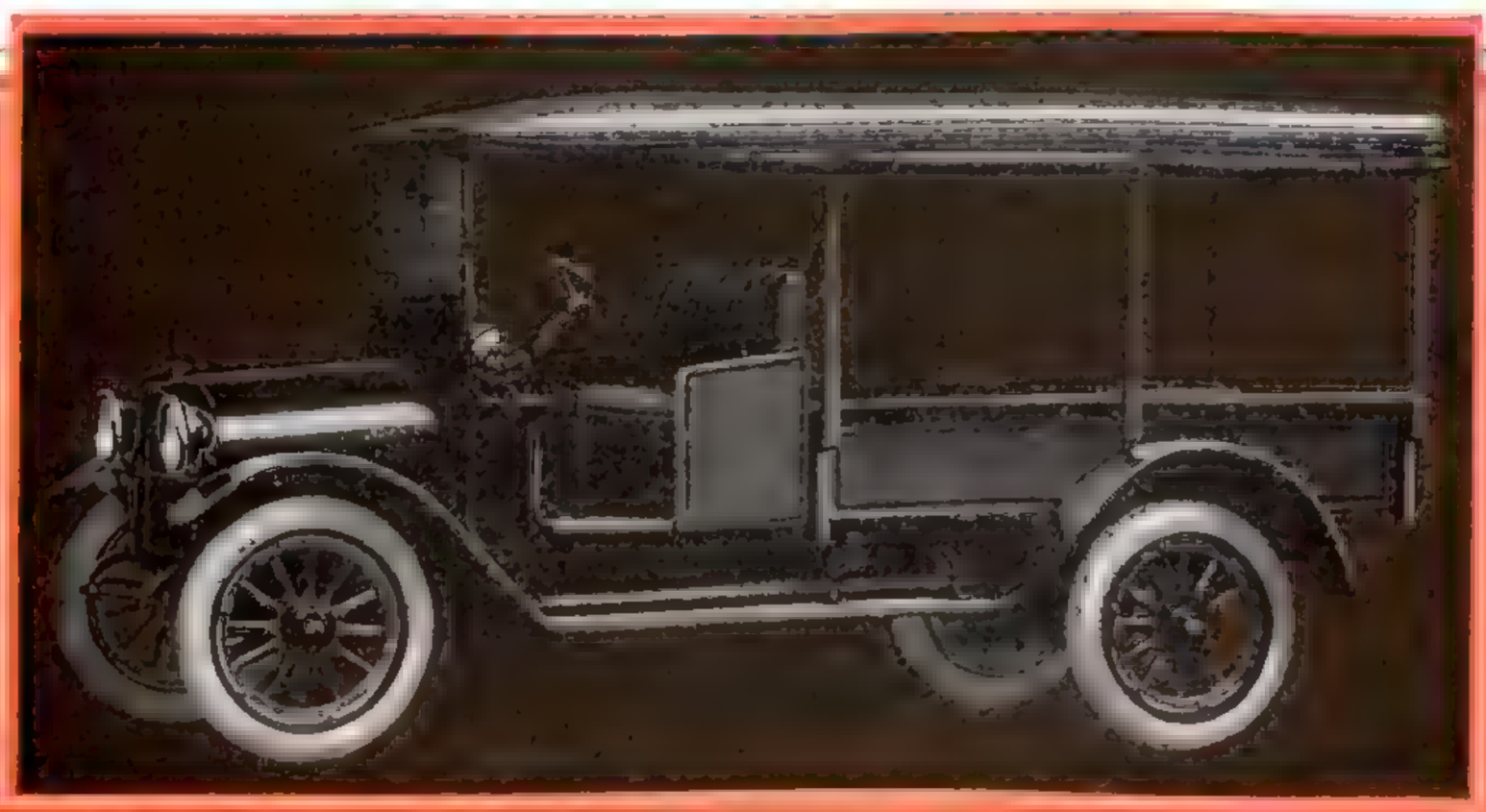

SPEEDWAGON

(Continued from Page 60)

fondly of the water ouzel and I have been wondering if there are any of them in this country."

Meanwhile St. Julian had reached the girl's side and was walking on down toward the river with her. I thought I saw a flicker of disappointment in her eyes, but if it was there it was gone in a moment and she was smiling and chatting with her companion. Behind them young Coleman hesitated a moment, then went back to his tent.

I couldn't help taking sides, for it looked to me like Mrs. Meeker had deliberately stopped Coleman in order to give St. Julian a moment in which to reach Doris before him. I wondered why, for to my mind Richard Coleman was worth a hundred St. Julians. But then I was prejudiced, for I hadn't forgiven St. Julian for that "You may proceed, MacPherson!"

I took an armful of wood over to the cook tent after a while and the Chinaman looked down toward the river where Doris and St. Julian sat together upon a rock.

"He, he, he!" he giggled, "Missee Dollis, she likee Missee Coleman! Ole lady, she likee Missee St. Julium! He, he, he!"

I didn't stop to talk with Hop Sing, for I never like to gossip about my party. But as I went away Hop made another remark:

"Missee St. Julium—he got 'em one-two million dolla'! Missee Coleman—he no got!"

So that's the way it went! One day St. Julian would beat; maybe next day Richard Coleman would get ahead. It got to looking like a game and I couldn't help being interested in it. Whenever Coleman lost his lips went white and stayed that way for hours. If St. Julian failed he watched out of the corners of his eyes with a still intentness like a waiting rattlesnake, his shoulder twitching upward at intervals and his right hand brushing an imaginary fly from his lips.

But no matter who won, all parties concerned smiled and bowed politely. It sort of scared me to think of all the things that were being kept bottled up behind the velvet. If it had been two young mountain men there would have been a fight. It wouldn't have been a pleasant affair, or a polite one, and there wouldn't have been a single smile let loose anywhere in that vicinity. But after it was over there'd have been no doubt about the winner. And more than likely the loser wouldn't have been able to take part in the game for maybe a month, even if he had been willing.

The next day after this episode I was sitting with old Hiram as usual. Hiram had stopped reading his newspaper and was looking about the camp. It was a pretty camp, I had to admit it. It had made me sore, though, having to put up all those red-and-white-striped tents and awnings just for ten days' use. Seemed like wasted effort. But it certainly was good to look at—the stream of water rushing through the middle of things and the great firs ringing round and coming down the high ridges to the river.

"It's a mighty fine camp you've made for us, Mac," said old Hiram.

I felt a pleasant glow, for it was seldom that Hiram ever gave a compliment.

"I always liked the place," I said.

I was busy oiling Hiram's rifle. I had oiled it half a dozen times before, but I simply couldn't miss an excuse for getting it in my hands. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The front sight was not the regulation stock affair of buckhorn, but a clean little dot that fitted exactly in the tiny notch filed in the rear bar. The whole gun was so perfectly balanced that when you threw down on the bead you didn't feel any weight beyond the fore end. It must have cost three or four hundred dollars. No better than a forty-dollar gun, maybe, so far as shooting qualities went—for after you get beyond forty dollars you generally pay for beauty. But boy, boy! That gun simply snuggled in my heart like a long-lost friend.

As I sat there caressing that marvelous gun I saw Miss Doris going down to the water again. Almost the same as the first affair, it was. She carried her pink parasol and I thought I saw her flash an anxious glance toward young Coleman's tent. But as before both young men saw her at the same time and began to do that unconcerned-stroll stuff all over. It looked like another even break, with the chances that the old lady would hop in and throw another monkey wrench into the machinery like she did before. I did some quick thinking.

"Now, Mac," I says to myself, "this ain't your party. You stay out of it."

"But this ain't a fair game," myself shoots back at me. "Young Coleman is fighting all by himself—and the old lady is against him, and Anthony St. Julian and Anthony St. Julian's millions! It ain't fair!"

"I know it," I says to myself. "But you stay out, Mac! You'll get in bad if you don't. It ain't your affair."

"All right," says myself, sneeringlike, "you may proceed, MacPherson!"

And as I remembered that, why, young St. Julian was passing not ten feet away.

"Oh, Mr. St. Julian!" I called—for myself had made me mad.

For a moment it seemed that he was going to pass me up. He knew if he stopped he would lose out, but his funny code of politeness made him pause—a moment. And in that moment Richard Coleman had reached the girl's side and the two went on to the canoe together.

"What is it, MacPherson?" asked St. Julian. One shoulder twitched upward and he brushed at the fly. I looked into his eyes. They were hard, expressionless and cold, with the pupils no bigger than pinheads. They reminded me somehow of a rattlesnake's eyes. I was asleep one day up on the slope of old Pigeon Top and I woke up to see a rattlesnake lying coiled not two feet from my face. He was looking at me with that lifeless, steady, evil stare. That's how I know how a snake's eyes look.

"I just wanted to show you the rear sight on Mr. Meeker's rifle," I told him. "See? The nick is filed square at the bottom. To prevent blur, you know. I thought you'd like to know. Next gun you buy you ought to have 'em fix it that way."

"Thank you, MacPherson," said St. Julian politely. It was the kind of politeness he would have used in thanking a policeman who had told him the name of a street in a strange town.

Then he turned and went back to his tent. I went on polishing the splendid rifle, my face solemn as an owl's, but myself chuckling away down deep. I could get behind the velvet a little myself, I found. Presently I glanced up and saw old Hiram watching me. He was looking more than ever like a happy good-natured boy and I wondered why.

"Like it, Mac?" he asked, and grinned a heap friendly.

"This gun?" I said. "I never dreamed they made 'em, Hi!"

"It's yours!"

It was as though somebody had hit me a stunning rap on the head.

"I—I don't think I understand you, Hi," I blundered. He interrupted me.

"It's your gun, Mac, and I hope you kill more deer with it than I have."

I'm ashamed to say it, but I sat there with tears in my eyes while I let the wonderful truth seep in. This unbelievable gun was mine! Hiram had given it to me. It was not possible, but it was!

I opened my mouth to say something, but thought better of it. Hiram was watching the pair down in the canoe. There was no steel veil over his eyes now. No, the eyes that looked down upon the boy and girl were old and tired—but contented eyes. That is, they looked that way to me.

But how was I to be sure? How was I to trust my own eyes any more? For was it possible that this man had once jewed me out of two dollars and a half and then given me a three-hundred-dollar gun? Was I crazy or dreaming or simply gone old and childish before my time? What was the answer anyway?

Behind the velvet!

v

A FEW more days went by and I began to be uneasy about Coleman and St. Julian. It had grown so serious that every now and then I could almost see the hate bursting out from behind the velvet. I say almost, for it never got quite through. But I could sense it. And I was sure that a game as fast as this one, and as serious, couldn't go on long without an explosion, what with all the feeling that was bottled up behind the velvet. On the surface everything was peaceful and serene as a June morning—everybody happy and friendly and smiling—but just the same I was scared.

So I tried to get the two young men to go hunting. Wanted to take their minds off the game, you know. I tried St. Julian first. He hesitated and I could feel him hunting for an excuse. Finally he said he thought he wasn't acclimated yet. Wasn't used to the altitude. Later perhaps ——

But he thanked me—just as he would have thanked a leper that had offered him a kindness. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him flick a glance at young Coleman.

Then I tried the other one. Coleman was embarrassed; I could see that. For no normal young man likes to refuse an invitation to go hunting. It was plain, too, that he longed to go, but he stammered out an excuse—I forget what it was—and blushed.

"Later on, Mac," he said, and I felt sorry for him, so I changed the subject.

I understood all about it. Each was afraid to go and leave the other with a clear field. A lot of people joke about jealousy, but jealousy is no joke. It's a kind of insanity. More than that, after he passes a certain point the jealous man is dangerous.

But I didn't give up. I was bound to get 'em out on the ridges and pull their minds away from the game—for at least one day. I thought it over, and later in the day when I was sitting out on the river bank with old Hiram an idea came to me.

"Say, Hi," I said, "why don't you give Miss Doris a vacation from those two young fellows—take her riding or something and send the boys up on the hill after a deer?"

Hiram looked at me and his eyes were blank. I don't know even now whether he got my meaning fully or not. But he fell right in with the plan.

"That isn't a bad idea, Mac," he said—"not a bad idea at all. We'll do it. We'll send the boys up together to-morrow morning. They don't need a guide—two husky chaps like them—so you stay in camp and rest. I'll take the ladies and ride up the river and pull off a picnic."

I don't know how he managed it, but when I got up early next morning both young men had gone. Along toward ten o'clock old Hiram and the ladies went away up the river on the horses and I was left alone with the Chinese cook.

After I had cut some wood for Hop Sing and straightened up the camp I began to get bored, so I went over the river to see how the jackasses were getting along. I had turned them out to graze on an open bench just opposite camp. As I crossed the foot log at the narrow ford I noticed the footprints of Coleman and St. Julian in the sand. Evidently the young fellows had gone up the slope of old Bear Den. I looked all over the bench, but the jackasses were gone. I circled the place once and found their tracks going up the mountain. I hadn't followed them more than a hundred yards till I came to the tracks of Coleman and St. Julian. You see, the jacks had taken a sudden freakish notion to follow the boys up the mountain.

I went back to camp and got my war bag and put some lunch in it, then recrossed the river and took up the trail of the hunters and the runaway donkeys. I followed the double trail clear up into the elk-grass country and then I abandoned it, because it is hard trailing in the elk grass. Besides, I thought I knew what the donks would do. They'd probably go over and fool round in the low brush of the Deerpatch. I often came up to the big brushy open slope known as the Deerpatch to hunt, and I'd tie up one donkey and let the other graze round in the edge of the brush while I hunted. A donkey remembers these things.

The Deerpatch was a sloping space of about ten acres of low buckbrush and flowering birch and all round the lower edge and up both sides the forest bordered it—tall firs and pines, with a heavy growth of underbrush and thickets of young fir. When I reached the top of the Deerpatch I climbed up on top of a big rock and sat down. From this viewpoint I could look down over the entire Deerpatch. I often sat here watching for browsing bucks. If the donks were any place about there I would see them sure.

Almost the first look I swept over the brush patch caught the figure of a man sitting on a rock below and on the north side close to the encircling forest. He was sitting perfectly still, watching the Deerpatch same as I was doing. I tried to identify him. He looked like young Coleman, but I couldn't be sure. He wore a gray sombrero pinched in at the top. I could see the hat plainly, but the rest of the man blended with a young madroña tree that grew behind him and close beside the rock he was sitting on.

It was very quiet up there on the high slope of the mountain. Once in a while a jay would squall and now and then a wild bee or a yellow jacket would zoom past. Once or twice a woodpecker drummed away out in the forest. But mostly it was quiet, with that peculiar quiet of mountain tops. Down in the low places, you know, there is continual noise, though your ears don't always tell you about it. But up on the mountain tops of a windless day it's as though all Nature were holding its breath.

Suddenly from the opposite side of the Deerpatch sounded the wicked crack of a high-power rifle. I was still watching the man on the rock, and at the sound of the gun the high sombrero spun into the air and the man rolled over the rock into the brush. At the same moment the young madroña tree shook as though from a heavy blow.

I jumped up and looked down at the other side of the brush patch from which the shot had come. I caught just a glimpse of a man standing in the undergrowth at the edge of the forest, stooped forward and peering across toward the rock. He was half hidden by the shadow and the encircling brush, but I seemed to catch that familiar upward twitch of the shoulder and the sweep of the hand brushing away a fly. Again I say, I seemed to see it; I could not be sure. Next instant the man was gone.

I scrambled from my rock and ran round the top of the Deerpatch and down the side, making my way toward the rock on which the man had been sitting when the shot tumbled him off. I was sure of what I'd find there and I dreaded finding it. But when I reached the rock there was nothing to see. I thought maybe I had the wrong rock, but after looking about a bit I found the sombrero. There was a ragged bullet hole through the crown, but no blood. I drew a fine big sigh of relief.

Then I remembered that I had seen the madroña shake when the shot was fired. I examined the trunk and found where the bullet had entered after passing through the man's hat. I looked at the opposite side expecting to find where it came out, but there was no mark. Maybe it hit a twig on its way across, or maybe the hat deflected it just enough so that it entered the wood flat. It was in there yet.

Well, I took out my hunting knife and went to work on the four-inch trunk of that madroña. It took me an hour of sweating and hacking, for my knife wasn't made for woodchopping. But finally I got a ten-inch section of the madroña trunk with the bullet hole in the middle of it. I split this section open carefully—and sure enough, there lay the bullet, halfway through the wood! As I had guessed, it had lost its twist before striking and it lay slightly sidewise.

Only a few splinters held the two halves of wood together when I split them. I closed them again like a book and put the section in my war bag along with the ruined hat. Then I went over to the place where I had glimpsed the indistinct figure of a man peering across to note the result of his shot. I wanted to see if the empty shell was there. Generally an excited man will pump the empty shell out mechanically after a shot and forget about it.

It was there. I found it without any trouble at all. It was for an automatic rifle. I put it in my war bag.

I stood for several minutes trying to believe this horrible thing. St. Julian carried an automatic rifle . . .

I wouldn't believe it, so I started out again hunting for those fool jackasses. It was dark when I dropped down on the little beach across the river from camp. The jackasses were there. They hee-hawed at me. Sometimes I think a jackass has a coarse sense of humor.

The Meeker party sat about the table, having just finished supper. They invited me to sit down and eat and I sat down. But I didn't want to eat just then. I told them that I'd go out later and have Hop Sing scare up something for me. And then I took out the section of split madroña and laid it on the table before me.

"I saw a funny thing to-day," I said. "I was sitting on a big rock at the top of the Deerpatch and I saw a man sitting on another rock lower down.

"He was wearing this"—and I took out the hat with the ragged hole in the crown. A new hat, it was.

"While I watched him," I went on, "I heard a shot and the man on the rock rolled into the brush. I got a glimpse of the man that shot at him, but it was only a glimpse. I ran down to the rock and found this hat—but the man was gone."

It was a tremendously well-bred polite circle that regarded the hat. But nobody

(Continued on Page 65)

IN China, the natives have a custom of shaking hands with themselves whenever they make friends—just as motor car owners in the United States are doing who have learned what a long way The General Tire will go to make friends with them. Although there were only 25 per cent more tire users in 1919 than in 1918—The General Tire sales increased 97 per cent during that time. This great tire not only got its share of the new 1919 tire users—but added three times that many more customers for good measure—most of whom were experienced motorists.

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The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, O.

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THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 63)

made any breaks. There were several expressions of horror, but these stopped almost as soon as they started. I looked round the table, but I might as well have looked at a circle of masks—polite masks.

"And right behind where the man had been sitting," I said, "was a little madroña tree. I cut it in two and brought down—this"—I opened the split section and showed the bullet lying there. "It went through the man's hat and struck the trunk of the madroña—flat, for the hat had taken the twist out of it."

"Horrible!" said Mrs. Meeker. "Is it possible that such things can happen in such a peaceful spot?"

But I was not through.

"After I got my cross section cut off," I said, "I went over to the place where the man stood when he fired at the man on the rock. I looked round a little while and found this"—I put the empty shell on the table beside the other exhibits. "It's for an automatic," I said.

If I expected a sensation I was badly disappointed. There were several more polite expressions of amazement and horror, but still the circle was repressed, unreadable, frozen behind the smiling mystery of the velvet. I quit.

Hop Sing gave me my supper and I went out to the river bank and lay down to rest a while and smoke a pipe before going to bed. I had sat here so much with old Hiram that I sort of had the habit. I think I had dozed off a while, for presently I heard someone going down the river bank. The moon was just coming up and it made a moon path on the water. Two figures stood by the river and I could easily see that they were Doris Meeker and young Coleman. I saw the young man take the girl in his arms. I saw the girl clinging to him and I thought I heard her sobbing. One little hand went caressingly to his head. It was as though she was terrified at the near whiz of that bullet.

But it couldn't be! I recalled how polite and unemotional they had been during my recital—it couldn't be possible that I saw what I thought I saw. And then I happened to turn my head and saw St. Julian against the light of the distant camp fire. The young man stood slightly bent forward, his eyes fixed on the silhouette below—the silhouette of the two young figures against the moon path. To them they stood in the deep darkness. They had not the faintest suspicion of the way we saw them, thrown sharply against the moon path on the water.

St. Julian's body tensed and there came something into his attitude that started my hand creeping instinctively toward my belt. I made a slight noise in doing this. St. Julian started, drew a long breath and strolled casually back to the camp fire. When I reached him he was smoking a cigarette and talking easily with old Hiram.

"Well," he said, "I think I shall turn in. And by the way," he said, speaking casually again, "I think I shall go home to-morrow. I seem to find difficulty in becoming acclimated here."

"You certainly should take no chances," concurred old Hiram. His voice was polite, but there were no regrets. I wondered. But I could make nothing of it. "One's health of course," went on old Hiram, "must take precedence over everything else."

"Didn't you see anything to shoot at to-day, Mr. St. Julian?" I asked. His strange expressionless eyes met mine in a long stare and I stared back. I wouldn't lower my eyes for his.

"Nothing, MacPherson," he said.

"Tough luck," I told him.

Everybody turned out to tell St. Julian good-by when he left directly after breakfast. I took him down to Watts with all my donkeys loaded with his personal belongings. Old Hiram had been holding his automobile at the station for a week in case someone should want to go home suddenly. They packed a hamper of grub for St. Julian and old Hiram gave him a box of cigars. They were good cigars too. I happened to know, for I had been smoking them right along. There was much bowing and smiling and lifting of hats, but I noticed that nobody shook hands.

Then we rode away, St. Julian and I. St. Julian went first. I saw to that. Someway or another it made my flesh creep to have him riding behind me. I tell you the hills seemed sweeter and purer after his automobile slid round the bend and disappeared toward Red Bluff.

Next day I learned that the rest of the party had suddenly decided to go home too. I was sent down to Watts with a telegram to Jeff Arnett and everybody began packing. It was easy to figure on getting the people down to the station, but I couldn't for the life of me figure out a way to get all their belongings down.

"Say, Hi," I said to old Hiram when we were ready to start, next day, "how am I to get your stuff down in time? And where shall I ship it?"

"What stuff?" asks old Hiram.

I waved my hand at the tents, grub and everything—enough grub to last a man three years. Nearly two hundred dollars' worth of tents and things.

"Oh, that?" says old Hiram. "That's all yours, Mac."

Again I was thunderstruck.

"But, Hi," I stammered, "why?"

It was all I could think of to say.

"Because I like you, Mac," grins old Hiram. "You're the only man I ever met who could visit with me all day and not say a word!"

"But there's a lot of things, Hi," I argued, speaking feebly.

"Six or eight boxes of cigars, pipe tobacco and canned goods—enough grub to last a man three years."

"All yours, Mac," says old Hiram. And I didn't say anything more. I couldn't.

While the party was busy getting into the automobile down at Watts young Coleman slipped over to my side and gave me a hundred dollars.

"I wish it was more, Mac," he said.

And I knew he meant it. I didn't know what to say, and while I was trying to find something that would seem to fit, the young man went on.

"And Mac," he said, "I—that hat and madroña stick—you know, the one with the bullet in it—if you've no use for those things I wish you'd send 'em down to me. And the empty shell—souvenirs, you know."

"Sure!" I said. We shook hands—a good hard grip.

"And say, Mac," he said, "I want you to come and see me. Later on when—when ——"

"I understand," I told him, and again we shook—a good hard grip. I liked young Coleman.

Then everybody shook hands with me and the automobile slid round the bend again. Jeff Arnett came up for the horses.

"You're a lucky old fish," he says sort of enviously.

"I certainly am," I says, thinking about the grub and the hundred dollars and the rifle and things.

"Yes, sir," says Jeff, "lucky fish is right. That's the finest horse I ever saw."

"Which horse?" I asked him.

"The one Miss Doris rode. She's given him to you."

All my life I had been wanting a horse to ride—any old horse, for I'm getting old and don't hike like I used to hike. But a horse like that ——

"How do you know?" I asked huskily. "What did she do it for, Jeff?"

"She told me she wanted you to have it because you were an old dear and because you were a de—de—deus ex—hanged if I remember what it was she called you. Anyway, there's your horse—and you're a lucky old fish."

I turned away, for I didn't want Jeff to see the tears that had come into my old eyes.

I don't understand it even to this day. Why should Hiram have jewed me down two dollars and a half on money I had honestly earned, then give me several hundred dollars' worth of things I hadn't earned? And the beautiful rifle? And the horse?

Now I'll never know whether I saw young St. Julian shoot at Richard Coleman or not. Sometimes I think I did; and then I remember all the smiles and politeness and I don't know. It's behind the velvet and I can't hope to reason it out—and it worries me.

But sometimes I have strong suspicions. I was in San Francisco a couple of years after—Richard Coleman had sent me the money for the trip. And while I was visiting him at his home Doris took me through the house. Nice big house too. When we came to the nursery I didn't want to go in, but Doris insisted. I tiptoed round as quiet as I could, for I was scared. On the wall in the most prominent place—right over the cradle—was a picture of me standing by the road down at Watts Station. She must

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have snapped it the morning she left. On one side of the picture hung a high sombrero pinched in at the top and with a jagged hole through the crown. On the other side of my picture hung a split section of madroña with a bullet lying close to the heart.

And under my picture was written "Deus ex machina."

Now I don't know what *deus ex machina* means. I haven't an idea; but I don't think it is anything bad, for Doris and Richard think a heap of me. When I'm visiting them they mighty near come out from behind the velvet.

I asked Len Williams what *deus ex machina* meant. He thought it over a long time. Len doesn't like to pass anything up without making a bluff that he knows all about it.

"*Deus ex machina?*" Len says. "Why—er—*machina* means machine and *ex* means out ——"

He studied some more and I thought he was stuck. Then his face brightened.

"*Deus,*" he said—"why, that means driver, I bet you! Sure! Read literally," says Len wisely, "it means driver of outdoor machines."

"Outdoor machines?" I says. Len nods triumphantly.

"Sure!" he says. "Jackasses, you know! Latin joke, see?"

And I wake up nights sometimes and just lie there and worry over it and wonder if Len's right.

OUT-OF-DOORS ELSEWHERE

ACCORDING to a friend of mine who divides his time between telling anecdotes and acting in the movies, there occurred on a certain dining car of a transcontinental train a little incident which may or may not point a moral, but which at least suggests a tale. There is a certain hour before luncheon in the morning when the steward of a dining car puts all his waiter boys to work scouring up the silverware. It is the etiquette among the car crew that each shall do his share in these unrewarded services, and rather close watch is kept on every member in order to see that he is on the job. One day one of the largest and most portentous waiters of the crew turned up missing from the morning ceremonial until the moment when the work was nearly completed. The car had been lying overnight at a division point, a city which did not lack attractions; but the majority of the car crew had remained on the job. When therefore this absentee appeared decked out in his Sunday clothes and loftily put aside his hat and stick, apparently not noticing what was going on about him, he became the center of all eyes then and there present.

"Boy," said one little chap, looking up at him, "'pears like you is all dolled up whiles all us common niggers gotta work. Where you-all been now, Bill?"

Bill stood looking at his interlocutor in haughty silence for some time. At length he uttered one word in reply. "Elsewheah!" said he.

After Elk Near Henry Lake

There is a certain element of indefiniteness and uncertainty attaching to a little mountain expedition with which I was identified last fall that leads me to remember the single and satisfying word of the absent waiter. I don't care to say where we went hunting, for the very good reason that I don't know where we were, and neither does anyone else of the party. But I certainly can say that we were elsewhere. Indeed in our camp the little story and its catchword got to be our staple joke. When we went home and when people asked us where we had been we all grinned and shook our heads, and answered only: "Elsewhere." We did not know then and don't know now where we were. Which proves that even in these days of limited wilderness country even old-timers can get lost.

I presume the four of us who started out at the opening of the Idaho elk season to get some winter's meat might all have been called old-timers. Our cook had lived in that country for some years, the young rancher who got up the party has been a hunter all his life, and our other young ranchman, now living in the same district near Henry Lake, has in his time had a wide experience in the cow country and game country of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and other Western states. We were all out-of-door men of long experience. Our hunt was rather a business proposition on the part of the ranchmen, who regularly count upon elk meat as part of the fall provender. I went along because I happened to be in the country at the time and because I had not been in camp in the mountains for quite a while and wanted to see how the smoke would smell once more. I can't say that I cared much to kill an elk, but I took my pet bear gun along and am very much afraid that had I run across any sort of quadruped bigger than a muskrat I might have felt tempted to try out the aforesaid bear gun.

For the average elk hunt, under the loving care of a professional guide who charges twenty-five or thirty dollars a day and who leads you round with a big pack train, I care nothing at all; and the shooting of an elk out of a band of animals driven down from the mountains by the snow in their annual close-packed migration seems to me as near zero in sport if not in sportsmanship as anything I can think of. Indeed there has not been any very keen sportsmanship in getting an elk in the case of ninety-nine per cent of the elk which have been killed in and round the Yellowstone Park, which is their sanctuary in the summertime. I have known people to turn up their noses in scorn at anyone who would go and shoot a poor old elk, because it is so easy. Quite true in some conditions. Ours did not happen to be that sort of hunt. We had a small outfit and no guide at all. There was no snow on the ground. The elk had not begun their migration. We were to hunt in the mountains twelve to twenty-five miles west of the Yellowstone Park, probably fifty miles or more from any of the park bands of elk. Our elk would be plumb wild ones, living on their own, in a rough countr where they could take care of themselves--a hardy sort of country to hunt in, where a man had to know something about big game to have any hope of success. In short the stalking of the Highland stag in Scotland is rather a soft and easy kind of game compared to still-hunting elk in the country which lies between Moose Creek and the Buffalo Fork west of Yellowstone Park in Idaho. As we found it it was a strictly sporting proposition and I enjoyed every minute of it. Besides that, we got lost.

We sent a wagon with our camp outfit to our base camp on Moose Creek, rather a long day's drive. Later on Jim and I rode down horseback one day, perhaps thirty miles, joined later by Jack, our other cowman, fresh from shipping a few hundred beef cattle at the nearest railway station. The fall storms had not yet set in, though snow might be expected any time. The weather continued rather bright, the nights very cold, as we hunted above six thousand feet altitude.

Jim had often hunted in this country before for his fall meat, and he never had been unsuccessful. We did not think it would be anything but a pleasure jaunt to go in there and fill our licenses. That was the least of our troubles, and since it is the least of mine also herein, I may say that the half wagonload of meat which a big cow elk represents seemed to me a plenty, though to these hunters, used to bringing home a wagon entirely full, it looked like a bitter disappointment.

We had a big wall tent, a little sheet-iron stove, good beds and plenty of grub. We took in baled hay for our animals, a half dozen head including our saddle mounts. It looked easy and we did not hurry or worry in the least. Just the day previous a ranchman had come out with two elk, one bull with a magnificent head. We supposed we could stroll in there and pick up an elk apiece without any trouble.

Indeed, so we could have done had it not been that said ranchman was on the dot at the opening of the season, and we were several days late. We do not begrudge him his luck, which he deserved, but his trip killed ours. His hunting put the elk all out of the Moose Creek bottoms clear over east and south into country entirely unknown to any of us. We found sign one day, two days and three days old in any quantity. The valley of our beautiful little river was tramped up with elk, and I presume we found twenty big wallows in a couple of miles. It seemed that at any minute we surely must jump the game. But as a matter of fact the sign did not freshen, and after several days we realized that we were up against a country with no elk in it. Where had the elk gone, and how could we get to them?

On our first hunt Jim and I climbed straight up the steep shoulder of a mountain in order to reach certain open meadows upstairs, where usually he had found elk without any difficulty. This high country overlooked the valley and it was our theory that the elk were going down to the stream in the evening or early morning for water, and that in the forenoon they would go up to these high meadows to lie down. There was some feed in the upper range, including a great many mushrooms. Perhaps not everyone knows that elk are very fond of mushrooms. We found countless places where they had dug up mushrooms, and saw many bitten mushrooms.

We had been so fortunate as to get a light snow during the night, just enough to wet our feet but not enough to make tracking easy. I soon found that I was out with a real big-game hunter and a courteous sportsman—entirely too courteous when meat is needed in camp.

We made a good, long, steady hunt in the choppy broken country which lay along the crowning ridge on the upper side of our river valley, but though we saw fresh sign we could not locate any game until about midday. Then I saw Jim stop and squat, motioning to me with his hand. I should say that we were hunting in very thick lodgepole pine country a great deal of the time, in which an animal could be seen but a very short distance. Jim, who was a few yards in advance, had seen an elk, whether a cow or bull he could not tell, get up from its bed and stop after trotting a few steps. He tried to show me the animal, but I could not see it at first. At length I did see it—just a glimpse of its quarters as it swung out of sight in the thicket. Jim could have killed it, but wanted to give me the shot. It was the only chance either of us had for many a long mile after that.

I have never seen a country in which it would be a simpler matter to get confused than these choppy broken hills covered with heavy pine and lodgepole growth, having no general trend or contour and showing no water courses running down to the main stream. We were just up in the mountains, and beyond knowing our general direction to camp and to the river there was no keeping track of one's locality except by the sun or the compass.

We concluded to work farther up toward the head of the Moose Creek Valley, and to make a long walk short we finally did drop down into that valley five or six miles above our camp. Sometimes we would be separated in our hunting, and due to this fact we lost the second shot of the day. Knowing that game often lies in quaking-asp thickets we started down through one of these when we dropped into the valley - there is a series of these highly colored quaking-asp pools which extends for some miles along the upper side of Moose Creek, making it the best landmark there is in all that country. As I sat down for a moment in one of these thickets I saw the bushes move, and there came out into the path near the stream an indistinct gray form. I held my fire, thinking that it might be Jim. An instant later I knew that it was a good black-tail doe. Just a little bounce and it was behind a rock and gone. Which explains why we did not hang up any meat that night.

We found the trail of our black-tail and also that apparently of every elk in the world, when we got down into the valley of Moose Creek. It was a regular path, worn into such a runway as an Eastern hunter never sees. We did not find any sign fresher than two or three days old, but as we were absolutely certain that the country was full of game and as this was only the first day of exploration we agreed that all we had to do was to wander out there some morning and kill as much meat as we liked. The entire valley was full of elk beds. Their wallows and stamping grounds could be seen in almost every damp place along the river. It was a beautiful hunting country and the hunting exaltation was a thing impossible to resist. It did not seem so awfully far down to our camp, at the head of wagon transportation, though I presume it was more than six miles. Perhaps halfway down we found the camp of the hunting party which had been there the previous week. We were alone in the valley at this time so far as we knew. Everything looked prosperous and propitious.

But we hunted day after day and found no game. Jack and Kelly made a tremendous tramp up in the high country south of the river and reported fresh sign, but of elk heading deeper and deeper up into the mountains. Jim and I had only the same story. The elk had been there but were not there now. The boys thought we were lucky to get one partnership cow elk, instead of one apiece. We held a general council of war after several days of unsuccessful work.

Split Creek Country

"They have moved in south to Split Creek, or whatever you call it," said Jack after a while. "All the sign we saw was heading over south. It's awfully dry in the hills now and they've just gone over there to the nearest water. If we go over there we'll hit them sure."

Jim smoked for some time in his own quiet way. "I reckon that's so," said he. "Have you ever been on that creek?"

"No," said Jack, "but, of course, we know where it is—it heads in east of here and breaks through west and south to the Snake Valley, so all we've got to do is work south till we hit it. It can't be more than six or eight miles from the trapper's cabin up on Moose Creek."

"I don't know just where it is," said Jim, "but it's a cinch we can't miss it. I wish we had a map—not that most maps are any good. I never had any trouble getting an elk in here before, but I always wanted to see the Split Creek country anyhow. What do you say to dropping over in there tomorrow?"

We all thought that was the most sensible thing we could do, and all enjoyed the thought of a little independent exploration. None of us had any real idea where that creek was, and there was neither map nor trail to give any help. It was a case of running by the compass through a very puzzling mountain country. So that was how we got elsewhere.

We left our cook at the wagon camp, took a saddle horse each and put our bed rolls and a little grub on one of the wagon horses, a big brown animal which had never been packed before. Few green Idaho horses love to carry a pack, but two or three old-timers can do much by way of persuading a pack horse. Jack took on the hard task of leading this pack horse by rope, as it had never been trained to keep the trail. Moreover, there was no trail.

We started out jauntily early in the morning on our journey. By noon we were perfectly well convinced that we had not the slightest idea on earth where Split Creek was or how far it was. We had got up into very high country, from which we could see Sawtelle Peak and much of the Snake Valley lying toward the west and north; but toward the south, east, northeast and northwest there stretched an endless succession of low broken hills covered

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

with dark timber. We had no real idea where we were then, though, of course, we knew we could get back to Moose Creek.

It is all very well to talk of running by the compass, but in country such as this you simply have to do the best you can. The pitches were too steep to ride straight up or down, so that we had to rail-fence. Continually we met dense thickets of jack pine through which the unhappy pack horse had to drag its way the best it could. Our horses were tired and heated, and we were a trifle puzzled. Still we all agreed that we certainly would get down to our creek after a while.

We should have headed sharp southwest. Instead of that we took easier going toward the southeast and at length toward the east. Late in the afternoon we crossed what we felt sure must be the divide which we had been ascending. Naturally we supposed all we had to do was to follow the ravines down to the first water, and then follow it to the creek.

But there was no water. We were, as it transpired, now on the western edge of the great Pitchstone Plateau, a high semi-volcanic table land which covers a good portion of the southwestern corner of Yellowstone Park. No streams head up on that plateau. There may be a few remote water holes in average time, but the past season had been one of extraordinary drought. We found gullies full of washed rocks where apparently considerable streams had flowed at one time, but they were dry as a powder horn now. These no doubt meant surface water only. Moose Creek and many others of these streams which run into the Snake waters burst out in big springs at the bottom of this high plateau—in such tremendous springs as the great outflow known as Big Springs, where a full-fledged river comes out from under the foot of the mountain, some fifteen or twenty miles west of Yellowstone Park. We were now entirely above the level of all these waters, in a high dry country which none of us had ever seen before and never wanted to see again.

"Well, we're going downhill anyhow," said Jim. "We'll either go into our creek or the head of Moose Creek, that's sure."

So we pushed on. Perhaps a couple of hours or so before dark we found the first water we had seen—a couple of good springs or seepage holes surrounded with green grass, but not running any water. These springs were both still muddy and the place entirely tramped up. We had run into one of the secret meeting places of wild game, and had we suspected water we certainly should have approached it with greater care.

The Mysterious Trail

We rested and watered our horses. We did not know where we were or where our creek was or where anything else was. We had wandered round many hours in a country from which we could not see out or see ahead.

We concluded to keep on going downhill as long as we could, still believing that we were on the most plausible road to the coveted country.

I don't think that any of us felt any too sanguine when we started down this little draw below the springs. Neither did we feel in the least certain, though somewhat more cheerful, when we found crossing our coulee at right angles a plainly marked blazed trail which we were pretty sure was government work, though we did not know the blaze—a long blaze with a short chip cut out above it.

We started south along this trail, not knowing what it was or who had made it, though it seemed that the ax work was not more than a week old. We soon found it was a very old trail and was in course of being reblazed by somebody. The original blazes, a very long cut and a short chip out above it, could be seen, almost overgrown, apparently twenty or thirty years old at least.

"This looks to me like it must be a trail made by those old buffalo hunters that used to work on the Buffalo Fork and in the Jackson's Hole country—Dick Rock and all those fellows," said Jim. "My old dad used to go over there and he told me there was a sort of trail made. He and two fellows started out from Jackson's Hole, and they were lost more than two weeks down in here somewhere, trying to get through. Now I figure this must be an old hunting trail made a long while ago."

"Well, who's freshening it up now, I'd like to know?" demanded Jack. "It looks like they intend to hold a church sociable or something in here. And look at the glass jars and tin cans. Must have been about a hundred of them in here working."

"One thing sure," I said to them, "the axwork is getting fresher. We'll run them down after a while, no matter who they are. They must have a base camp somewhere below here, and they must be working out from that."

The other fellows all agreed to this and we all agreed also that the said base camp must be on our creek. As a matter of fact I presume it may have been on the Buffalo Fork, and was probably about forty miles away from where we then were, but just then we did not know that.

Our blazed trail was running north and south, evidently a thoroughfare trail of some sort, brushed out pretty well in the thick places—it looked like heaven to our pack horse after what he had been through. At length Jim pulled up.

"Say, fellows," said he, "this can't be any hunting trail."

"I'll bet it's the west line of the park, that's what it is," said Jack.

Night in a Dry Camp

We studied on that a long time. Jim said he had seen the park line, and that it was cleared out wide and unmistakably, and ran due north and south. Jack retorted by telling him that that was on the northwest corner of the park and not down here. Then we all put our heads together and began to figure whether we could have got as far east as that from our camp in one day's travel.

As a matter of fact none of us ever knew just how far west of the park line our camp was—it was probably somewhere round twenty-five miles at least.

Our trail did not run straight, but wandered somewhat with the contour of the country.

"Sure it'll lead to water pretty soon," said Jack. "This old pack horse begins to need it. I wouldn't mind a drink myself."

We had not a canteen or a water bottle along, and it never occurred to us that in that country we should get out of touch with running water.

We lost our trail two or three times where it jumped a ridge, and followed out some lesser trails made by no one knows whom, old trails such as a trapper would lay out. But at last we found our main course again. Ahead of us lay a deep valley.

"Lucky we got here," said Jim. "Dark pretty soon now. Of course that's water down there."

But it was nothing of the sort. The valley was dry as a bone. A creek bed fifty yards wide had not a drop of water in it. Old Badger, the cow horse which I was riding, an animal of a great deal of sagacity and of many years of range and mountain experience, at just about this time wanted to take matters into his own hands. He knew it was time to go into camp, and he knew that he wanted a drink. He swung off strongly downstream and wanted to leave the trail.

"That horse smells water," said Jim. "He's a wise bird and he knows a lot of things. I'm almost of a notion to go down that way."

We concluded, however, that we ought not to leave our blazed trail, which gave us our only assurance of ever getting out of that country; and we were confident that it soon would lead us to water, whereas no one could tell what sort of going Badger might take us into. Here is where we made a very possible mistake. The instinct of an old hunting horse is quite often better than all the knowledge of a man. I am pretty sure that Badger either thought that water was that way or that he smelled elk or other horses—he was a great horse to point elk, Jim always said.

"Well, here's horse tracks," exclaimed Jack. "We're all right now."

Sure enough, in our little creek bed were the tracks of three horses, all shod and all going south on the trail. The ground was very dry and sandy, but we did not think the trail was more than two or three days old. Of course we were sure that these horses would take us to water.

No doubt the trail would have taken us to water sometime, and it was a matter of great regret to us that we did not have time to follow it out, for we would have been glad to know just where water was; but we never found it on that trail.

Dark came down. We found ourselves at the edge of a wide flat swale covered with sand, dotted with the trunks of a few half-rotted trees, remnants of an earlier forest fire. We just could discern on the opposite side of this open place the beacon rays of our trail, still going strong and heading a little east of south.

We pulled up and held a brief consultation. We could not go a half hour longer and could not get back to water over the trail we had been traveling inside of twelve or fifteen miles. There was nothing to it—we had to make camp, and make a dry camp at that.

"If you ask me," said Jim, leaning over with his leg in the saddle, "I'll say we're elsewhere."

"I wonder," said Jack meditatingly, "what old Kelly is doing back there in camp. I'll bet he is burying his face in a piece of elk meat right this minute. And he's got coffee—he's got coffee, I'll tell you."

"That's more'n we're going to have this night," said Jim. "I'd give a dollar ——"

"Shut up!" said Jack. "You mustn't talk about it in a dry camp, and mustn't think about it."

We proceeded to make our dry camp. And that indeed is the reason I am telling this story—not because it is much of a story of adventure, but because it is something of an adventure for these thickly settled times and places, and because it may be of some possible use to some other chap who may get caught in a dry camp just when he is not looking for it.

We had had water at three o'clock that afternoon and though the afternoon was warm it now was cold, so that we did not suffer much from thirst. The main trouble was about the horses. We could not risk them even on picket lines, even had there been any grass worth mentioning, for we knew they would break back home if they got away. In short they did stampede twice, old Badger being the leader of the mutiny and lining out on a trot which would have robbed us of our *caballada* had not Jack's long legs brought him alongside at last. We had to tie all of the horses short and tight with strong halter ropes, and they passed, no doubt, a very wretched night, hungry and thirsty both.

Jim was for going to the woods to camp, where the shelter would be better against the wind, but Jack vetoed this.

"I've been with old desert rats and old Indians lots of times," said he, "and any of them will tell you that it is colder in the woods than it is out here on the sand in the open. You try it now."

Cowboy's Delight

We slept in the open, making our beds down close to some half-rotted logs. We were able to find a few pine boughs close enough at hand to make a sort of bed, thick enough to keep us out of the cold sand. We did not need to trouble about water, and our firewood was at hand in the resinous limbs of the fallen trees. A keen wind came up and the sky was overcast. All in all, I would not call it the cheerfulest camp I ever saw, but I don't think any of us felt uneasy or unhappy.

We had some sugar and some useless coffee, some tea which we did not need, a little flour which we could not use, a few scraps of bread, a little bacon, and quite a lot of elk meat which we had brought along. We had one jar of jam, one can of tomatoes and a few spuds, as the term goes. Jack elected himself cook. And so, up there somewhere at the west edge of the Pitchstone Plateau, in the dark and with the cold wind blowing, we sat down by our pitch-pine fire and did not do so badly after all. I can say that I did not suffer any thirst until about two or three o'clock in the morning. Had the weather been very much warmer I think we should have suffered much more.

I have never been out with two better men than these two young ranch friends. They seemed to be wanting to give me the best of it all the time. We had but the one can of the cowboy's delight—canned tomatoes, a beverage which has saved many a life in the dry country—and I found that the idea of these other fellows was that I should have about two-thirds of that. We ended by dividing even, and left about a cupful for breakfast.

We sat up for a time in the cold wind, swapping hunting experiences, and at last turned into our beds, with the understanding that we would make an early start on the back trail in the morning. The nearest water was at the elk wallow which we had discovered that afternoon, some ten or twelve miles back. We knew we could find that, but did not know how soon we could find the head waters of Moose Creek, and we had no intention of trying to retrace our wandering journey of the day, which by no means could have been done.

We slept warm enough in our cowpuncher beds under the tarpaulins on the sand flat. A very heavy frost fell in the night, so that in the morning the saddles and bridles were covered deep in white. Our rifles, of course, were in bed with us. It was a strange feeling to lie there and see the dawn come, at first gray and then a little pink at the head of our flat, a line of black ragged snags standing out against the lightening background of the sky. I hated to call my young friends, but it was understood that the first man to waken should be the first one to shout.

We found that our horses were still with us, thanks to the halter ropes. We still had a little grub left for breakfast. The remainder of the can of tomatoes tasted mighty good. I think any one of us would have given fifty dollars for a cup of coffee. As a matter of fact, however, I don't think the actual physical discomfort of the first dry night is very much to be dreaded. We were able to joke about it a little bit, at any rate, as we threw the bed rolls together and repacked our big brown horse.

When All Rules Fail

"He's a finished pack horse now," said Jack, casting loose his lead rope. "He'll go home with the others now, and all we'll have to do is to pry him loose when he gets anchored."

On this basis we started off, not so very long after daylight.

"I just would like to know who made this trail," said Jim. "And I'd like to know where we are and how far it is to any place on earth. Elsewhere? I'll say it's elsewhere, all right!"

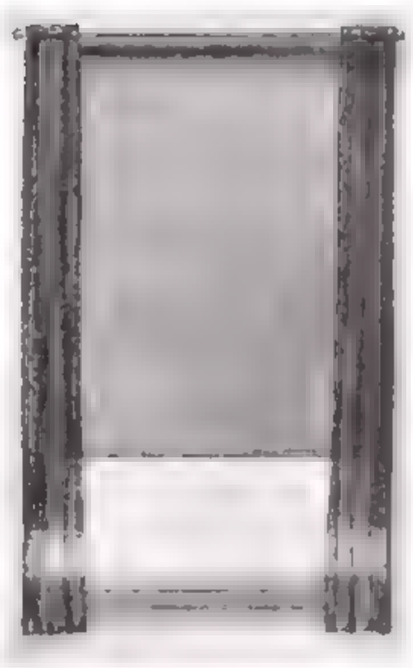
At the edge of the flat, where the trail left the wood, we put up a pole across the way, so that anyone riding would notice the note which was pinned to the near-by blaze. In that note we left our names and the date, and asked that the note be forwarded to the superintendent of the Yellowstone Park. We added the request that the finder would please tell us where in the dickens we had been; stated that we were not uneasy, but that our horses were tired; said that we knew where water was a dozen miles distant, and told where we had camped on Moose Creek. This was more in conformity with etiquette than for any other reason, because we were pretty sure that we could do twenty-five miles that day on a forced march, which ought to bring us into the Moose Creek country.

I have said that we suffered no discomfort from thirst, but as I am somewhat addicted to coffee the loss of it may have given me the intense headache which I experienced—a malady which left altogether when finally we arrived at our elk wallow and stopped for luncheon, and the only real discomfort of the trip. Our horses certainly enjoyed the water even more than we did. To our regret, however, we found that our elk had not been back.

The question still rose, Where were we? We did not really know, except that we were south and east of our camp and south of the head of Moose Creek, though none of us knew how far east of us Moose Creek ran. Jack and Kelly had come to one fork where the creek was reduced to one big spring—about a mile or so above our usual hunting range in that valley. We thought, however, that there must be another arm of the creek which ran almost over to the line of the park. We figured that the best thing we could do would be to follow our blazed trail on north, in the hope of cross-cutting Moose Creek water somewhere and so getting down into that valley.

But it is all very well to read the rules about getting through a strange country—when you get into the country itself, that is something different. The rules don't seem to be of any use at all. For instance, there is a rule which says you should sit down and build a fire if you are lost. If we had done that we should have been there yet. There is another rule which says you should follow the general trend of the water courses. Very fine—but here there were no water courses, just a series of steep choppy hills covered with pine and covered also with a continuous carpet of down timber.

An ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. This brittle filling quickly loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



A Brenlin window shade—so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

There's a wrong and a right way to *buy* window shades, too

Ask for "window shades" and you'll get the ordinary kind made of a coarse and loosely-woven cloth that's coated with a "filling" of chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness.

And you'll be disappointed. For that filling, soon becoming hard and brittle, is bound to crack and fall out under the strain and stress of every-day usage. Unsightly pinhole streaks will appear—your shades will wrinkle and sag.

Ordinary material cracks when folded tight

But ask for the Brenlin Window Shade and you'll get an entirely different *kind* of shade—a shade made of cloth so fine, so heavy, so tightly-woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind! A shade that is soft and supple, hanging smooth and straight always. A shade that will outwear two or even three of the ordinary kind!

At every house-cleaning time for years you'll rejoice—no shades to hang—Brenlin will *stay* like new.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, try the famous Brenlin folding test, and look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Brenlin unbroken—no cracks, no pinholes

For windows of little importance, Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

Write today for a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully; it's free. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2002 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

"Women's Benefit Association Office Building of the Maccabees," shaded with Brenlin by J. A. Davidson & Company, Port Huron, Mich.

Our horses were beginning to show great weariness, for we had crowded them hard, and down timber in steep mountain country is hard on the best of horses. Of course I had my compass, but believe me, a compass does not take you to camp or show you how to get down off a mountainside or tell you how far a jack-pine thicket is going to run. We were really in about as bad mountain going as could be found, and all of this had happened to us within a day's ride of a valley tracked with automobile roads! We had to laugh, it all seemed so simple and so silly. But here we were. It was a lot of fun to figure it out.

"If this is the park line," said Jim, "which I now don't see how it can be, we ought to hit the head of Moose Creek in a couple of hours anyhow. If it isn't the park line we might just as well follow it for a while anyway, and then break off to the left when we think we can get down."

We followed the trail on over some rather desperate country. At last we struck a high and open ridge, from which we could see out. Yonder toward the west and north stood Sawtelle, welcome landmark for all that country. And below us, still north of us, ran a long sinuous band of yellow and brown and red and green!

"That's Moose Creek!" I exclaimed. I had very often taken my bearings while hunting in that country and could always tell Moose Creek valley by its quaking-asp mark.

The next question was how to get down. The country on the left was terribly rough. Somewhere in there, across no one knew how many miles of down timber and rock faces, lay the head of Moose Creek valley. Either we had to find a way down or we had to go on beyond the head of that valley and make a second dry camp in the high meadows where Jim and I had made our first hunt. We knew the horses could not make camp that night even if the light should last long enough. Had I been alone or had the party been in my charge I should have followed the trail on north and chanced the dry camp, because I knew the easy descent beyond that band of quaking asp; whereas none of us knew what we might meet if we tried the plunge down straight to the head of Moose Creek.

In Moose Creek Valley

Jim thought we could get through, however, so down we dropped, after we had ridden a mile or two beyond our lookout point. Going a mile or so more by mere sense of direction downhill we ran into another old blazed trail. That left us perfectly comfortable, because we knew it must head into Moose Creek valley. Such indeed proved to be the case.

When we saw the narrow gorge, like a deep wedge ahead of us, we forgot all about the trail and confined all our attentions to trying to get our horses down. We had landed square in the sharp gulch which the boys on the earlier hunt had called Grizzly Gulch, and Jim had been through part of this gulch before. It was full of rocks and brush and down timber, bad going all the time, sometimes so bad that we had to lead. In this work we had the nearest call to an accident of any—Jim was leading his horse when a dead pole caught straight through the stirrup. All these cow horses are more or less wild, and this one went entirely wild when it felt this pole striking his side. Jim, happily, got out of his way when he began to plunge. The animal bucked and ran down the face of the gulch, until at length he came up fairly anchored by the pole. We could see it still sticking through the stirrup and apparently buried in the body of the horse, which stood trembling. It looked like a horse that would have to be shot right there, but by some miracle of chance the tough dried pine pole had broken off before the point entirely penetrated into the body. So we saved the horse after all, and it suffered no great inconvenience.

It was coming sundown when we broke out of the mouth of Grizzly Gulch and hit some sort of going in the flatter country of Moose Creek. Then we found that Jack had earlier discovered the ultimate source of that stream, and that it did not run several miles to the eastward as we had supposed.

It was six miles to camp, one mile to a trapper's cabin which we knew. We concluded to camp there that night and hunt the next morning, as we were sure that all the dry country we had crossed must have a few elk which by this time would have to come back to Moose Creek for water.

We made our camp and made our hunt the next day. I think indeed that in two or three days more we should have got elk in this valley, for we saw sign not more than one day old, possibly from elk which we had driven in from our elk wallow up in the mountains. Jim and Jack lay at the big spring watching the runway that day and I hunted alone, following out one game trail after another but seeing nothing. Toward noon I heard a single gun in the direction of camp, and knew that meant "Come in." So we packed up, made camp in good season that night, and sat up late telling Kelly all about us and wondering where on earth we had been. One thing sure, we had not found our lost creek. Another thing sure, we had found a wider expanse of high and dry country than any of us had known existed in that region. The soil is so light that there is no grass for stock. It is a broken-down lava formation, apparently, thrown down without any general trend and making just a series of little broken hills and ridges. It is hard hunting ground, but fine country to get lost in. I would not have missed that dry camp and the puzzling ride through those mountains for half a dozen elk. The cold nights had kept our elk meat in perfect condition. We thought we would now go on back home. Jim and Jack said they would come back in there when the first snow fell.

The Mystery Solved

What was the mysterious blazed trail with the long mark and the short one above it? We asked the forest ranger at Big Springs Station on our way out, and he told us that it was an old fire trail of the forest service which was being reblazed. He could not tell us how far we would have been obliged to go before we would have found a ranger's cabin, to the south, but thought that it must have been a great many miles below where we stopped. He did not know of any trail to our creek, nor did we see or hear of one. We still felt rather sure that if we could have found our way to any sort of water at the head of that creek we should have found the elk which had been driven out of our hunting country. In that case I presume we should have tried to follow that creek down until we came out in the valley of the Snake, and would then have made a long detour northward until we hit our own valley again, and so worked into our camp. We could never have packed our meat out across the country we found, since we had but one pack horse and that was needed for our outfit.

We fished a little while on Big Springs on our way out, tarrying entirely too late in the day, so that darkness and a piercing storm of sleet caught us twenty miles from home. Jim said that in all his experience in army life he saw nothing so rough as that. It was black dark and only the horses took us home. From the wagon seat we could not see the team. We reached the ranch house on Henry Lake so chilled that we could hardly stand, just about midnight; thus closing what seemed to us a very respectable little trip for times like these.

Not much of a story to tell, but just a little lesson perhaps to some other man who likes to go wandering round in country he has never seen before. My only regret was that I could not go back with these splendid young Americans to finish the hunt on the first snow, not to shoot, but to see the game. I presume that some of the park elk do come out through that country, though it did not seem like a regular line of migration. In the conditions which we found we discovered that there may be quite a little work attached to hunting scattered elk in the high dry country. As it was, I for one got everything I went after.

It's the Shingled Walls That Lend the Charm

The all-shingled home is decidedly the vogue because of its permanence and quaint charm. The usefulness of Rite-Grade Inspected Shingles is not confined to the "Roof of Ages." Their architectural beauty for exterior walls is becoming increasingly popular. Stained or unstained, they harmonize with the foliage, the flowers and the lawn.

To be sure of getting exactly what will serve you best specify Rite-Grade Inspected Red Cedar Shingles. There are three grades of Rite-Grades and they are all up-to-grade. Ask your architect, contractor or dealer what grade you need.

Would you like our building booklet?

We know you will appreciate its building suggestions. Send 2c stamp to defray mailing.

RITE-GRADE INSPECTED

Nature's Imperishable Covering

For Roof and Walls

Shingle Branch, West Coast Lumbermen's Association, 425 Henry Building, Seattle, Washington, and The Shingle Agency of British Columbia, 1026 Standard Bank Building, Vancouver, British Columbia

Little Folks Need The Buster Bike

Children the world over hanker for toys that mean *action*.

The Buster Bike gives growing youngsters *necessary* exercise. It also keeps them happy and contented.

Two can ride the Buster Bike—it can't tip backwards. Wheels are set well to rear.

The saddle-carved seat gives plenty of leg room. Two wheels at front insure steadiness. Pedal-equipped and "geared low."

Gayly painted in red and green with golden oak trimmings.

Accommodates children from 1½ to 6 years.

BUSTER TOYS

Develop This Talent

The desire to draw is inherent in many. This desire cultivated will be a big asset to your children when grown up. Give them the Buster Drawing Outfit. Just like the articles any draftsman uses! It includes (on a slightly smaller scale) drawing board, T-square, compass, irregular curve, triangle and thumb tacks. Also, plans and drawings for young students to follow.

Dealers:—There is a big demand for Buster Toys. Cash in on it! Write us for name of nearest distributor.

Distributors:—Write for proposition and territory. Buster Toys are winners!

FEDERAL-BUSTER CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STRIKES

(Continued from Page 7)

The problem is too broad to be solved by either organized labor as it now exists or by the semianarchic position in which organized capital has intrenched itself. Few can urge with seriousness the adequacy of the American Federation of Labor to fulfill its great purpose, which, altruistic as it often is, neglects the unskilled and casual labor and gives many evidences of an unreal appreciation of the basic nature of the industrial struggle. The time has come for the state to shoulder its responsibility.

During a week or more of hearings granted by the legislative bodies to the representatives of both capital and labor it was revealed that these two organized minorities both opposed the bill. Capital talked about the sanctity of its ownership, and ignored as usual the paramount rights of the public. Labor talked of its rights to the only weapon it had, the strike; and ignored the rights of society to its protection against the barbarous features that follow the cutting off of production in those essential industries upon which the public must depend for food, fuel, clothing and transportation. Both sides, however, admitted that the strike, the lockout and the efforts at arbitration had failed, but held fast to the belief that there was nothing better. Doubtless there was a day when robber barons thought there was no better way of establishing property rights than through the strength of might. There was a later day when men felt the same way about the denial of the right to carry concealed weapons.

We have been able to prove during the hearings that so far as the coal industry is concerned nothing has been so costly and ineffectual as the strike. In the Kansas field during the thirty-three months which ended with January 1, 1919, there had been 364 strikes, an average of eleven strikes a month. The total gain in dollars and cents to the miners from these 364 strikes was $778.84. The loss in wages to the miners was $1,006,000. In 1919 the record was even blacker. The loss in wages to the miners for the past year alone in the Kansas fields will be nearly $2,000,000 as the result of the strikes. The cost to the miners for the maintenance of their organization—that is, the money paid out of their wages to their own mine officials for the past twelve months—amounts to $157,000.

It is only just to the miners to say that probably half of them are perfectly satisfied with the industrial court and have secretly hoped for its establishment. These are the conservative miners, but unfortunately they are not so assertive as the radicals, and they voluntarily accept a servitude much more drastic and costly than any involuntary servitude of which their radical leaders prattle.

No man may work in the mines unless he holds a union card. When he accepts membership in his union he surrenders himself absolutely to his union officials. "I'm for the union first and the government next," I heard radicals exclaim at Pittsburgh in the coal fields.

By a regulation of this organization their officials fix dues and assess them. They are not collected through voluntary payment. The officials send statements of the amounts to the companies which employ the men. The companies are ordered to pay these sums to the officials and charge the amounts to wages of the individual miners. The miners' officials assess fines in like order and direct the companies to take the fines out of the miners' wages. There is no effective appeal. I know of an instance in which a miner was fined twenty-five dollars for digging more coal than the officials thought he should dig. I know of instances where for similar offenses the union cards have been taken away from miners.

Tyranny of the Union

Talk of robbing labor of its rights! Should the Government seek to visit one per cent of the tyrannical judgment upon laborers that is visited by their own organization, revolution would rightfully ensue against government. When a union miner loses his card he becomes an outcast. He cannot get work in any organized district. Yet I know of a considerable number of instances in which this great wrong has been perpetrated upon individuals who have displeased their leaders.

The industrial court will provide:

That the operation of the great industries affecting food, clothing, fuel and transportation be impressed with a public interest and subject to reasonable regulation by the state.

That it shall have the dignity and power to hear and determine all controversies which may rise and which threaten the continuity of such industries.

That it shall be the duty of all persons or corporations engaged in such industries to operate them with reasonable continuity, in order that the people of this state may be supplied at all times with the necessaries of life.

That in case of controversy between employers and employees or between different crafts of workers which threaten the continuity of such industries or endanger their peaceful operation this tribunal, on its own initiative or on complaint, shall investigate and determine the controversy and make an order prescribing rules and regulations, hours of labor, working conditions and a reasonable minimum wage, which shall thereafter be observed in the conduct of said industry until such time as the parties may agree.

That labor unions shall be incorporated; that collective bargaining shall be recognized, and that full faith and credit shall be given to all contracts made in pursuance of said right.

That a speedy determination of the validity of any such order be made possible by immediate appeal to the supreme court of the state without the usual delay.

That it shall be unlawful for any firm, person or association of persons to delay or suspend production or transportation of the necessaries of life, except upon application to and upon order of said tribunal.

That it shall be unlawful to discharge or discriminate against any employee because of his participation in any proceedings before this tribunal.

That it shall be unlawful for any person or corporation engaged in said industries to cease operations for the purpose of limiting production, affecting prices or avoiding the provisions of this act, but also that provision shall be made by which proper rules and regulations may be formulated providing for the operation of such industries as may be affected by changes in season, market conditions or other reasons or causes inherent in the nature of the business.

That it shall be unlawful for any person or corporation to violate any of the provisions of the law creating this court or to conspire with others for that purpose or to intimidate any person or corporation engaged in such industries with intent to hinder, delay or suspend the operation of such industries and thus suspend production or transportation of the necessities of life.

That penalties by fine or imprisonment or both shall be inflicted upon persons or corporations violating this act.

That any increase of wages granted by the court may take effect as of the date of the beginning of the investigation.

That no costs or expense of litigation shall be borne by anyone who makes complaint before this court and that no attorney need be employed for the purpose of pleading before it.

By such legislation I believe we shall be able:

To make strikes, lockouts, boycotts and blacklists unnecessary, by giving labor as well as capital an able and just tribunal in which to litigate all controversies.

To insure to the people of this state at all times an adequate supply of those products which are absolutely necessary for their existence.

I believe that by stabilizing production of these necessaries we shall also stabilize the price to the producer as well as to the consumer.

That we shall insure to labor steadier employment, at a fairer wage, under better working conditions.

(Concluded on Page 75)

A Miner and His Children

Reproduced from an old wood-cut in the library of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild

From Pocket Sundial *to* Gruen Verithin *the* GUILD WATCHMAKING ART *Has Progressed*

POCKET sundials must have been in quite general use during Shakespeare's time, for Jaques, in "As You Like It," remarks, "And then he drew a dial from his poke."

It seems quite certain that the early clockmakers' guilds evolved the pocket sundial as the first portable timepiece. Although valueless on cloudy days, the courtiers of this early period took great pride in the ostentatious display of their dials.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There, it seems probable, the early pocket dials were made, later to be superseded by the pocket watch. There the masters of the guilds dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down their art, a priceless heritage, to their sons and grandsons.

Today the Gruen Verithin Is Made Where Once the Sundial Measured Time

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved.

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Verithin is made. Here, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements—and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do—finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a *real* service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Guild Watches, are combined the old ideals that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see the Gruen Verithin at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed in the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Dutrich Gruen Models, $315 to $825; Ultrathin Models, $275 to $600; Very-Verithin Models, $60 to $250; Verithin Models, $60 to $250; Thin Models $27 to $60. Men's Strap Models, $27 to $250. Ladies' Wrist Models, $27 to $275, with full cut AAA diamonds, up to $4,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.

Two popular Gruen Verithin Models. Left, plain back and bezel. Right, Louis XIV Style

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch turn

The shortness of staff makes watch more durable

In buying any thin watch, open the back and see that the inside protection cap is there. This cap is absolutely essential. In all round-cased Gruens the cap is here

Exact reproduction of Gruen Watchmakers' Service Workshop, Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

GRUEN Guild Watches

Why Cord Tires Demand Special Inner Tubes

THE area to be filled in a 5-inch Cord tire by the stretching of the inner tube is 175 per cent greater than in a fabric tire; other sizes in proportion. (See photographs.)

When ordinary inner tubes are used in Cord tires they are necessarily overstretched to fill this increased air space. This naturally draws out or stretches the walls of the inner tube so that they are thinner and thus weaker, when they should be thicker and stronger.

Cord tires are harder on inner tubes than fabric tires—harder because of the lower air pressure they carry.

This lower air pressure means more flexing—flexing means friction—friction means wear. Because of this greater wear, ordinary inner tubes, overstretched to fill Cord tires, soon wear through. The

Horse-Shoe Re-Cord Tube

was developed a year ago to meet this condition. It is not overstretched in Cord tires, because its walls are 50 per cent heavier than those of ordinary tubes (nine-ply instead of six). It survives the added friction because it is made of extraordinary rubber—rubber so free from adulteration that it floats on water—rubber so toughened by special treatments that you cannot tear or break a strip the thickness of a wedding ring.

We have named this the Horse-Shoe Re-Cord (for cords) Tube to emphasize the fact that it was designed especially to stand the harder duty—the extra stretching and the friction in Cord tires. If you have long been a user of Cord tires, you will appreciate the necessity for such a tube as the Re-Cord. The small extra cost is negligible when compared with the extra service assured by this big brown tube.

Cross-section of five-inch fabric tire, showing space to be filled by stretching inner tube.

Area 4.06 Sq. Inches

Cross-section of Cord tire, same size, showing space to be filled by over-stretching same tube.

Area 7.19 Sq. Inches

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

EXPORT DEPT., 144 WEST 65th ST., NEW YORK

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

(Concluded from Page 72)

That we shall prevent the colossal economic waste which always attends industrial disturbances.

That we shall make the law respected and discourage and ultimately abolish intimidation and violence as means for the settlement of industrial disputes.

One of the advanced features of the proposed court will be the power it has to forbid the shutting down of an industry for the purpose of affecting the price of the product or the question of wage. This offers a new day to the mining industry by reason of the fact that coal mining is carried on in the bituminous fields very indifferently in the summer. The operators make no effort to store coal. The market demand is light and the result is that the average number of days on which miners are employed during the year is 211. The miners look forward to the continuous operation provided by the new law, and the public looks forward to the prospect of beginning the winter with a coal reserve rather than a coal shortage.

Kansas has also just written a new antisedition law which I believe is devoid of that radicalism which has endowed the period with extreme reaction upon the subject. I believe that states should be warned against any attempt to create laws regulating these disorders which do not maintain inviolate the right of free speech, free press and free right of assemblage. If we seek to pass antisedition laws which deprive civilization of the benefit which comes from discussion and criticism we lead to evils far more dangerous in their pent-up power than those which usually follow the freedom of radical expression. I believe, however, that state or national laws should be passed establishing proper standards for naturalization of foreigners, providing for the prosecution of all who preach violent overthrow of government, and the deportation of aliens unfit for citizenship, with a strict guaranty in all cases of a fair hearing before a judicial body. No prohibition in such a law, however, should apply to the rights of man to discuss changes in government to be brought about by orderly processes.

In conformity with the general recognition of this hour that our institutions must typify our national ideals in all their essential strength this bill should provide for compulsory education of that foreign element which seeks citizenship in this country. In our strike in the Kansas coal fields nothing was more apparent than the need of compelling the foreign elements to become acquainted with the purpose and the meaning of American institutions. Any effort to cure permanently the radicalism in this country which does not provide foundations in education will not reach the full measure of success. Civilization must depend for its straight and righteous thinking upon education.

The Menace of the Renters

Kansas is also working upon a program to relieve us from the growing menace of absentee landlordism in the agricultural sections. It is an alarming fact that in Kansas to-day land tenantry has grown to a point where more than forty-five per cent of all the soil of the state is tilled by renters. I am conscious of the fact that in comparison with other states this is actually a lower per cent of absentee ownership than exists generally in the great agricultural states. In some of the best farm districts of Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Indiana the percentage runs as high as sixty-five per cent. In the great state of Oklahoma in less than thirty-five years absentee landlordism has grown to nearly fifty per cent. There is no danger more real than that which comes to a land whose tillable soil is owned by speculators and cultivated by renters.

The founders of the old Roman commonwealth recognized the truth of this statement when they established the law that every soldier must be a landowner, and for a man to be eligible to the army he must have property. To this end a redistribution of land was made in order that the farms might be owned by the soldiers. The strength which enabled France to meet the repeated assaults of her enemies in the beginning months of her four and a half years of life-and-death struggle was in the landowning class. France, a great agricultural republic, possessed more than five million farmers who owned farms of their own. During 1916 and 1917 red socialism, driven by the cleverest of German propaganda, rose and broke upon the land titles because more than eighty per cent of the Frenchmen who tilled the land owned all or a portion of the land they tilled. More than sixty per cent of the French soldiers owned land. It gave to them always the realizing sense that they were fighting for their own possessions. When you endow a man's love of country with the added sense of his home ownership you plant something in his heart that gives renewed strength and reality to his patriotism. It is a trite expression of the truth that has often been used that a man will fight for his home when he will not put up much of a struggle for his boarding house.

The Deterioration of Rented Land

The percentage of tenantry is growing with the most alarming rapidity in the central agricultural states. An average of more than 440,000 tenant farmers is added to the agricultural roll at every Federal census taking. From 1890 to 1900, 730,051 were added; from 1900 to 1910, 329,712. Doubtless the disclosures of the census now being taken will go above the average for the past ten years. More than 30,000,000 acres of land will have been added to the great area owned by land speculators and farmed by tenants. This means that two-thirds of the increase in our operated farms during the past decade has gone into the hands of those who will rob the soil and put nothing back into it. There is rapidly growing up in the United States an unclassified peasantry known as renters, and they bring deterioration to agriculture because they live a hand-to-mouth existence, add nothing to the scientific value of their effort and reduce the general agricultural strength. Census figures show that the average investment in farm buildings and farm machinery on tenant-operated farms is $785. The average value of these items on farms operated by owners is $2168. According to the 1915 Iowa State Census farm machinery was valued at $60,000,000, and five years prior to that the United States census valued it at $95,000,000. In five years with the rapid increase of farm tenantry the value of Iowa farm implements and machinery had decreased $35,000,000; and this in the face of the increased prices of farm machinery.

Some modern nations have made much progress with the tenantry problem. New Zealand, through a system of land redistribution under government aid, has purchased, from 1894 to 1914, 1,490,000 acres of land and resold it. This land represented originally 264 holdings. Ownership under state sales divided it into 5529 holdings. Denmark, which once was owned by seventy-five men, through a process of state aid redistributed her land until to-day more than ninety per cent of the farmers of Denmark own their farms and dairies in part or altogether. It is the only country in the world where the agricultural population is increasing. Canada has just undertaken a valuable extension of her land program by giving to the soldiers who have returned from the war 160 acres of free land and loaning them $2,500 with which to start farming operations.

The United States has made absolutely no progress upon a program. The Federal Land Bank helps the man who has a farm to buy an additional piece of land. It does nothing for the man who has no start. In Kansas we are seeking to solve the problem by giving state aid for the purchase of small farms by worthy men. The state will provide an irreducible fund with which to buy land to be resold on easy terms with a low rate of interest. Amendments are being sought to the tax laws which will give the legislature the freedom to classify property for taxation, enabling it in its judgment to relieve from taxation a part of the cost of improvements on land so that the improved farms may not pay an excessive tax while the unimproved land sought by the land hogs who hold it for speculative purposes may bear relatively a larger proportion of the just burden. The amendment also seeks to relieve mortgages from taxation, which will have the effect greatly to reduce interest.

To my mind there is no problem in the United States to-day more deserving constructive attention than the rapidly growing problem of land tenantry. It should have a national remedy. We may preach about the wholesomeness of country life and the independent joys of the farm, but it does not reach the problem. We may carry on our schools of propaganda for back to the farm, but no man is going back to a rented farm. He will only go back to a farm in which he has some pride and opportunity in ownership.

If we are going to hold our own as a great agricultural people then we must hold it as a people who own the farms they till. There is nothing in the nation more fundamental than this to give us back the peculiar strength which was once a tradition of American agriculture.

Kansas believes that if she can create a program which will increase the ownership of farm homes, then together with the new good-roads program, in which she is actively engaged, and her larger program for bringing public schools in the country up to the standard of efficiency they possess in the cities, she will solve the back-to-the-farm problem.

Give us a return in America of the days when the embattled farmer was the best guarantor of our liberties, and we should need to have no fear of anything the Bolshevists or other class-minded organizations could do in this land. Every old nation has had to meet at some time the problem of redistribution of its land. They have not all been able to meet it in an orderly fashion.

It is in my judgment the most critical problem that has to do with the fundamental principles upon which the endurance of American civilization rests.

If it be the destiny of America that she shall have world leadership, then this leadership is not going to depend upon any international society the United States may join. It will depend upon the success which we make of the experiment of democracy in the United States. No nation has ever succeeded that allowed its land to drift into the hands of speculators; the United States can no more live through the weakening effect of landlordism and tenantry than could the other nations that have tried it.

George Eliot has said: "A human life should be well rooted in some spot of native soil where it may get the tender love of kinship for the face of earth, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, some spot where the definiteness of early training may be inwrought with affection and spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blest."

This is the love of home which, properly embedded in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of government itself. Against it armies and navies would beat in vain. Without it armies and navies will be without avail.

Reactions From the War

I am conscious of the fact that no public discussion of current questions is complete that does not deal with the temporary reactions which came to us out of the war. At the conclusion of the war it was thought that the most important issue that had ever been presented to the American people was that of the League of Nations. All our emotions were for it, and yet after half a year of discussion it has settled into the background of thought and receives only the most languid attention. It was an effort, so far as America was concerned, to do an idealistic thing, but it is doubtful if you can get idealistic results out of the aftermath of war. It is doubtful if victorious nations, making the conditions for the conquered to sign, are in a mood to lay down those fundamental principles of "peace on earth, good will towards men" which must be embodied in an enduring League of Nations. The first reaction which came, not only to the United States but to her Allies after the war, was not a spiritual one. So far as Europe was concerned it embodied all the national consciousness that must necessarily come to those who have won a great victory at a great cost.

So, when the emotions which attended the peace celebration had worn themselves out, the relapse was into that inevitable hardness of spirit which has always accompanied great victories. In the United States we soon became more interested in the restoration of normal conditions in America than in joining an international institution. Great business men wanted the railroads returned to private ownership. Financiers, outside those who were operating in international channels, wanted the normal mechanism of business in every line reëstablished. In an incredibly short time all over the country the discussion of business and of profits took the place of the world topics. Probably to-day, outside of the industrial subject, there is no public question so heatedly and continuously discussed as that of prices and profits. Undoubtedly there are underproduction and a tremendous currency inflation. We all damn the profiteer as though he were a visible and baleful agent. As a matter of fact he is a highly infectious disorder. The period of inflation was bound to produce some such by-product as this, and it may be that there is no remedy until the disorder has run its natural course. The singular accompaniment of it is that there is little real poverty. Money is plentiful. Demand for labor seems abundant. Business is full of hectic excitement, but undoubtedly the period is unwholesome and dangerous. The only remedy which has been seriously discussed has been an extension of the effort we endured during the war at price regulation. A great many believe this remedy is worse than the disease, but undoubtedly, unless the recent prophecy of some of the eminent economists that prices are about to go down begins soon to materialize, the Government should find some way to create stability.

The Homeless Element

Unquestionably it is the duty of the Government to give intelligent consideration to the studies of our marketing conditions and our wasteful methods of distribution, which have already been made under its own direction, and the possibilities of coöperative organization have received only scant attention. Our progress toward an intelligent and scientific solution of the high cost of living will be measured by the seriousness with which we take these suggestions and the energy with which we work out a new set of business relations which may eventually become necessary to take the place of the stabilization we once enjoyed through the natural laws of competition.

The Government could also aid in the economic organization of our industrial and commercial life by the reëstablishment, on a broader scale, of the Federal employment system, which has now gone out of existence for lack of an appropriation. The problem is merely that of directing the "jobless man to the manless job." The high level of wages proves that we are not facing a redundancy of labor supply. The cry of the farmer at harvest time, the complaint of the housewife over the servant problem and of employers in almost every big industry is met by the clamor of labor that it is able to work only part time, that employment is intermittent. The truth is that we have outgrown our doubtful systems of charitable relief and the public is beginning to feel that we have had enough of discussion. One state cannot solve the problem. The seasonal occupations of the North and South dovetail into those of the Middle West.

The problem is one for national consideration. We need information that will give us accurate knowledge of the needs of industry for workmen of certain qualifications, and we need institutions that will provide workmen for the changing needs of progressive industry.

The problems of unemployment in the city and of tenantry in the country are fundamentally the same. From the days when Pericles settled his people on conquered territory to rid the city of an unruly mob, to the present time, it has been the men who are without habits of industry and without homes of their own who have rocked the foundations of every nation that has failed to heed the warning.

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MEMORIES OF MARK TWAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

method: "A man who is not born with the novel-writing gift has a troublesome time of it when he tries to build a novel. I know this from experience. He has no clear idea of his story; in fact, he has no story. He merely has some people in his mind, and an incident or two, also a locality. He knows these people, he knows the selected locality, and he trusts that he can plunge those people into those incidents with interesting results. So he goes to work. To write a novel? No—that is a thought which comes later; in the beginning he is only proposing to tell a little tale; a very little tale; a six-page tale. But as it is a tale he is not acquainted with, and can only find out what it is by listening as it goes along telling itself, it is more than apt to go on and on and on till it spreads itself into a book. I know about this, because it has happened to me so many times."

When he first told me, I ventured to remind him that this composition at irregular intervals had been the method of Le Sage, whose Gil Blas, the most popular of picaresque romances, was a prototype of Huckleberry Finn, so far as it presents an unheroic hero who is not the chief actor in the chief episodes he sets forth and who is often little more than a recording spectator, before whose tolerant eyes the panorama of human vicissitude is unrolled. And I was not at all surprised when Mark promptly assured me that he had never read Gil Blas, for I knew that he was not a bookish man. He was intensely interested in all the manifestation of life, but he had no special fondness for fiction—an attitude not uncommon among men of letters. He was a constant reader of history and autobiography, not caring overmuch for novels and getting far more enjoyment out of Suetonius or Carlyle than he did out of Scott or Thackeray. Of course he did not need to be familiar with Gil Blas itself to borrow the pattern which Le Sage had taken over from the Spaniards, as this was ready for his use in the writings of Smollett and Dickens and Marryat.

I took occasion to tell Mark that at my only meeting with Stevenson a large part of our two hours' talk had been given to Huckleberry Finn; and that I had been delighted to discover that Stevenson held as high an opinion of this masterpiece of veracity as I did. I recalled his assertion that Huckleberry Finn was a far better piece of work than Tom Sawyer, not only because it was richer in matter more artistically presented but also and especially because it had more of the morality which must ever be the support of the noblest fiction.

A Maxim for Writers

And I also told Mark how H. C. Bunner had confessed to me that he had never fully understood the Southern attitude toward slavery as a peculiar institution not to be apologized for but rather to be venerated as virtuously righteous, until he read the record of Huck's long struggle with himself to refrain from sending Jim back into the servitude from which he was escaping. If the peculiar institution could so cramp the kindly conscience of Huck Finn, vagabond and son of the town drunkard, then it was an institution indeed, and it was peculiar.

When I thought over Mark's statement that everything in Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn was taken straight from life I recalled a remark made to me a score of years earlier by the man who had sold Mark his share in the Buffalo Express—to the effect that "Mark Twain had a very good memory; and that's where he gets most of his best stories." When I had heard this I wanted to resent it as a sneer against Mark's originality. But now I know better. It may have been meant as a mean insinuation; but, nevertheless, it was not far from the truth. Mark was always at his best when he had a solid fact to deal with, an actual episode of his own boyhood or the experience of a friend of his youth. As he himself put it in one of his maxims: "First get your facts—then you can distort them."

He took the solid fact which may have come to him from another; he made it his own; and he interpreted it with his vivifying imagination.

In the ample and admirable biography by Albert Bigelow Paine we are told the names of the friends who gave him the raw material out of which Mark made The Jumping Frog and the tale of The Blue Jay in A Tramp Abroad. When Prof. William Lyon Phelps wrote to inform Mark that the explanation of Elijah's miracle in calling down fire from heaven to ignite the water-soaked logs on the altar, put in the mouth of Capt. Hurricane Jones in the Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion, had been anticipated by Sir Thomas Browne in his Religio Medici, Mark promptly replied that he had got the story from an actual sea captain, Ned Wakeman. And in Life on the Mississippi we can read the bare account of a Southwestern feud which was to suggest the wonderful Shepherdson-Grangerford affair in Huckleberry Finn.

Here is the explanation of the curious inequality we observe in Mark's work, and of the disconcerting unreality we find in Tom Sawyer Abroad and in Tom Sawyer, Detective. Where he lacked the support of solid fact and had to rely on his own fantastic invention his whimsicality was likely to betray him disastrously. It was said long ago that great poets seldom invent their myths; and Mark, who was a poet in his way, was able to achieve the most satisfactory result only when he followed in the footsteps of the great poets. Mr. Paine has told us how Mark took down A True Story from the lips of its heroine; and he declares that this provided the imaginative realist with "a chance to exercise two of his chief gifts—transcription and portrayal; he was always greater at these things than at invention." He needed to have the sustaining solidity of the actual fact, which he could deal with at will, bringing out its humor, its latent beauty and its human significance.

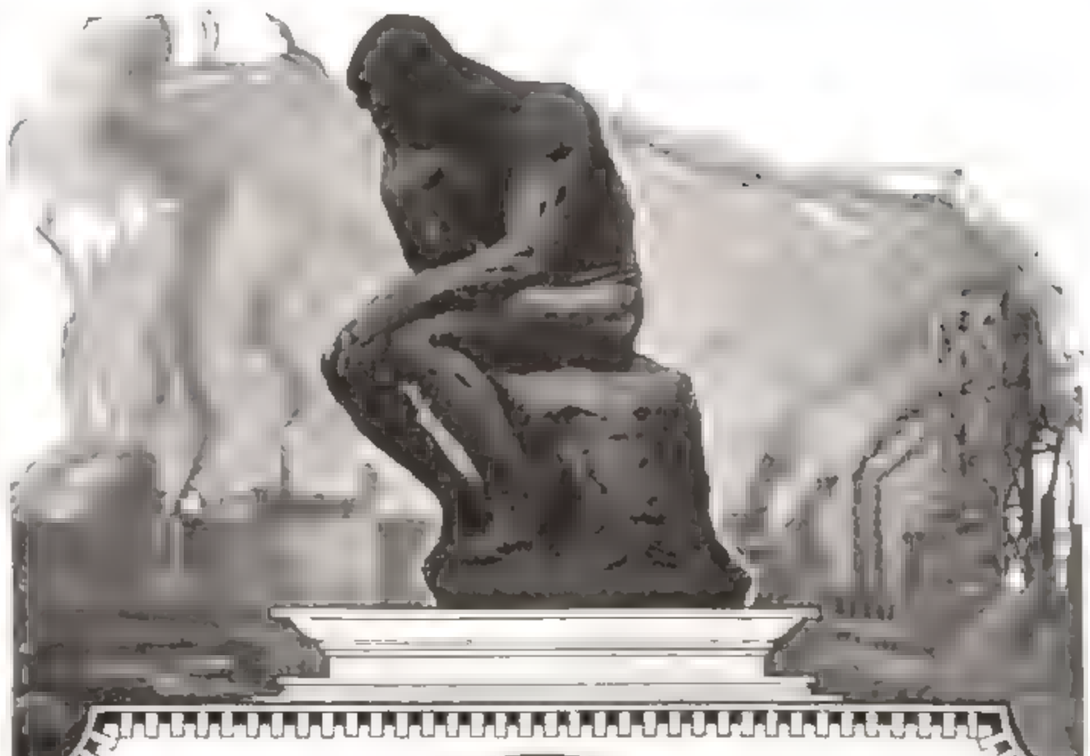
A Loan to Mr. Carnegie

I have already mentioned the startling effectiveness of Mark's own delivery of the story of The Golden Arm. As he was a consummate craftsman in his use of words when he wrote, so he was surpassingly dexterous in his management of his voice when he told an anecdote or when he made a speech. The voice itself was a noble organ, strong and flexible, deep and rich; and he had the power of modulating it so as to suggest the most delicate shades of meaning. There was art—and a most carefully studied art—in his seemingly spontaneous utterances. He drawled along and appeared to hesitate for the word he needed and then to find it with unconcealed satisfaction; and thus he made his hearers feel that he was merely talking to them in a totally unpremeditated way; and all the while what he had to say had been thought out and put into words, and perhaps even rehearsed to himself that he might be sure of his rhythm, his emphasis and his pauses. His method was his own and he was its master. It was indisputably individual, but I have heard more than one professional elocutionist express delight and admiration for it, devoid as it was of all their paraded devices.

It was because he was an artist, with all an artist's desire for perfection, that he prepared himself when he knew he was going to be called upon. But he did not really require this preparation; and if he was taken unawares he could speak on the spur of the moment, making his swift profit out of the remarks of others. When Sir Sidney Lee came to New York Andrew Carnegie gave him a dinner to which a score of American men of letters were invited, and half a dozen of us were summoned to stand and deliver. When Mark's turn came he soared aloft in whimsical exaggeration, casually dropping a reference to the time when he had lent Carnegie a million dollars.

Our smiling host promptly interjected: "That had slipped my memory!" And Mark looked down on him solemnly and retorted: "Then, the next time, I'll take a receipt."

At a luncheon to Theodore Roosevelt not long after the Spanish War the Colonel of the Rough Riders turned to Mark in the course of a military reminiscence and said: "As a veteran of the Confederate Army, Mr. Clemens, you will perhaps recall the condition of nervous excitement a man is likely to be in when he first goes under fire?" And Mark instantly responded: "I know, governor; I do indeed! And I have



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the personal peculiarity that I can conserve that condition all through the engagement!"

His humor could be swift and direct. He was not one of those wits who have to be cautious in taking aim; he could fire at the word and the bullet sped straight to the bull's-eye. Yet he scored a miss now and then; perhaps because he failed to see the target in consequence of some sudden obscuring of his vision. He was acutely conscious of the lamentable fiasco he made in Boston when he brought in the names of Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes, all three of whom were benignantly listening to him. I have earlier implied that his little speech before the curtain on the hundredth night of The Gilded Age was more or less of a disappointment to all who heard it. And at another theatrical gathering, at a supper given by Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer to Henry Irving, Mark failed to improve the occasion; he did not say a word about the distinguished guests; he actually took for his topic the long clam of New England—and what was worse, this inappropriate offering was read from manuscript! I cannot say now how humorous this essay may have been in itself; I can only recall that it did not seem at all funny to any of those who had joyfully and hopefully applauded when Mark first rose to his feet.

In all three of these cases his discomfiture was due to his failure to hit the temper of his audience. He did not make contact with those whose attention he wanted to rouse and whose interest he was striving to retain. This is a condition to which every speaker is subject; and it was a condition out of which Mark was generally able to make his profit. I have heard him deliver a score of after-dinner speeches; and only once or twice was his intuition at fault. Nothing could have been better—that is to say, more characteristic—in its matter or in its method than what he said at the dinner given to him on his seventieth birthday. It had his customary exaggeration, of course, and not a little of his humorous distortion of fact. It was all about himself, which was entirely satisfactory to us, for he could not but be the topic of every speech. It was genial and friendly; and at the end it attained a graceful dignity which sat well upon him as he stood there facing us, with his "good gray head that all men knew." He closed by telling us there was one satisfaction in attaining the scriptural limit of years; there is no longer any necessity for pleading a previous engagement when we prefer to stay at home. We need only reply: "Your invitation honors me and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at Pier Number 70, you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the setting sun with a contented heart."

The Speech on Portrait Making

Equally felicitous—though in a totally different vein—was a speech which he once made, in 1889 or 1890, at the Fellowcraft Club, an organization of magazine writers and illustrators. On this occasion the club had invited the best-known after-dinner speakers of New York—Joseph H. Choate, and Chauncey M. Depew, Horace Porter and Henry Howland. Unfortunately for them the president of the Fellowcraft, Richard Watson Gilder, called up Mark first of all; and Mark's speech made it very difficult for those who had to speak after him to employ their customary formulas. So far as I know, Mark never wrote it out; and it was not reported. I tried a few years ago to recapture it from my memory; and I will make another attempt now, but without hope of being able to do more than to indicate its outline, well aware of my inability to recover his exact words:

"I did not know I was going to be called upon this evening and you find me wholly unprepared. No—that's the truth. But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all, for I've been going to dinners and listening; and I think I've mastered the theory of the after-dinner speech. So now I'm ready at any time to make a speech on any subject. I don't care what it is. Pick out one that will suit you and it will suit me."

"Do you really mean that, Mr. Clemens?" asked Gilder. "Are you willing to let me choose a topic for you?"

"That's just what I do mean," Mark answered.

Gilder had John La Farge on his right and Augustus Saint-Gaudens on his left. He whispered to them and then he raised his voice and said: "Very well then, Mr. Clemens, we'd like to hear you discuss the art of portrait painting."

And when the laughter had died down Mark began with solemn seriousness.

"Portrait painting? That's a good subject for a speech, a very good subject indeed. Portrait painting is an ancient and honorable art, and there are many interesting things to say about it. Yes, it's an ancient and honorable art, though I don't really know how ancient it is. I never heard that Adam ever sat for his portrait, but maybe he did. Maybe he did, I don't know. And that reminds me that when I was a boy I knew a man named Adam—Adam Brown was his name."

And then he told a humorous story about this Adam Brown—an anecdote wholly unconnected with the art of portrait painting.

A Name Redeemed

He told it as only he could tell a story; and then he went on in his meditating drawl: "Maybe there never was a portrait of Adam. Even if painting is an ancient and honorable art it may not be as ancient as that. And I don't think I ever saw a portrait of any of those old Hebrews; or of the Greeks either. But the Romans did have portraits, carved mostly, not painted. I've never seen a painted portrait of Julius Cæsar, but I recall more than one statue. And speaking of Cæsar reminds me of a man I knew on the Mississippi who had a dog called Cæsar."

Whereupon he told another story, equally unrelated to the art of portrait painting.

"But when we come down a little later we do find portraits in Rome, portraits of the old popes," he went on; "and in Germany we find portraits of their opponents, Calvin and Luther.

"There's a portrait of Luther in one of the galleries that lingers in my mind as one of the most masterly revelations of character that I ever saw. And speaking of Luther, there was a man in Hartford who had a cat called Luther."

And he proceeded to tell a third story, quite innocent of any association with his assigned theme.

"And that's all I know about portrait painting," he concluded. "At least, it's all I have time to tell you this evening. It is an ancient and honorable art; and I'm very glad indeed that you have given me this opportunity of talking to you about it."

And when Mark sat down the guests of the club felt sorry for the succeeding speaker, for they knew that the last state of that man was worse than the first.

I do not know whether my indurated modesty ought to permit me to record here another speech of Mark's, which I had personal reasons for including among his best. But it is one of the most vivid of my memories of him; and perhaps I have no right to leave it out of these recollections. In the fall of 1893 two score of my friends paid me the compliment of inviting me to a dinner in testimony of their friendship. Charles Dudley Warner presided, and I had the uncomfortable delight of listening to kindly words from him and Howells, from Gilder and Stedman, from Nicholas Murray Butler and H. C. Bunner, who read a poem written for the occasion. Mark was almost the last of the speakers, and he began by saying that "You have praised this man for a great many things—but you haven't praised him for the most remarkable thing that he has done."

That evoked the expected laughter, since it had occurred to me at any rate that all the possibilities of praise had already been exhausted.

"No," said Mark, "you haven't praised him for the most remarkable thing he has done. He has redeemed the awful and appalling name of B-r-a-n-d-e-r"—and he drawled forth my name in the lowest notes of his wonderful voice.

"B-r-a-n-d-e-r—it sounds like the mutterings of imprisoned fiends in hell! B-r-a-n-d-e-r—why, it was months after I knew him before I dared to breathe that name on the Sabbath Day!"

Again and once again and yet again he repeated the dread name, expounding its dreadfulness with all the multiple resources of his inexhaustible vocabulary, and with every repetition of the horrific syllables his tones became more cavernous.

"That's what he has done. He has redeemed the awful and appalling name of Brander, which was good only to curse with—and he has made it a name to conjure with!"

After he had followed the equator round the world, earning the money to get himself out of debt, Mark developed an abiding dislike for the dreariness of a lecture tour with its obligation to arrive at an appointed time at an appointed place and to entertain a thousand listeners whether he felt in vein or not. None the less did he keenly enjoy talking on his feet when he was not constrained to it. We all like to do that which we know we can do well; and Mark could not help knowing that he was an accomplished speaker to whom audiences always listened with the expectation of pleasure. In the course of forty years he delivered many after-dinner speeches in America and in Europe; and he made addresses more or less informal at many meetings in behalf of good causes.

When I urged him to gather the most durable of these into a book he wrote back: "I reckon it is a good idea to collect the speeches." When time passed and the promised book did not appear I repeated the suggestion; and this time he answered: "There isn't going to be any volume of speeches, because I am too lazy to collect them and revise them." After his death a volume of speeches was added to his complete works, a volume which was not so cautiously edited as it might have been. The selection was uncertain; the arrangement was casual; and the reporting was often hopelessly unsatisfactory. Not a few of his least worthy efforts were included; and there were also not a few unfortunate repetitions. The volume does contain, however, some of the most amusing and most brilliant of his speeches, printed either from the manuscript, which he sometimes wrote out in advance, or from accurate shorthand reports.

Humorist as Poet

It preserves for us the ill-received speech in Boston, that on his seventieth birthday, that on the horrors of the German language, and that on the weather of New England. But no matter how skillfully the selection might have been made, the reader could not get from the pale pages of a book the color and the glow that Mark bestowed upon his sentences by the skill of his own delivery and by the compelling power of his personality. Behind and beneath the words which have been preserved there was the presence of the man himself. Mr. Howells has told us that Mark "held that the actor doubled the value of the author's words." And those who had the pleasure and the privilege of listening to any one of these speeches will recognize that Mr. Howells did not overstate the case when he declared that Mark "was a great actor as well as a great author. He was a most consummate actor, with this difference from other actors, that he was the first to know the thoughts and invent the fancies to which his voice and action gave the color of life. Representation is the art of other actors; his art was creative as well as representative."

If this volume of his speeches had happily been arranged in the order of time I am inclined to think that it would have revealed a change in his tone as he grew older. Even in some of the earlier addresses, amid all the exuberance of his humorous exaggeration, there were to be noted, now and then, passages of exquisite word painting—like the truly poetic description of the ice storm in the speech on the weather of New England. Possibly these passages surprised most of those who heard them and who looked upon Mark as merely a fun maker, not suspecting the depth of his nature, his firmly controlled sentiment, his sustaining seriousness—and not recalling that the richest humor, that of Cervantes and Molière, is rooted in the profoundest melancholy.

Possibly again it was Mark's consciousness that this was the way he was regarded by the unthinking majority which led him to say more than once in the later years of his life that he had made a mistake in coming before the world at first as a humorist, as a man trying to make people laugh. In the beginning he may have been content with this reputation; but toward the end he was not. I remember going into The Players at the noon hour, half a dozen years before he died, and finding him at luncheon.

(Concluded on Page 81)

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(Concluded from Page 78)

Howells thinks that Mark did not greatly care for clubs and this may be so, but I can testify that he was completely at home in the house in Gramercy Park, and he relished its friendly informality. He looked up as I came in and said: "Brander, I was just thinking of you. I'm glad that you and Howells have been telling people that I am serious. Now when I make a speech I find that they are a little disappointed if I don't say some things that are serious; and that just suits me, for I have so many serious things I want to say!"

Many of those who have written about him have dealt with him solely as a humorist, overlooking the important fact that a large part of his work is not laughter provoking and not intended to be. There is the reverent Joan of Arc for one book; and there is the pathetic Prince and the Pauper for another. There is not much fun in the account of the appalling Shepherdson-Grangerford feud in Huckleberry Finn; there are imagination and insight and vision, but only a little incidental humor, all the more effective for being only incidental. As Mark himself put it in one of the maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson's new calendar which served as chapter headings in Following the Equator—"Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven."

Many of those who had followed Mark faithfully were surprised and even grieved by the saturnine misanthropy, as it seemed to them, which they found in the two books published after his death—The Mysterious Stranger and What is Man? This could be the case only because they had forgotten or failed to understand that bitter parable, The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg, which has a biting satire not unlike Swift's or Voltaire's. And they had also paid no heed to another maxim in Following the Equator: "Pity is for the living, envy is for the dead." This last of his books of travel was published in 1897; yet this maxim is only a reiteration of three others set at the heads of chapters in Pudd'nhead Wilson, issued four years earlier:

"Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world."

"Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved."

"All say, 'How hard it is that we have to die'—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live."

The Lowering of the Mask

When I consider these maxims I sometimes wonder whether we have not here caught Mark Twain in the act of lowering his comic mask for a moment to let us have a glimpse of the actual Samuel L. Clemens, when he had come to be a little weary of wearing it as a disguise. Mark Twain was a humorist beyond all question and one of the mightiest of humorists; but Samuel L. Clemens was immitigably serious and inexorably disenchanted. After he had lost a daughter and then his adored wife and finally another daughter, his outlook on life darkened to barren blackness; and as he had surrendered all hope of seeing them again in another world the scheme of the universe seemed to him undeniably and inexplicably futile.

Howells has recorded his own impression derived from the unbroken intimacy of two score years, that Mark was a man possessing many and varied personalities. How many these personalities were I do not know; but two of them were present to my eyes after I came to know him well. One of them, of course, was the Mark Twain, plain before the gaze of all the world; and the other was S. L. Clemens, with hidden recesses of character unsuspected even by himself. Among his intimates he was simple, unaffected and friendly. With casual strangers he seemed sometimes to feel an obligation to play the part of the professional humorist and, so to speak, to act up to the character—not descending to untoward jocularity, of course, yet none the less yielding a little to the pressure of expectancy.

He used to sign his letters "Mark"; and he let his friends call him "Mark"; I doubt if any of those who were admitted to comradeship with him in his later years would ever have dreamed of addressing him as "Clemens" and still less as "Sam." His dignity was indisputable, despite all his frolicsome friendliness. He was kind enough to tell me that he liked the biographical introduction he had asked me to prepare for the uniform edition of his works issued in 1899; and I suppose that he approved of it largely because I tried to divert attention from his drollery, delightful as that could be, to his veracity as a story-teller, and to his ethical integrity—in other words, to the more serious and solid aspects of his work.

However sad he might be because of the bludgeoning of Fate, he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. He knew his life had to be lived out, whatever its inner emptiness; and he took what comfort he could in its more agreeable accidents—especially in the world-wide recognition of his position as an authentic American, a chief of our literature, as peculiar a product of our Western civilization as Franklin or Lincoln. He was too shrewd to overvalue contemporary admiration, but he relished it for what it was worth. I find among my notes from him one thanking me for sending something I had written about him and saying, "Compliments are sometimes pretty hard to bear, but these are not of that sort; they are conspicuously and most pleasantly the other way."

Mark at Oxford

Though this note came to me in an envelope it was written on a Viennese correspondence card, decorated with his portrait drawn by a local artist. The card itself was an outward and visible sign of the impression he had made in the Austrian capital. His fame had traveled beyond the confines of our language, from the United States to Great Britain, and then across the English Channel to the Continent, spreading more rapidly among the Germans than among the French, naturally enough. At the end of the nineteenth century he was one of the half dozen men of letters who had international standing.

It was while he was interned at an unknown Austrian health resort that a little group of us at The Players were talking about him and wondering where he was and where we could send him an expression of our hope that he would soon return to us. I ventured the assertion that he was then so well known that a letter would find him if addressed simply to "Mark Twain. God knows where." Francis Wilson at once put that direction on an envelope and asked me to send Mark our greetings. I don't now recall just what I wrote, but in less than three weeks I received the reply "Well, He did!" The post office here had delivered the letter to his New York publishers, who had transmitted it to his London publishers, and they had sent it to his Vienna bankers, so that it came into his hands almost as swiftly as if we had been supplied with the name of the hotel where he had hidden himself.

A humorist is often without honor in his own country—or at least his own countrymen are too completely in the habit of laughing at his writings to spare time to spy out its less obvious and deeper merits. In England, Stevenson and Henley, Rudyard Kipling and Andrew Lang were not laggard in their discriminating praise. It was an Englishman, met in a train somewhere in Europe, who recognized him and who startled him by saying abruptly: "Mr. Clemens, I would give ten pounds not to have read your Huckleberry Finn!" And when Mark looked up at him, awaiting an explanation of this extraordinary remark, the Englishman smiled and added: "So that I could again have the great pleasure of reading it now for the first time."

As an illustration of the interstices in the British acquaintance with names which are household words with us, Joseph H. Choate used to tell of an experience of his when he was our Ambassador to Great Britain. He was dining with the dons of an Oxford college and he happened to speak of Daniel Webster. He had no sooner uttered the name than he perceived that it meant nothing to these English scholars. Suddenly one of the younger men, at the far end of the table, spoke up eagerly:

"Oh, I know him, Mr. Choate! Wasn't Daniel Webster the name of The Jumping Frog in Mark Twain's story?"

That was an anecdote which Mark himself enjoyed, as he enjoyed the dinner given him by the staff of Punch in the famous dining room, when he crossed over to be the recipient of an honorary degree from Oxford. "Foreign nations," said a clever young American many years ago, "are a kind of contemporaneous posterity"; and when the oldest of English universities stamped Mark with its august approval he may well have received this as a prediction of the verdict of ensuing generations. Other men of distinction, among them Rudyard Kipling, received degrees on the same day; but Mark was the outstanding figure in the ceremony.

He was the one whom the undergraduates most rapturously hailed. And I have no doubt that these manifestations warmed Mark's heart and that he reveled in being thus conspicuously set apart from the others.

I doubt this the less because it was exactly what he had done a few years earlier when he received an honorary degree at the Yale Bicentenary. On that occasion eight American authors had conferred upon them the right to put Litt.D. after their names. We had to walk in procession, two by two, to the theater where the degrees were to be bestowed. Mark and Howells led off by right of seniority; next came Thomas Bailey Aldrich and George W. Cable; Gilder and I followed them; and Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Nelson Page, as the youngest pair, marched behind us. We were four couples, but to the crowds that lined the streets seven of us vanished and became invisible as soon as the spectators caught sight of Mark. They applauded, they laughed, they shouted his name, they cheered; and Mark took it all to himself, very much as if he were a king entering his capital for the first time and bowing graciously, now to the right and then to the left. Howells and Cable, Gilder and I, all old friends of his, enjoyed his enjoyment and accepted our own obscuration as the most natural thing in the world. And I have wondered whether the others, not so fond of Mark as we were, were as readily reconciled to their elimination from the consciousness of the throngs that lined the streets of New Haven.

Boyhood Recaptured

One reason why Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are to be ranked among the best of boys' books is because Mark had the rare gift of recovering the spirit of boyhood, with its eagerness and its assurance, its exuberant energy and its incessant desire to assert individuality—in other words, to show off. Until his dying day Mark retained the essentials of boyishness. It might almost be said that he never grew up. He had the effervescent irresponsibility of a boy, the impulsive recklessness, which accounted for his risking his money in a rash succession of inventions. It is not to be wondered at that the name given him by the one who knew him best, his wife, was "Youth."

Perhaps Tom Sawyer is only a little more autobiographic than David Copperfield and Pendennis. As Mark himself told me, more things happened to the hero than ever happened to the author. But there is passage after passage in the juvenile narrative where we can feel assured that Mark was drawing on his own store of memories; and there is one in particular, which discloses a characteristic of Tom's that was also a characteristic of Mark's—as it possibly is a characteristic of the normal boy. This is the analysis of Tom's emotions when he went to church the day after he had let the contract for whitewashing the fence. In accord with his usual custom Tom counted the pages of the sermon as the minister turned them, one by one. Then his attention was arrested for a little while by what the minister was saying:

"The minister made a grand and moving picture of the assembling together of the world's hosts at the millennium when the lion and the lamb should lie down together and a little child should lead them. But the pathos, the lesson, the moral of the great spectacle—were lost upon the boy; he thought only of the conspicuousness of the principal character before the onlooking nations; his face lit with the thought, and he said to himself that he wished he could be that child, if it was a tame lion."

Mark's Wishes Carried Out

When Mark penned that last sentence he had looked into his own heart. He appreciated the honor Oxford had done him in making him a doctor of letters, but he got a more pervasive satisfaction out of the flaming scarlet gown which was the badge of this distinction. He wore it as often as he could and he said he would like to wear it always. No doubt he delighted in the richness of its glowing color, but he delighted even more in the showiness of it. For a similar reason he invented the white suit which he donned late in life and which accentuated the conspicuousness of his shock of white hair, bristling untamed above his penetrating eyes. When he robed himself thus in burning red or in snowy white he was a boy again, he was Tom Sawyer, projecting himself into the very center of the millennium. And when Mark was thus clothed he did not care whether it was a tame lion or not, for he was well aware that he was a lion himself and that all men knew it.

Mark had been one of the seven men, leaders of the several arts, who had been chosen by a ballot of the National Institute of Arts and Letters to be the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Letters; and after his death the two societies held a memorial meeting, over which Howells presided and at which commemorative addresses were made by Choate, Twitchell, Cable and three or four other men drawn from all quarters of the United States. In his opening remarks as president of the academy Howells ventured to suggest what Mark himself would probably have said if his opinion could have been asked as to the nature of the exercises that evening. And so delicate was Howells' understanding of his friend's mind and mood that we could almost hear Mark himself uttering the words with which he was credited:

"Why, of course you mustn't make a solemnity of it; you mustn't have it that sort of obsequy. I should want you to be serious about me—that is, sincere; but not too serious, for fear that you should not be sincere enough. We don't object here to any man's affection; we like to be honored, but not honored too much. If any of you can remember some creditable thing about me I shouldn't mind his telling it, provided always he didn't blink the palliating circumstances, the mitigating motives, the selfish considerations that accompany every noble action. I shouldn't like to be made out a miracle of humor, either, and left a stumblingblock for anyone who was intending to be moderately amusing and instructive hereafter. At the same time I don't suppose that a commemoration is exactly the occasion for dwelling on a man's shortcomings in his life or his literature; or for realizing that he has entered on an immortality of oblivion."

As I listened to Howells and to the half dozen others who spoke after him, and as I felt the warmth of friendly feeling and of comradely appreciation, I wished that Mark might have had the privilege he gave Tom Sawyer and that he could have returned to life to be present at his own funeral exercises.

What was said by the successive speakers was serious enough and yet not too serious for sincerity; and I perfectly understood what Howells meant when he wrote me a day or two later that he felt sure "Mark would have enjoyed it!"

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THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 27)

toward the situation as it developed. The man was growing restless, like all the operators, all the big employers of the country; he showed it more and more plainly, and by the middle of the summer he brought their whole relation up in a protracted conference.

They met and talked in the operator's office, a bare room ornamented by photographs of Brown's father, the greater and earlier Brown, with his board of directors; of a mule standing before an exceptionally thick vein of coal; of the roofs of an industrial village named—after the romantic habit of mind of the mariner with his ship and the steel man with his furnaces—for one of the Brown family's womenfolk.

Brown was more excited when Spinner saw him than ever before—redder, more ruthless in the chewing of his fine cigar. Spinner understood the moment he set eyes on him. He was even more obvious than the labor leader!

"Where are you getting me to in this thing?" he wanted to know of Spinner. "What have you done so far—for me? That's what I want to know!"

"Naturally," said Spinner with a faint touch of sarcasm, "you would."

The man had the vigor and directness of personal desire of a headstrong virile stock, of the heir of wealth and power who had seen little successful opposition to his will from first boyhood.

"I let you and your people organize my mines for me," he stated. "In return you promised me the votes of the miners of this state when I wanted them."

"Yes," consented Spinner, watching him.

How red faced he was for so young a man. He came from a race of strongly physical men suddenly projected from physical work into desk chairs—still eating and drinking for their principal amusement, with inexhaustible means for indulgence.

"Playing the greatest of bourgeois indoor games," Spinner used to say of them—"the dinner table sky high, without a limit!"

They were a class as typically overfed, he thought, watching this man, as the old English squire.

"I've done my part," the man asserted. "Now can you do yours?"

"I think so," stated Spinner unemotionally.

But as he said it he thought with deep inner amusement of Frenae and his gibes about the capitalists, the labor fakers and their irresistibly ridiculous attempts at contracts with radicals, with anarchists.

"You've come in here," the other proceeded along his own mental way, "and torn the miners' union itself from top to bottom like an old sheet—the conservatives and the radicals."

"Not so much so as it looks," said Spinner cynically. "There aren't any conservatives now. They are all radicals."

"That's just it," said the other, gesticulating with his cigar. "That's just exactly it! What can you do with them, you fellows, now you've got them radical? Can you or anybody else deliver a vote or any other agreement with a radical—or a bunch of radicals? Is there any such a thing as a contract possible with a labor union nowadays?"

Frenae again was in Spinner's mind, of course; and his ridicule of men who were such fools as to make contracts with a class of men who by their own general principles were bound to break them.

"I ask you this," said Spinner's man, focusing his small eyes upon Spinner, eyes as sharp and bright as the eyes of a young pig. "I mean it. Where does this thing leave me—in other ways?"

He shifted heavily in his seat—evidently there were matters now of sharper consequence to him than political ambitions. He had come now, of course, to the real matter of his concern.

"What's going to happen to me if these miners pull off this general strike they're all talking about?" he demanded. "Me, with this new agreement with the union on my hands; and all the rest of the operators seventy-five per cent in the state—non-union? All running right along! That question is getting of some consequence to me. I'll tell you that!"

His face grew progressively redder.

"Are they crazy," he inquired; "the unions? We've been starving to death now for eight months—all of us together! Now we are starting opening up all over the country. Even that government board which wouldn't give us ships to send our coal abroad when Europe was hollering its head off for it, at any price; even that forest of stoneheads which has sprung up on the map where Washington used to be couldn't keep us from getting coal orders finally. And now, when we have got the orders and have got a chance, all hands, for our white alley—to get down and work—your crowd shows up with a gun at our head! A gun?" he said still more loudly. "A cannon! With our heads stuck down into it. And a lot of dancing madmen at the other end. A six-hour day and a five-day week now—when we can all make a dollar—you and us by getting out the coal while the market's there! Then they want sixty or seventy per cent more money on top of that. But that won't do—that ain't crazy enough! At the same time the Government will have to take it over—nationalize the mines. On the theory," he said, "I suppose, that they can get anything out of the Government.

"There might be something in that last idea," he said, mildly humorous, the stress of his anger slightly lessened by a minor vent for it, "after the last year or two! But what I wanted you to tell me to-day," he informed Spinner, quickly turning serious again, "is just what they do want—this headquarters of yours. I want you to sort this out for me. What do they want—and what don't they want in these general demands they're framing? What is pure political bunk and what's real? They want a raise of wages, of course," he said, starting to particularize.

"As big as they can get," said Spinner.

"Well, they can't get as much as they are asking, that's sure!" said Brown definitely. "Now, then, about the hours and days they're talking about? I understand that's from England—where it's smashing the whole place into a scrap heap?"

"It's from England partly—yes," said Spinner briefly.

"They brought that over to satisfy your wild boys, I suppose. I suppose you'd want it," he said, recalling suddenly apparently, somewhat late, Spinner's shade of opinion.

Spinner gave him the usual radical argument about the necessity of every workman doing less work so that all could be employed, at shorter hours—talking perfunctorily, of course, merely leading him along.

"Yes, I know all that—and what it amounts to. And you do too!" said the operator, eying Spinner with a look of understanding. "But what do you believe they're really after—there at headquarters? Which points in their program? That's what I want you to tell me!"

"I don't know. I don't know that they do," stated Spinner.

"They know they can't get them all, naturally," persisted Brown. "What are the points they want—and what are the ones they are bringing out to trade with finally? What's the idea at headquarters? They don't want nationalization—that's sure. They can't expect to get that!"

"They might," said Spinner briefly; "I don't know."

"You don't know?" said the other. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't know—and I don't believe they do—exactly what they do expect."

"Don't know what they expect themselves?"

"No."

"Who does then?" inquired the other angrily.

"You know what they want as well as I do," said Spinner coldly.

"They want votes in their organization," said the operator.

"Exactly," said Spinner simply.

He was in a new position—as he had been with the labor leader. He need waste few words in this conversation. It was the other man who did the talking.

"And what's a contract to a labor politician compared to a vote, huh?" his man was demanding harshly. "That's the trouble—and always was—with a union," he proceeded. "That's what I always said when I had sense enough not to have dealings with them. You make a contract with a company—or a man with property behind him—and you have some redress for a

(Continued on Page 85)

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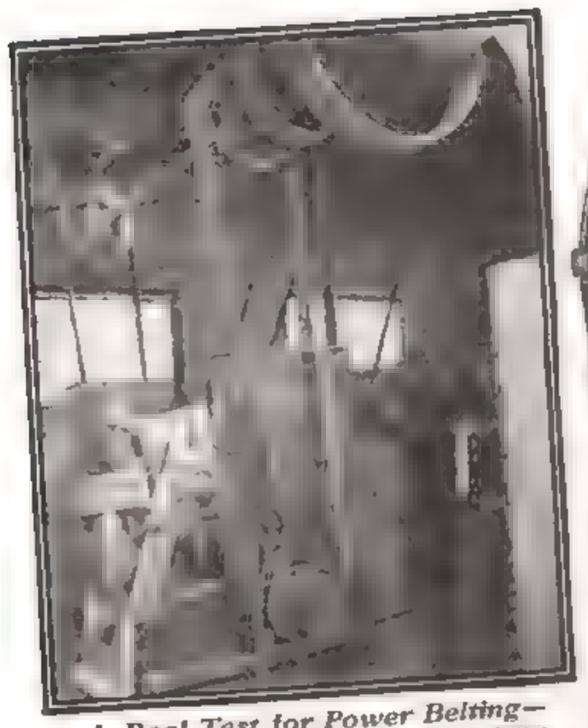

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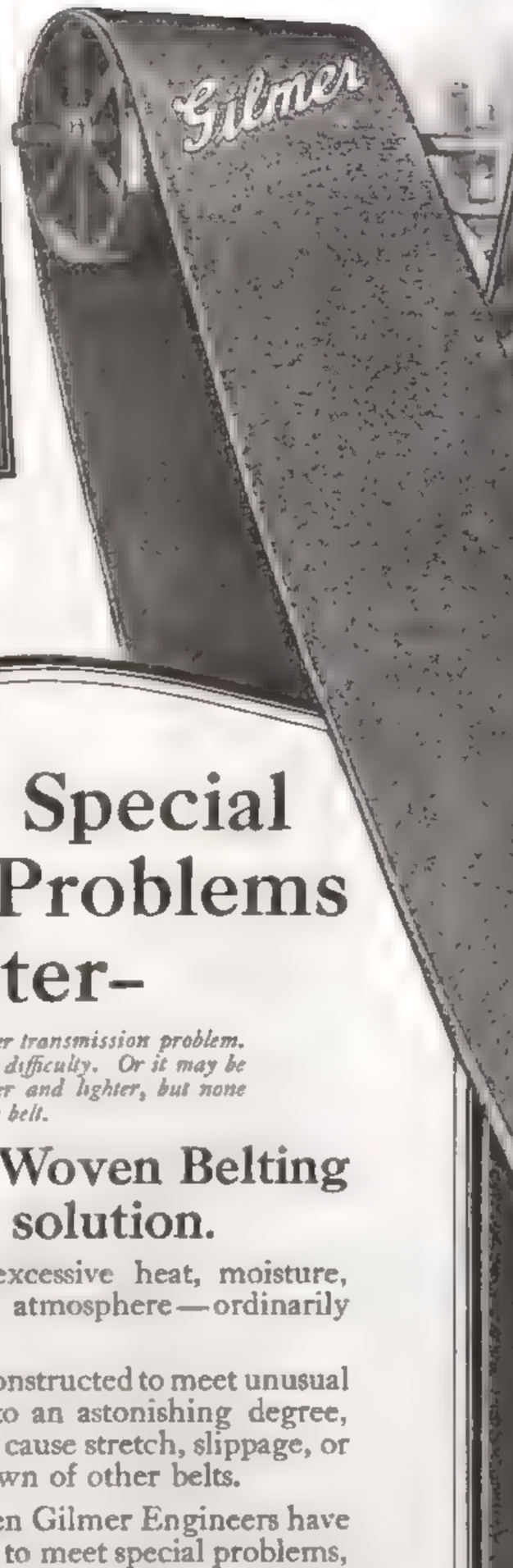

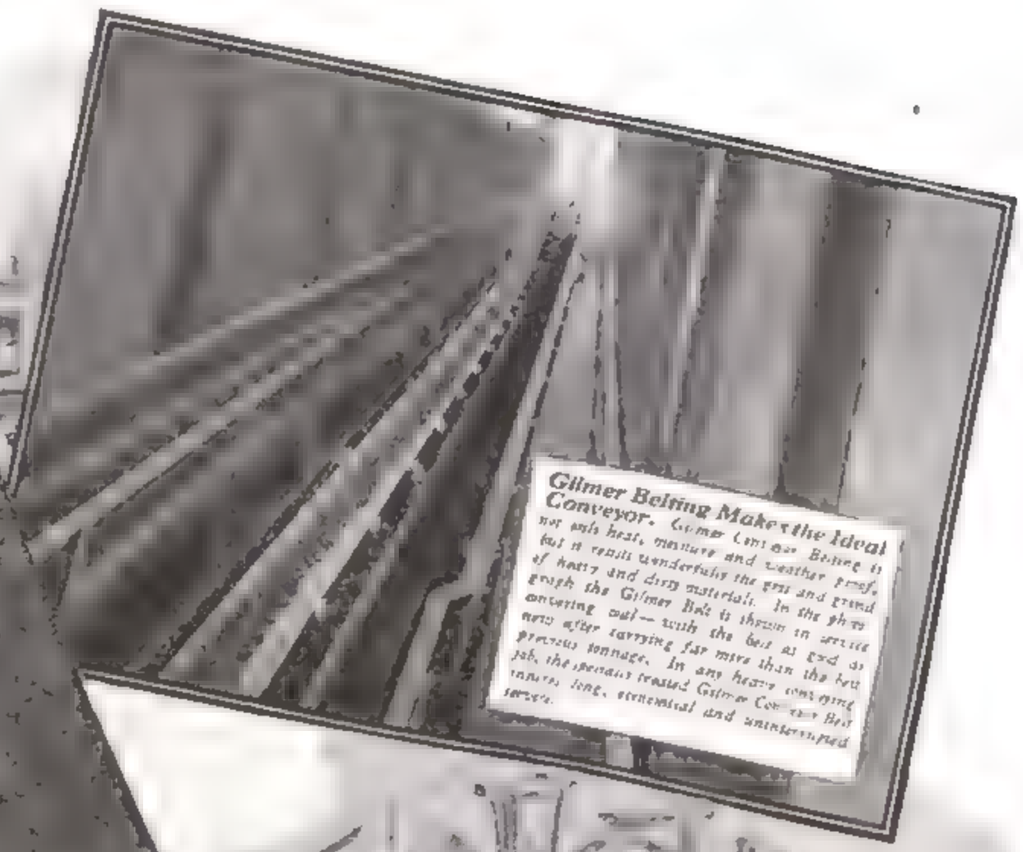

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broken agreement. You can go to law over it—if you have to."

"If you've got the price for a lawsuit," interjected Spinner—"which the poor man usually hasn't got."

"But when you've got a contract with a union—what have you got?" the other went on with his grievance. "It's like sticking your hand into the jelly dish," he stated. "You've got a handful of jelly. Labor politicians' promises, that's all! And nowadays they're thinning their jelly out until it's about like cold soup—cold consommé. These last two years, and all these crazy outlaw strikes, have given unionism in this country a black eye it can't get over in twenty-five years."

Spinner, in spite of his long impassiveness before the grotesque mental reactions of his enemies, could scarcely resist the sudden impulse to laugh aloud as this man went on. The face of Frenac kept coming back to him—and his dissertations on the incredible folly of the men who allowed themselves to be duped into understandings and contracts with anarchists and possibilists. It struck him as infinitely amusing all at once, this man's sudden discovery of what was happening.

"But there's one thing—when it comes to a showdown," said the operator, now going on. "There's one contract they won't break. There's just one security I feel in this situation. When they come right down to it they won't dare break their agreements with the United States—no matter what they say to their own people. They won't buck the Government. They won't strike until the end of the war."

"When is the end of the war?" asked Spinner, speaking finally again. "Isn't the war over now practically?"

"Not by the rulings of the United States. And you can't go back on that. And I don't believe myself they'd dare to—that headquarters' bunch. Break that contract!"

"Why not?" asked Spinner laconically. "Who'll make them keep it?"

The other man looked at him. "The United States Government naturally."

"How?" inquired Spinner. "They can't make them work by law—can they? They can't force them! That would be human slavery."

"All right," said Brown, recognizing and passing by that perennial issue of property and personal rights involved in the labor question. "Say they can't, their leaders wouldn't dare take the chance just the same. They wouldn't dare start anything against the Government in the first place!"

"How could they help themselves today," asked Spinner, "even if they wanted to prevent a strike?"

"Do you mean to say ——" inquired Brown.

"You know as well as I do," said Spinner impatiently, "what would happen—what has happened already, all over the country. The men when they're ready to strike go and strike—leaders or no leaders! They can't hold them. That's their great cry now, and it's true. They say they can't, and they can't."

Brown stared ahead, redder than ever.

"You know what that would mean to me?" he said; and then did not specify exactly, stopping to contemplate. "That would be a sweet thing," he went on, "for me to get out of this business—with the rest of the district nonunion, all at work!"

Spinner was silent.

"What is this? What's coming in this thing?" the other man inquired in angry wonder. "Is the whole country going to pieces under our hands?"

Spinner said nothing.

"Do you know what it would be if this thing happened—for the country at large?" exclaimed the young operator suddenly. "Do you know what you've got when you come to a place where there are no contracts that you can rely on? When you see the whole bottom dropping out of any reliance upon labor? On any labor contract whatever?"

Spinner waited for him.

"You've got anarchy!" exclaimed Brown ominously. His face was almost lavender. His small eyes gleamed out from between his full cheeks.

It was almost too much—this man and his discoveries! Spinner laughed aloud, going away, recalling the thing: The man's face, his color, his voice—the whole expression of surprise and anger as he gave them out: as he saw one by one the elements in the situation, and paraphrased in his bourgeois language Frenac's familiar arguments and philosophies concerning the breakdown of society without binding economic contracts.

Spinner laughed aloud, a markedly unusual thing for him to do. But it was a wonderful thing to see—to realize. A year ago it would have been incredible! They were afraid of him and his kind, and his movements. They were waking up at last, one after another. And they were afraid! This man, as well as the labor official; the capitalists and the labor fakers everywhere were terrified at what they saw—at this strange new sudden power which had risen like a ghost out of the gutter and threatened their whole future—the future of their whole country.

XIX

IT WAS perhaps a month after this that Spinner had his final letter from Sonia in Chicago. She had been restless, dissatisfied, more and more insistent that she come and enjoy with him the fruits of her plan and his in the work in the coal field. Spinner, amused rather than irritated—now that he was out of daily personal contact with her—at her ambitions to display her ability more publicly, had held her back from week to week. But now apparently the time had really come when there was no further excuse for doing so.

Her chief angel, Mrs. Brown-Tucker, had grown less and less protecting toward her as the weeks went on and the developments in the coal-mine situation became more apparent. Mrs. Brown-Tucker's excursion into the patronage and manipulation of economic and political forces more usually in man's exclusive field had failed too sharply to be lightly borne; and her chagrin, with less immediate necessity for concealment than her brother, showed itself with less and less reserve until finally in an open burst of disappointed anger she severed relations with Sonia definitely.

"A nice thing you two have done to my brother! A nice sense of gratitude you have shown to me!" she said, for the moment almost losing her poise in her swelling disappointment. "Hereafter our paths would perhaps better be apart," she added, quickly regaining it.

Now, Sonia urged in her letter, she must certainly come and be with Spinner in his work. And now Spinner was inclined to have her. The loneliness of the homeless man was again upon him; it would be a satisfaction to have a woman with him once more. And now, perhaps, having the chance she wanted to work beside him in the active field—as he could arrange for her to do—she would be more satisfied and less clamorous. He thought with amusement of her enthusiasm. Would she bring her gallery of labor martyrs with her? Her Charlotte Corday; her Joe Hill; her Rosa Luxemburg—who, now having achieved full martyrdom, was more than ever the main object of the girl's open worship.

She came finally—and her gallery with her. The two established themselves in rented rooms above a little retail store in a block in the center of the village—where they could do light housekeeping and take their meals outside, leaving both of them free for their labor activities.

There was no delay about the girl's finding her work. She had planned and indicated what it would be long before. And Spinner in his present position of influence could now give her a sort of quasi recognition by the miners' union. She started at once to get in touch with the foreigners and their families whose language she could speak. This was not especially productive of any immediate results, but Spinner approved of it. It got them both in personal touch with a large part of the mine workers in the district, and it gave Spinner at the same time the chance to study at close range a vastly important factor in the mechanism of the radical movement which was going forward now so rapidly within the United States and the Federation of Labor.

The more he came to know of these new peoples—especially the Eastern and Southeastern Europeans—the more he wondered at the almost perfect instrument they furnished for the mass manipulation of a radical propagandist of any akill whatever. They were in the first place suspicious, with the centuries-old suspicion of an exploited class, the serf class of feudalism; and very little had happened to them since their arrival in this country to mollify the sharpness of that most predominant of all their impulses to action.

Suspicion was deep down in their blood, tingeing every action and state of mind.

Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery
The incomparable beauty of the Silk produced by Japanese craftsmen explains its selection for Everwear Hosiery. An equally high standard is maintained in the making of Everwear Lisle Hosiery. Made for each member of the family.
Made in Milwaukee by the
Everwear Hosiery Co

Keeping a muffler clean is next to impossible unless you close it when blowing out the motor

With the G-Piel, you can tell whether your muffler is clogged without leaving the driver's seat

How a Caking, clogging Muffler saps your motor's power

An unsuspected cause of motor trouble and gasoline waste—How to detect it quickly and easily

RECENTLY a $5,500 car "went bad" so mysteriously that the engine was shipped to the factory for overhauling, after having first been overhauled unsuccessfully in New York.

Factory engineers investigated. They suggested a complete tearing down of the muffler. A full gallon measure of carbon deposit was taken out, and to the surprise of all, the car again ran like new. *The two overhaulings had been an unnecessary waste of money* as the cause of the trouble was not in the motor — it was a clogged *muffler*.

To know just which is at fault and to detect the trouble before it becomes serious—is the 1920 use that thousands of motorists are making of the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out.

The G-Piel Cut-Out will tell you instantly whether your car's lack of pep is due to motor or muffler, as you can cut the muffler out at will. It will permit you to adjust your carburetor to the powerful quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture so that hills will not bother you.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol or patented carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

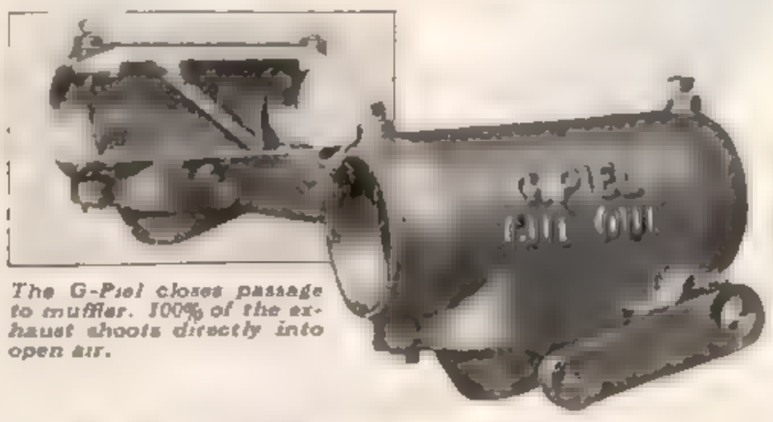
The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys hearing the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder, valves opening wide and seating tight, just the right mixture from carburetor, exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out.

Select the right size Cut-Out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO.
280 Madison Ave. New York
G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel closes passage to muffler. 100% of the exhaust shoots directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

Unfathered rumors spread with lightning rapidity among them. The bank was going to fail! The Government was going to take their earnings! The mines were going to close forever! The foreigners were to be all let go in favor of returning American soldiers! They must all go home—leave the country!

No one knew what fresh alarm was ever in their minds. A word, an unexplained gesture by their employer—and they were stampeded mentally like a herd of wild cattle down a strange valley. They were the easiest human mass to manipulate by the gospel of class hate in the world; a lifting of the eyebrow and they were off—suspecting crimes and dangers more intolerable than the most fertile mind of the agitator could imagine.

And as there was nothing on earth they could not be made to suspect, so on the other hand there was nothing they would not believe if fed to them from the right sources—by those they trusted. They would follow a trusted leader anywhere with the blind loyalty of the middle African or an American Indian on a trail. They were sentimental, too, in a strange way. They were domineering and callous and often brutal to their women and children according to American standards; but sickness and death in the family moved them to an abandon of fear and sorrow which to the native American would be incredible. They were a different being from the American as a matter of fact—a different social creature. They were the heads of a primitive family—the stuff that tribes are made of, not industrial civilization; with all the merits and defects of an older simpler social time. A hang-over from feudalism, a thing as extinct as the dinosaur in modern life—thrown in now as another factor in this helter-skelter industrial development of ours.

Spinner smiled when he thought of them. It was on this foundation—these immigrants from another century who furnish at the present time the great bulk of the manual labor of the country—that the new radical strategists still-hunting the control of the Federation of Labor were basing their movement. The old idea of the Federation of Labor had been to organize from the top down—the skilled workmen, the craftsmen, into what Foster, the steel organization leader, had called in his book by the radical term, "a job trust." The radicals, the new organizers, organized from the bottom up in their ambitious and far-reaching campaign.

The American labor movement, half consciously, half for practical convenience, had followed out the general line of organization of the Federal Republic of the United States—that most loosely woven organization of democracy, so far never put into successful operation by any other people. In the United Mine Workers, for instance, the local union corresponded to, let us say, the Middle Western county; the district union to the state; the International to the Federal Government. In the Federation of Labor proper the analogy was still more obvious. The federation by its choice of name indicated that it held the place of the United States; the Internationals were the states.

Into this type of labor organization the radicals hoped to project the great new body of manual laborers organized during and after the war, and, joining them with the other unskilled labor already in the federation, to control this through its Internationals by means of this new vote—by this solid body of foreign peasants, each with one vote to cast—literally the first vote he had ever handled; a great share of them not only without knowledge of English, not only unqualified legally to vote in the country but less acquainted with the genius and practice of free government than the English peasant of the fifteenth century. The thinking of these men must be done by someone. It would be done, of course, as it was now, by their leaders.

What an instrument, thought Spinner, watching the thing—what an opportunity had been left lying about loose to be taken up in a radical campaign by those incredibly blind and self-centered enemies of his—the American capitalist and bourgeois in their haphazard civilization. Grasping this, once breaking through the barrier of skilled manipulation of the political machinery, by which the present administration controlled the American Federation of Labor—and what a field the radical found for occupation. He would hold the federation by the vote of the unskilled workers; the federation would hold the control of basic industries by the direct action of the general strike—a universal veto, a power of complete control of the United States, perhaps of the world. A progressive pyramiding of minority rule—all based upon this one foundation, the unskilled manual laborer; these little Italys and little Hungarys and Hunkvilles which were planted everywhere through manufacturing America—in America but not of it, by three long centuries.

And when the reds once obtained control of the Federation of Labor and held themselves the power of manipulation of that loosely guarded election machinery of unionism in their own hands, who would ever pry it away from them? It was a wonderful prospect, an opportunity which would bring the gleam of ambition into the eyes of any man with any spark of imagination. What an organization of the new economic time might easily come of this! A council of the workers, a king of anarchy, a Napoleon of direct action! Nothing seemed impossible, he thought sometimes, to a man sufficiently bold and skillful to manipulate this incredible new power which had been thrown out in the way of the radical to stumble over and pick up.

But in the meanwhile Spinner had less and less time for speculation. There was the everyday work of preparation and propaganda to be carried on in the practical development of the local and general situation in relation to the rapidly approaching coal strike.

They fed the miners—especially the foreign miners, at this stage of affairs—with soviet stuff, the idea that the United States Government would be strongly sympathetic with their position as against that of the operators; that the President and Congress had shown this repeatedly through and since the war; and that nationalization of mines and government establishment of the five-day week and six-hour day and the larger pay were now close upon the verge of the horizon for all workmen, in the breaking of a new social day.

The millennium was arriving, of course, or about to arrive, for these people's relatives in Eastern and Southern Europe—a general movement of society to appropriate private property and turn it over to the manual worker. There was nothing inherently impossible to the foreign workman in this idea; it was in fact about the only act of a democratic government which had ever really arrested his attention. Hence there was small reason for his doubting its arrival here—especially after the universal protestation of love and gratitude of the American politicians toward the manual laborer during the war.

Spinner himself could not believe, of course, that there would be a nationalization of coal mines. But what difference? It was obviously the next thing to do to tell these people it would come. It was one of the excellences of the possibilists' position. For the present it kept their following in line; in the future it would only add to the suspicion and anger of the manual laborers when the bourgeois government made its final and inevitable refusal of a great share of their demands—and their present leaders had shown their inability to secure them. Spinner's position in the matter could not be bettered. Any way the situation turned the possibilists had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Meanwhile the routine of his own work did not always develop so fortunately. Sonia after the first flush of interest would have liked more activity. There was no limit, he knew well, to her desire to lead a cause—publicly, in the sight of all men—like her beloved Rosa Luxemburg; to be conspicuously a leader in the new time when woman, like the workman, was to break her old bonds and stand beside man, his equal and counterpart—in all particulars and specifications another man.

Her ambition might be amusing theoretically, but in practice it made Spinner, for some especial reasons, at times somewhat apprehensive. She still made a specialty of the foreigners' families; of Hunkville, of Gooseville, as an especially ugly foreign-residence section was known locally. She felt herself the patron saint of all those districts where lean and anxious fowls pick out a scanty living from the grassless soil, where the children play barefooted among the bottles and tin cans; and the women go down the sordid streets with men's old shoes on their feet and men's old coats on their backs and gay-colored kerchiefs on

(Continued on Page 88)

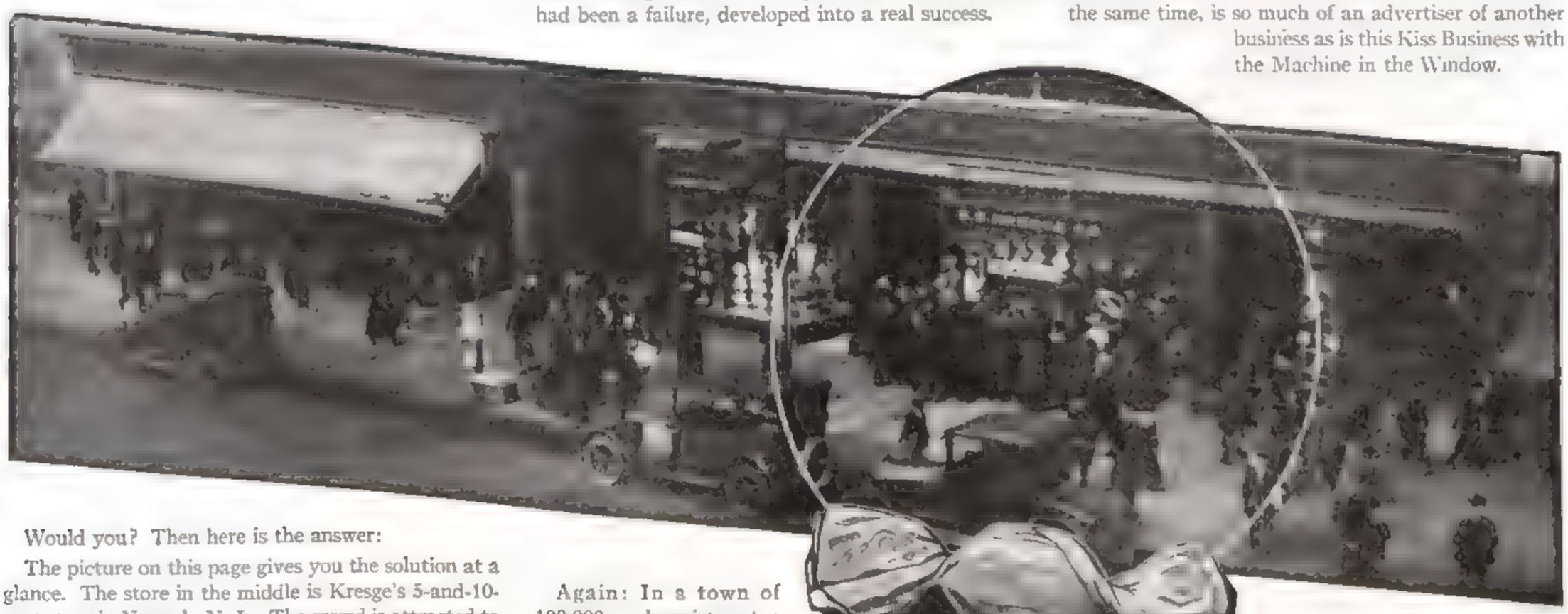
How a Retail Merchant can stop the passing crowds and get them into his store—Advertising that costs nothing and pays a handsome profit

ENOUGH people pass your store every day to make you prosperous. They have a lot of money to spend and there are a great many of them; *but they pass by!*

If you could only pull them into your store!

That is your problem—to get the passing crowds into your store. Window displays and special sales help do this; but your neighbors are doing those very same things. You must do something *different and better.*

Would you like to know about something that will solve this problem for you?—and will also add a new money-maker to your business with a steady, handsome and increasing profit?



Would you? Then here is the answer:

The picture on this page gives you the solution at a glance. The store in the middle is Kresge's 5-and-10-cent store in Newark, N. J. The crowd is attracted to the middle window. People are going inside to buy what they see in the window. Will they buy other things? That's up to Kresge.

Now look at Kresge's other windows—nobody there. Look at the windows of the store next door—nobody there.

What is it that pulls the crowds to Kresge's middle window and into his store?

It is a Candy Kiss Wrapping Machine—a machine that cuts and wraps 140 kisses a minute, almost too fast for the eye to count. It stops the passing crowds every time—everybody likes to see a machine in motion; they are fascinated by this wonderful invention that sends the kisses flying out into the air like butterflies.

Yes, it stops your crowds. Tempts them with the clean wrapped kisses. They come in and they buy.

You've solved your problem. You've got the crowds into your store. Next day it will be another crowd; the day after, still another; until your store is well-known all over town.

You'll sell people kisses at a good profit, and you'll sell them other things as well. They will come back for more—kisses and other things—over and over again. Your whole business will be bigger, better and more profitable.

This is not something new—these statements are based on experience. For eight years we have been making these kiss machines for individuals and companies all over the country. During that time we have seen people, already in the retail business, put the kiss machine in their windows, pull in the crowds, speed up their lagging business, and change it from a money-loser to a money-maker. We have also seen people start new in the business, make money—every one of them—and grow, and order more machines, over and over again, while others, seeing their success, have come to us for machines from all parts of the country and even remote parts of the world.

For instance: A rather large concern in an Eastern city had been losing money for three consecutive years. They put a kiss machine in the window; made a handsome profit on the kiss business; and sold so much of their other goods that their previous business, which had been a failure, developed into a real success.

Again: In a town of 100,000 a druggist put a kiss machine in his window, and immediately turned a slow business into a live one. His profits are several times what they used to be.

In another city a man, who had never been in business for himself before, started in the kiss business and made $3,000 the first year, and over $10,000 the second.

In still another city a man, who had never been in business for himself, started with kisses alone and made 1,000 sales on his third day. Think what it would mean to your business if you had 1,000 more people a day come into your store.

This is being done all over the country—wherever there are passing crowds. In Chicago, Neil Mackenzie started with one machine and now has two stores. In New York, Nedick started with one machine and now has three. In Kansas City, D. M. Tree started with one machine and now has three. In Atlantic City, six companies each have anywhere from one to eight machines. And so it goes.

Not only in the United States, but in Canada, England, Australia, Japan—a Norway concern had no sooner put its first machine into operation than it cabled for two more.

Building wrapping machinery, as we do, for most of the important national concerns such as American Tobacco Company, Liggett & Myers, Armour, Procter & Gamble, Peters' Chocolate, American Chicle Company, Beechnut, Quaker Oats, Gillette Razors, Walter Baker Company—for almost all the great tobacco, chewing gum, chocolate, soap and cereal companies—we naturally come into close contact with the most active and worth-while business methods of the day.

And yet we know of no other business which, with the investment of small capital, so completely satisfies the analysis of a successful business—offers such great possibilities of growth and profit—as the Kiss Business with the Machine in the Window. We know of no other business which has always, in a short time, done so well for those engaged in it. And we know of no other business which is so successful in itself and, at the same time, is so much of an advertiser of another business as is this Kiss Business with the Machine in the Window.

Now do you want to pull the crowds into your store and, at the same time, add another profit-maker to your business? Then send for our book.

Or are you thinking of starting in business for yourself—a good business that requires only small capital, has a good profit, easy selling?

Whichever kind of man you are, send for our book, "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business" which tells about the "Opportunity" and how to take full advantage of it.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD MASS

NEW YORK OFFICE	CHICAGO OFFICE	LONDON
50 Church Street	111 W Washington Street	W H Beers & Son

Coupon Cut out, fill out and mail. 1-6-20

Package Machinery Company
Model K Dept Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business

My present business is _____

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 86)

their round heads. Yet there was nowhere she would not go, and nothing that she would not say when it occurred to her.

And now more and more often the gunman Hecker was going with her—as an escort, and with the hope, Spinner thought, of finding some new stimulus to his now jaded interest. A bored and idle gunman is a dangerous thing—as dangerous now as when this man's predecessors were periodically driven out of the German woods toward Rome upon their raids, half by the power of sheer ennui and the necessity for new physical activity and sensation.

Hecker was a distinguished local figure now since his episode with Big Joe. He knew it, enjoyed it, and had made several somewhat threatening and high-handed gestures since then. He was now a man of whom the local authorities were in much fear—especially at the rare times when from sheer boredom he started drinking—and Spinner was always hastily called upon to come and manage him.

But now he was following Sonia round in her self-appointed daily tasks—a curiosity over a creature more or less strange to him driving him apparently, coupled perhaps with an interest in the girl herself as a not unattractive woman.

They interacted upon each other's minds, Spinner sometimes thought, in a rather dangerous way. If there was nowhere Sonia would not go and nothing she would not say when unaccompanied, this tendency of hers was certainly not lessened when she knew she had the protection of the gunman behind her. And the gunman was not without the male's usual tendency toward display of courage in the presence of the woman.

Spinner wondered even then just where this tendency might lead them when the impending coal strike once arrived.

■■

EVENTS drew on with great swiftness now in the campaign of radicalism in the United States. In the steel industry there had been no intention on the part of the radicals to start their fight as yet—not until they were further along with their organization. The steel magnates forced their hand. Active furtherers of the union were dropped with more than suggestive promptness from the pay roll. The mill owners knew them all; their spies and detectives were, of course, all through their works.

Driven by this continual menace to the individual member, by the headstrong desire, familiar to all labor men, of the newly formed union to try its new power and strike, the radical organizers of the steel industry had no alternative. They had been outmaneuvered in fact by the capitalists, and forced to strike when they were not yet prepared to. And so the general strikes in basic industries in the United States were on—sooner than Spinner had anticipated.

In the much more basic industry, coal mining, there had been little doubt in Spinner's mind of what would come, especially since the Cleveland convention of the miners in September. In this there was no question of management by radicals; all the labor politicians drove forward together, vying with one another in the development of radical demands—which they all knew there was no possibility of securing.

Spinner himself, in October, was several times called in, questioned and given warning by the operator Brown—a warning which, of course, had been given to Spinner's superiors in the International. He would wait, Brown said, and see what happened on November first—the day set for the great strike. He was—by his own act, of course, through his own political ambition, which he had now apparently almost forgotten—in a most unpleasant situation. Out with his former associates, the operators of the nonunion mines; threatened with suspension of his operations when they would almost certainly be working their mines to their great profit, he saw Spinner now with little enthusiasm, naturally. Yet he held to his agreement with the union—whether by a certain pig-headed devotedness to his principles or by necessity, Spinner was not sure. Probably to some extent because of both.

"But when you once go out," he told Spinner, "and you break that general contract, it's all over between me and the union. I'll have nothing to lose then. That morning of November first my mines go nonunion again—for good!"

He ended up usually with his arraignment of the lack of good faith of labor unions and their contracts—calling them every possible name as he progressed, from quitters far out and beyond the epithet of yellow dogs.

On November first he kept his word, with the rest of the operators.

"Strike and be damned," he said to Spinner. "I'm through—with all unions!"

His full-blooded face was permanently lavender now, with anger—an anger made doubly strong by the humiliation and chagrin over the personal mistake which had landed him where he was. He would be, as Spinner saw when leaving him, a particularly ugly and obstinate enemy.

He had made some sort of peace with his former allies, the nonunion mine operators, now that he was going back to nonunion operation. And he secured promptly, looking for the customary disturbances of a strike in this district, a force of mine guards—private detectives to protect his property and the workmen who appeared to operate them. Some few old employees came back to him, a very few new men appeared, perhaps through some tacit understanding with the other operators. The not unfamiliar situation of a strike had risen again in this valley—with its old background of hate and possible violence.

It was not long before the projection of Sonia into the situation which Spinner had anticipated began. Women are not unfamiliar as agitators in the miners' union. They are, of course, Spinner always claimed, the first agitators, the natural trouble makers; employed by Nature for that exact purpose, he believed, for the advancement of the race. "Nature's firebrands—always the first to spread the fire of revolution." They were creatures, he held, touched to quick action by their sensitiveness to emotion, and once in action irresponsible of all consequences, driven by an age-long biological function to the part they so generally take in throwing strikes into a stage of violence.

Sonia was certainly not behind his expectations or theories. To the natural excitableness of sex and race were added an innate desire for publicity; an ambition now to make a name for herself as an agitator; to find a permanent place perhaps in the ranks of this great union in which women agitators have been especially conspicuous. And always now Sonia could rely upon the protection of the gunman Hecker, which she availed herself of freely as Spinner was willing that she should.

The other side—the guards of the mine operator Brown—was not without bad men of its own, of somewhat less experience than Hecker. They were the not unfamiliar type of employees of detective agencies for strike duty—adventurous youth or men who would rather fight than work.

They were languidly amused at first by Sonia's enthusiasm and activity—at worst doing no more than call low asides to her in a pinched throaty voice as she passed along the streets. Her remarks to them were in quite different tone.

Courthouse bums, scab suckers, labor lice and other terms less marked by reticence than forcefulness were among those applied by Sonia to her enemies as they antagonized her in different ways. For her background and surroundings when she had been young had not been marked, of course, by any peculiar nicety of manners—no matter what she had acquired since; and in this surrounding and this work Spinner saw they not unnaturally returned to her.

They made him wince at times, and at times he cautioned her—but to little avail. Her emotionalism plus her desire to shine publicly drew her inevitably to loudness and recrimination when she was once upon the street—either haranguing her foreign friends among the strikers or confronted by her enemies. And both her manner and her personality grew to be somewhat wearing, Spinner could see, upon the nerves of the mine guards and constables as from day to day she encountered them upon the streets in company with Hecker; Hecker, always smiling, taking everything—life and death impartially—as a kind of grotesque and ferocious joke, a matter of indifferent concern which found its best answer and philosophy in a grin.

The safety in the situation, of course, was exactly typified in this man's sophisticated grin—lying in the experience and the instructions given both Hecker and the paid mine guards. It was their job to avoid physical violence; they were hired to keep their temper. And most of them would probably do so. And so far as Sonia went the approaching final catastrophe—whatever has been intimated about it—was certainly not chargeable to Spinner. He would have avoided it for her at least, that is certain.

However, the movements of mass psychology cannot, of course, be foreseen in detail by any man. It is the business of the agitator in the last analysis to provoke a catastrophe of some kind; society moves forward according to his philosophy by a series of explosions; and just what will occur to the individual actor—even to himself—in these he can only conjecture when he plans to light his fuse.

The explosion in this particular field was now, Spinner began to think, not far off. The solidly nonunion mining fields were not very distant; there was already vague but angry talk among the idle union miners in the Brown field, among the Italian anarchists in the blind valley toward the east, among the radical Slav miners—that a march should be started against the nonunion miners; that the whole great body of idle union men should go and drag the workmen out of all the nonunion mines, making an example first of the Brown properties, where a few workmen still made a rather weak pretense of producing coal.

The women, who at times take part in these strange processions of miners, were quite clamorous that the marching should begin, being instigated, at least to some extent, by Sonia, whose vehemence also affected the foreign men to a considerable degree. Spinner looked daily for some mass demonstration of this kind. This marching of the miners was a tradition of the district, an institution, a call in the blood. Sooner or later it would probably come; and with it no doubt—trouble!

The occasion arrived quite naturally—at the time of the injunction of the Federal courts against the coal strike. Immediately following this Spinner had a message from the operator Brown to visit him at his office.

"I've told the rest, the regular officials," he said. "I want to tell you now—what I've got to say! Because I know you've got the real say-so in the district now."

Spinner smiled and shook his head in formal denial.

"They aren't coming back into the mines, are they," asked Brown, disregarding this, "anywhere, just because the United States Government wants them to?"

"Not here," said Spinner, "anyhow. With your stand!"

"Or anywhere else," insisted the other, his bright black eyes upon him.

"I shouldn't say so."

"No, nor anybody else," said the operator ill-naturedly. "They might get the reputation of keeping a contract!"

Spinner waited for the man to go on. He did finally.

"Not that that makes any difference to me," he said, "except to make me more determined never to deal with a union again! I'll take the mules out of every mine I own first," he said, using the old colloquialism for the abandonment of a mine.

His beady eyes glittered with determination and hatred. "But that isn't what I called you here for," he said. "I sent for you because I wanted to serve notice on you—as I have on the rest. These strikers are most of them—the foreigners anyway—living in my company's houses. The time has come when they'll either fish or cut bait. You tell them so. Either they work for us or they'll leave our houses. We built them for workmen—not anarchists. We're going to use them for ourselves—and our workmen. And I'll give these men of yours just two weeks' notice to do one thing or the other—work for us or get out. Two weeks from to-day. That's all!" he said, now rising.

"You'll set them marching," said Spinner, warning him in his turn.

"Let them march," said the operator. "We're ready for them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Remember—when you were a kid—how good mother's apple butter tasted?

Remember, after a hard hour's play—when you were so hungry that you just couldn't wait until meal time—how mother used to cut off a generous slice of bread and cover it thick with apple butter?

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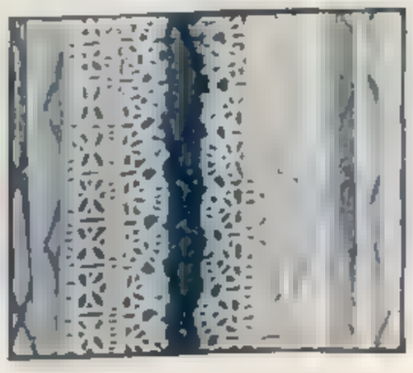

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

whom the most unpopular was Peter Dournovo, the new Minister of the Interior, a man of iron will and undaunted courage, whatever his political opinions may have been. Within a few months he succeeded in putting down with the strong arm revolutionary outbreaks and agrarian outrages all over the country, which had brought about a state of affairs bordering on anarchy. To the steadfast resolution and unflinching energy of this most unjustly maligned statesman the country unquestionably owed her salvation and escape from the threatened catastrophe that was to overtake her eight years later.

Much has been made of grossly and palpably exaggerated cruelties said to have been committed in the repression by force of arms of revolutionary outbreaks and of excessive punishments inflicted by the courts or the administration on revolutionary suspects. These stories were industriously spread far and wide for obvious propaganda purposes by our revolutionists and their sympathizers and well-meaning but credulous friends of Russian liberty in foreign countries at a time when the world had not yet become awake to the danger lurking in revolutionary socialism beneath a mask of generous engrossment with the insoluble problem of organizing the felicity of mankind. Outside critics of the late imperial government—whatever its sins, its gross defects and its disastrous shortcomings, which I would certainly be the last to wish to palliate—are too apt to forget that to defend itself against revolution is the prime duty of every government worthy of the name, as guardian of law and order, a duty not only to itself but no less to its country. The world has now had an opportunity to see into what an abyss of ruin and desolation the failure of a government to defend itself has plunged a once great and prosperous nation.

By the beginning of March the situation had improved sufficiently to render it possible to take the next step in the introduction of the constitutional reform. On the fifth of that month a manifesto was published announcing that the two bodies composing the Parliament—the Council of the Empire and the Duma—would be convoked and prorogued annually by imperial ukase; that the Council of the Empire would consist of an equal number of elected members and of members nominated by the government; that both bodies would have equal legislative powers and that only measures passed by both bodies might be submitted for the emperor's decision. The manifesto further provided that during suspensions of the sittings of the Duma, should extraordinary circumstances arise calling for legislative action, the Council of Ministers might submit for the emperor's decision measures called for in order to meet such extraordinary circumstances, such measures ceasing to be in force if within two months after the resumption of the sittings of the Duma no bill embodying the provisions therein contained were introduced, or if such bill were rejected by the Duma or by the Council of the Empire.

By subsequent ukases issued prior to the meeting of the first Duma certain limitations of the competency of the legislative bodies were established and made part of the fundamental laws. They concerned mostly financial matters. The two houses could not deal with estimates founded on existing laws, ordinances or imperial commands, or with credits for war or the imperial household. Ordinary military and naval expenditures were to be discussed if the ministries could not cover them from resources in hand. If the houses did not pass the budget the government could substitute the budget of the preceding year. Details of loans and currency were reserved to the Minister of Finance; army, navy and foreign affairs were declared prerogatives of the emperor.

From the above it will be seen that these new fundamental laws, though falling short of the established principles and usages of the unwritten British constitution as gradually worked out by centuries of peaceful evolution, contained nevertheless the basic principles of representative government. In spite of the exemption from the competency of the legislative bodies of questions concerning the estimates of certain branches of the government, mainly those in charge of national defense, what was really stipulated was their fixation at a level below which their cutting down by Parliament was excluded, leaving, however, any eventual increase of such estimates dependent on the consent of the representatives of the people no less than the establishment of any new taxes—in a word, establishing the principle of no taxation without representation. Likewise the legislative power granted to Parliament was complete, inasmuch as no new law could be made operative without the consent of both houses of the legislature, the question of amendments to the constitution or fundamental laws being alone excluded from their competency.

To any unprejudiced mind it must be plain that these restrictions of the legislative power of our new Parliament were fully justified, the political development of the nation rendering such safeguards not only desirable but necessary, for it could hardly be questioned that the Russian people of our days are as little ripe for a strictly parliamentary government such as that of Great Britain as the English people would have been ripe for it, say, in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Moreover, the necessity of these limitations and the wisdom of their introduction were amply demonstrated by the openly revolutionary attitude at once adopted by the first Duma and followed up by the second, which necessitated their speedy dissolution

* As author of the October manifesto, or in other words as the actual originator of the constitutional reform, Count Witte was the object of attacks from all sides. In the eyes of the liberal party, besides being belated—which was not his fault—the reform did not go far enough; and by the conservative party it was deemed premature in the scope it had assumed. To both the extreme parties the whole reform was an object of detestation and contempt. The socialistic revolutionary parties, whose real aim was not by any means the introduction of constitutional or parliamentary government, or even the conquest of Russian freedom, but the overthrow of the whole social structure in the interest of the realization of their socialistic Utopia, could not but be openly hostile to a reform which by promising to satisfy the ambitions of the bourgeois classes threatened to deprive them of the moral support of some of them, who in their eagerness for power and in their purblind political inexperience had not been loath to favor part of their revolutionary program, such as the expropriation of the lands of estate owners, their principal stock in trade for revolutionizing the deluded peasantry. The socialistic parties, as a matter of fact, boycotted the elections to the first Duma and replied to the October manifesto by a recrudescence of terroristic crimes. To the ultra-reactionary party, firm believers in the necessity for the good of the country of the strictest maintenance of the autocratic régime, the idea of a constitution was an abomination and the very word constitution a stench in their nostrils. They favored a political organization known as the Union of the Russian People, which by its excesses in its anti-revolutionary activity earned the surname of The Black Hundred and, rendering no real service to the cause of law and order, merely served to discredit its protectors.

With the question of the insufficiency of the scope of the constitutional reform—the chief grievance of the liberal parties—I have dealt already and hope to have made it clear that the constitution in the shape it was granted responded fully to the real needs of the country in the actual stage of her historical development. It would have—subject to gradual evolution—assured the peaceful progress of the nation on the path of liberty and prosperity in the future but for the advent of the World War. For Russia's having been involved in it, as well as for the subsequent revolution with its sequel of the downfall and ruin of the country, impartial history will assign to the liberal parties and their leaders their share of responsibility.

As for the unquestionably most deplorable belatedness of the constitutional reform I can only repeat what I have said before: That it is eternally to be lamented that its inception was cut short by the cowardly assassination of The Czar Liberator Alexander II, one of the foulest and in its far-reaching consequences most fatal crimes in the history of the world, the infamous work of these same socialistic revolutionary parties whose natural offspring is Bolshevism and whose representatives, after having done their share in bringing about the destruction of the state and the ruin of the nation, have now the incredible hardihood to pose abroad as loyal Russians and would-be saviors of our unhappy country.

That the conservative party, or at least some of its adherents, should have thought that the introduction of the constitutional reform in the shape in which it was effected was somewhat premature was perhaps but natural. They would probably have preferred to have the reform limited in the beginning to the creation of a Duma with merely consultative functions. But then, whether right or wrong, the attempt had been made, and had failed not only to allay the revolutionary agitation but also to satisfy the greater part of the educated classes.

Another question might be raised, namely, whether the moment of the promulgation of the manifesto was wisely chosen. I have heard the question answered in the negative by one of the foreign bankers who had come to St. Petersburg on Count Witte's invitation to arrange for the conclusion of the projected great loan needed for covering the financial losses of the war. He thought that the publication of the manifesto before the general strike had been liquidated, all revolutionary outbreaks had been suppressed and law and order restored everywhere in the country had been a grave mistake, because it had not only utterly failed of its intended effect of pacification but had enabled the revolutionists to claim that whatever promise of constitutional reform had been given in the manifesto had been extorted from the government under their compulsion and thereby had emboldened them to redouble their revolutionary activity.

I must confess that at first, judging *a priori* and from a distance of many thousand miles from the other side of the globe, I felt inclined to share the view of the situation taken by an evidently unbiased judge of events he had witnessed himself. His failure to have dealt more promptly and more energetically with the revolutionary situation had indeed been one of the main points of the accusation brought against Count Witte by his political adversaries and to some extent believed in by the public. I have been told by a person who claimed to have been present that on one occasion, at the time when trouble was at its height and civilized existence at St. Petersburg owing to the general strike had become almost impossible, Count Witte at a dinner party at one of the great houses, when attacked by the ladies present on the subject of his failure to have put a stop to the intolerable state of affairs in the capital, had said that, of course, it would have been easy enough to have done so with the strong arm in the very beginning, but that then everybody would have been down on a government of reactionaries, police tyrants, and so forth, and that perhaps it had not come amiss to have let society have a foretaste of what anarchy, even in its initial stages, really meant.

Witte's words—if correctly reported—would now have sounded like a warning addressed to limousine radicals and parlor Bolsheviks of our days. As an illustration of the attitude of a certain part of the bourgeois society of that time I have heard it said that when the well-known Professor Martens, with most laudable public spirit and civic courage, had organized quite a numerous crew of young society people to take care of the sorting of letters at the post office and their delivery in town, several of these volunteer postmen had been meeting in some houses with flat refusals to accept delivery of letters from strike breakers and minions of reactionary Czarism. I believe, however, that the real cause of Witte's failure to act with greater vigor from the very beginning was that the government did not really at the time command sufficient means to do so. Though the guards were faithful to their oath, this was not by any means the case in the navy, or even in parts of the army, whose return from Manchuria had only just begun, the immense expanse of the country being practically denuded of troops, and that part of the ever-loyal Cossack forces which was not in Manchuria was not numerous enough to supply the deficiency.

(Continued on Page 93)

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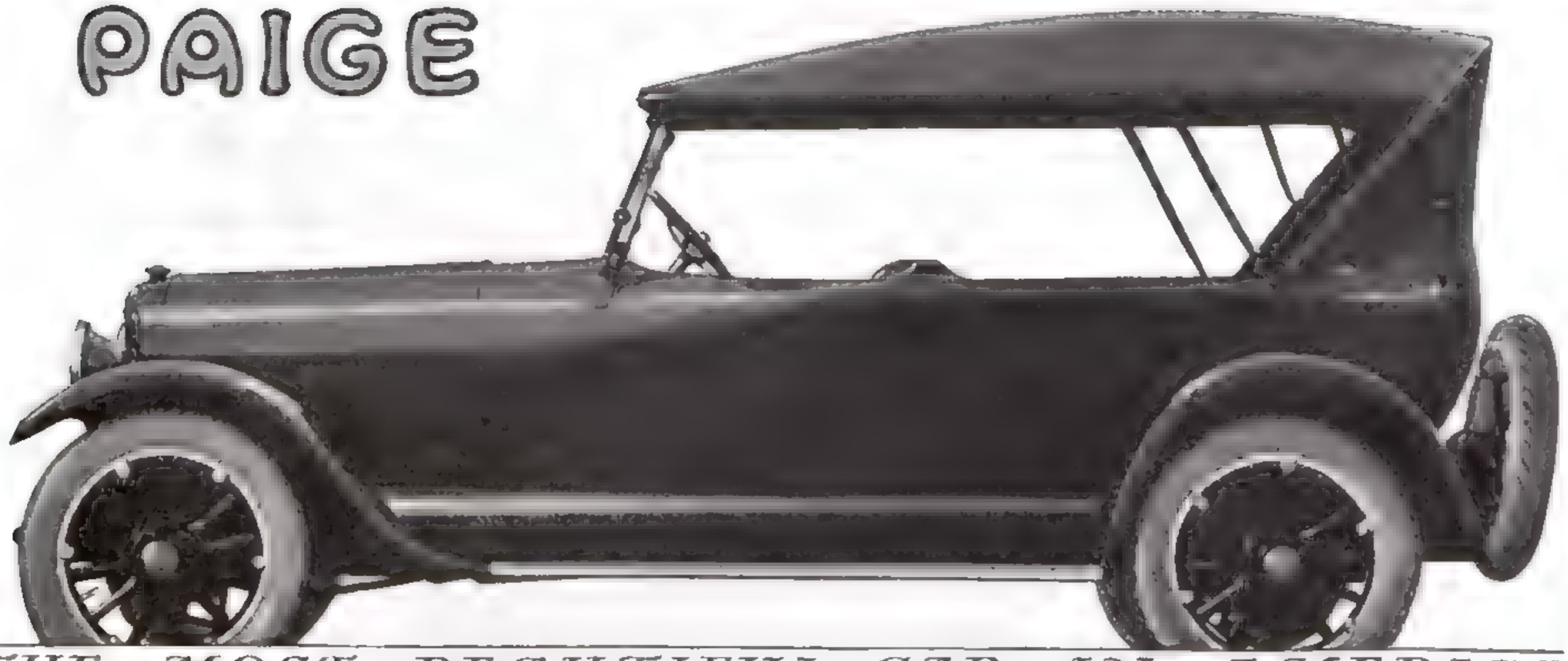

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(Continued from Page 91)

In fulfillment of the promise given in the October manifesto the electoral law, which had been devised in view of the previously intended creation of a merely consultative Duma, was amended by vastly extending the electoral franchise in such a way as to insure the election to the new Duma of the largest possible number of peasant deputies. Curiously enough great reliance seems to have been placed on this device by even such an astute and experienced statesman as Count Witte, in the hope of securing in the peasant element in the Duma, with its time-honored loyalty and devotion to the Czar, a sufficiently important counterpoise to the expected and dreaded majority of the liberal opposition parties.

These hopes, which were doomed to be very soon disappointed by the course of events, were based on a totally erroneous conception of the real mentality of the masses of the peasantry—a fresh illustration of the baneful influence of that separation by an apparently unbridgeable gulf of mutual noncomprehension of the numerically insignificant governing class from the bulk of the nation, which has been the curse of our country ever since the days of Peter the Great.

It seems not to have been realized at all that the one thing the peasantry hoped for and expected to obtain from the Duma was the expropriation of the lands of estate owners and the division of these lands between them—that is to say, an act of spoliation the government was determined not to undertake and could not possibly give its consent to. Possibly also the government had underrated the importance and the serious effect of the propaganda the revolutionary parties had been carrying on for years among the peasantry along these lines, as well as of the fact that the principle of forcible expropriation of the lands of medium and large landholders had latterly been indorsed by the strongest and best organized of the liberal parties under the leadership of Professor Miliukoff, a man personally of very estimable character, gifted with a strong will and rare energy, but as a politician afflicted with a strangely shortsighted and incurable doctrinairism allied to an extraordinary obstinacy. Be that as it may, the consequences of the government's mistaken policy did not fail to become apparent in the attitude of the peasant deputies in the first Duma and necessitated the amendment of the electoral law in a restrictive sense, which was enacted during the recess after the dissolution of the short-lived second Duma and was denounced by the opposition as a violation of the constitution.

Shortly before the meeting of the Duma the resignation of Count Witte took place, followed by the resignations of Count Lamsdorff, Mr. Peter Dournovo and other members of his cabinet. Mr. Goremykin, an old and politically colorless bureaucrat and courtier, was appointed Prime Minister, and at the head of the most important of all ministries, that of the Interior, was placed Mr. Peter Stolypin, former governor of Saratoff, where he had greatly distinguished himself in the repression of a revolutionary outbreak by his energy and firmness, as well as undaunted courage and wise moderation.

The final removal from the stage of active politics of Russia's greatest statesman was one of the direst misfortunes that could have befallen the dynasty no less than the nation. It meant the disappearance of the only force that would have been strong enough to have stayed the country on the down-grade course leading to perdition, on which an insane domestic and a recklessly mismanaged foreign policy were to launch the country in the end. Ever since the Japanese War, whose outbreak he had been powerless to prevent and which had definitely opened his eyes to the inherent weakness of Russia, however great her potential and apparent power, he had become firm as a rock in the conviction that for its steady progressive development the country needed above all peace and that its maintenance should be the chief aim of our foreign policy, overshadowing all others. Not that his views in matters of foreign policy had been always very clear or very sound, which is not to be wondered at considering that he had never had an occasion to go deep into the study of history and of the development of international relations, but his powerful intellect and unerring business acumen would always have pointed out to him the safe way out of any critical situation, and his strong and domineering will would have compelled its adoption if he had been in power at such a time.

In one respect he was certainly in error, and that was in his belief in the possibility of a Franco-Russo-German entente or alliance—by the way, one of the favorite ideas of the Emperor William. He evidently did not understand that the only consideration that could have caused republican France to seek an alliance with autocratic Russia was the expectation of a coming war with Germany and the hope of the reconquest of her lost provinces, and that consequently any political combination including an entente or alliance with Germany would have been quite unacceptable to any French Government, whatever its color in domestic politics. He may have thought that financial and business considerations might prove of sufficient importance to carry the day in favor of such a policy. If so, he failed to realize that with the French people this was a question, not of business or policy, but of psychology, a psychology not understood or misjudged by him, as it evidently was by the Emperor William as well.

I feel bound to refer here at some length to an affair in connection with which the late Emperor Nicholas has been most unjustly made the object of much obloquy and even accusations of treachery from both sides. I mean the conclusion between the emperors of Russia and of Germany in the summer of 1905, during the Japanese War, of a treaty signed by them at Björkö on board the Emperor Nicholas' yacht, the text of which is said to have been found by the revolutionary government in the archives of the Imperial Palace at Tsarskoe Selo and published by them in the autumn of 1917 along with the telegraphic correspondence exchanged between the two sovereigns before and after the event.

The published text of the treaty translated into English runs as follows:

"Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor of All the Russias on one side and the Emperor of Germany on the other, in order to assure the peace of Europe, have agreed on the following points of a treaty concerning a defensive alliance:

"ARTICLE I. If any European State attacks one of the two Empires the allied party binds itself to aid the other contracting party with all its land and sea forces.

"ARTICLE II. The high contracting parties bind themselves not to conclude a separate peace with any enemy whomsoever.

"ARTICLE III. The present treaty enters into force at the moment of the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan and must be denounced after a warning one year in advance.

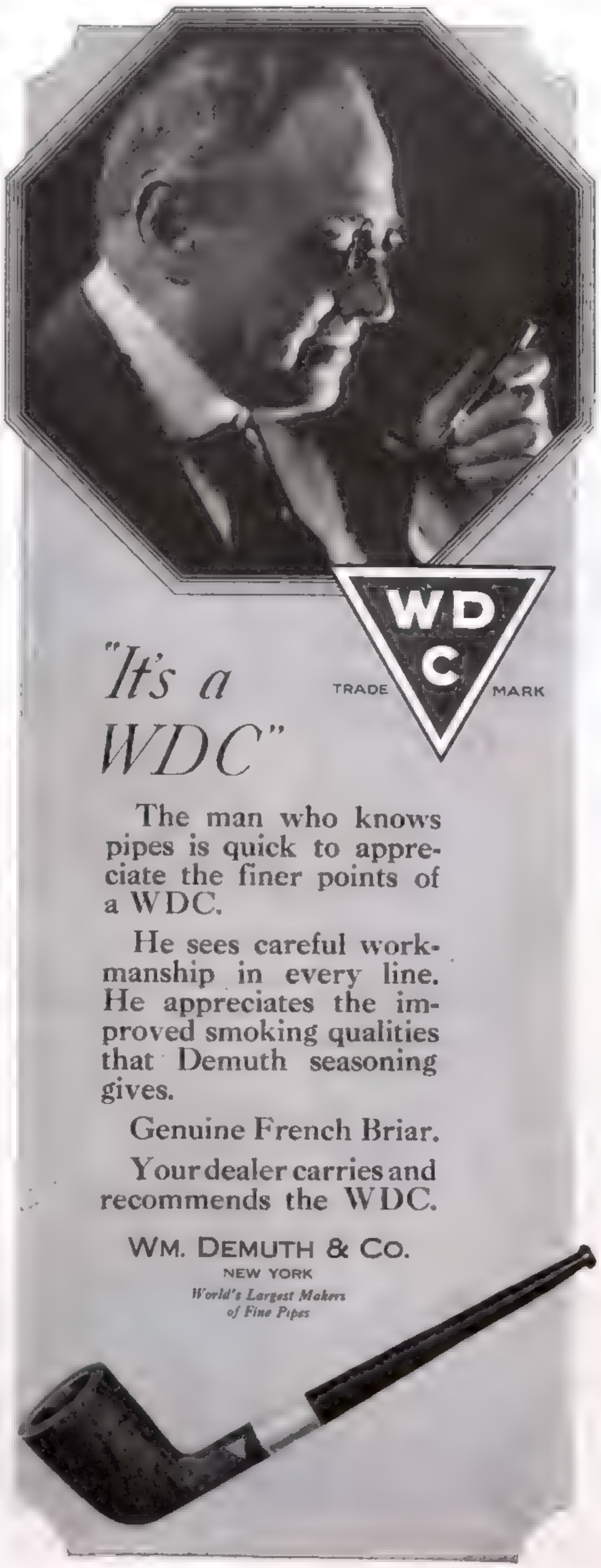
"ARTICLE IV. This treaty having entered into force, Russia will undertake the steps necessary to bring it to the knowledge of France and to propose to her to adhere to it as an ally.

"NICHOLAS.
"WILLIAM."

I cannot, of course, accept any responsibility for the accuracy of the above text which I had to translate from the French text published in an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, this French text being evidently a translation from the Russian text as published by the revolutionists, the latter in its turn being apparently a translation from the French original said to have been found in the imperial archives. I also have to apologize for the unavoidably faulty English of my literal translation of the French text.

The article I refer to here is due to the pen of Mr. Iswolsky, late ambassador in Paris and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was published in the Revue des Deux Mondes on the first of November, 1919.

In his comments on the treaty Mr. Iswolsky, most honorably and most loyally taking up the cudgels in defense of the memory of our late unfortunate sovereign, demonstrates from the very text of the treaty itself the utter groundlessness of any imputations of treachery to his ally, France, based on the fact of his having signed this treaty. He points out that though Article I of the treaty stipulates that if any European state whatever—*un Etat Européen quelconque*—attacks one of the two empires, the allied party—*la partie alliée*—engages to aid his cocontractant with all his land and sea forces, and though this article if taken alone might on account of its defective wording seem to admit the possibility of Russia finding herself, in case of an attack by France on Germany, by the side of the latter Power—such a construction of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the meaning of this article is absolutely excluded by the tenor of Article IV of the same treaty, by which Russia was bound to undertake the steps necessary to acquaint France with the treaty and to propose to her to adhere to it as an ally. Mr. Iswolsky very pertinently adds: "It is superfluous to demonstrate that it would be absurd to propose to France to adhere to a treaty directed against herself."

This incontrovertibly logical and closely reasoned explanation, coming from a statesman who a few months after the conclusion of the treaty became Minister of Foreign Affairs and whose authority could not be questioned for a moment, puts it beyond doubt that the Emperor Nicholas could not by any possibility have contemplated the conclusion of an alliance against France and that consequently there could not have been any question of his treachery.

Having made this point clear beyond cavil, Mr. Iswolsky continued: "It is evident that the animus of the treaty is directed against England. At the moment of its signature England was still an almost openly declared enemy of Russia; an armed Anglo-Russian conflict had just barely been avoided, thanks to the friendly intervention of France; but the hostile influence of England continued to make itself felt everywhere to the detriment of Russia. Was it not natural, even legitimate, on the part of the Emperor Nicholas to seek a guaranty against that Power in a Continental coalition?"

There was, however, another circumstance connected with the signing of this treaty which gave the Emperor Nicholas much concern. It will be necessary to refer to it at some length, because it serves as an apt illustration of the—to say the least—inconvenience of monarchs' undertaking to manage their secret-treaty business themselves, not to insist at this point on the unqualified condemnation which must be passed on the system of secret treaties of whatsoever kind, as well as on the system of entangling alliances that has brought on the catastrophe in which our civilization may be doomed to perish in the end—a momentous subject I shall endeavor to treat exhaustively later on.

It appears that from the very beginning of the negotiations between the two sovereigns the Emperor William had been insisting on the projected treaty being communicated to the French Government only after its having been signed, whereas the Emperor Nicholas had felt some scruples about signing such a document without having it previously brought to the knowledge of his ally. It appears further that the Emperor William, presumably in the hope of being able to bring his cousin round to his point of view, had sought a personal interview with him, which took place as mentioned above in the summer of 1905, the two sovereigns meeting on board of their yachts in the Roads of Björkö, a port on the coast of Finland.

During this visit of the Emperor William, which lasted a couple of days, the two sovereigns naturally had frequent occasions of exchanging their views and it seems that at last Emperor Nicholas let himself be persuaded to affix his signature to the treaty, which in the absence of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of both sides was countersigned on behalf of Germany by M. de Tschirschky, a functionary of the Berlin Foreign Office who happened to be in the suite of the German Emperor, and on behalf of Russia by Admiral Birileff, Minister of Marine, who was asked by the emperor to give his signature without having read the treaty. Some time afterward the emperor, evidently feeling that he had fallen into a trap, consulted on the subject his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, who expressed himself as horrified at what had been done and apprehensive of its consequences, and represented to His Majesty the necessity of immediately taking steps to annul the treaty. The emperor thereupon left him free to do everything needful in order to extricate him from his false position.

In the meantime the Treaty of Portsmouth had been concluded and Count Witte had arrived in St. Petersburg. Count Lamsdorff, who entertained the closest friendly relations with him, requested his coöperation in order to clear up the situation embroiled by the emperor's weakness.

This is the way matters were attempted to be arranged:

Three steps were taken simultaneously: A personal intimate letter from the Emperor Nicholas to the Emperor William, a letter from Count Witte likewise addressed to the Emperor William, and lastly an unofficial explanation given by the Russian ambassador in Berlin to the German Chancellor. The object of all this was to point out on one hand the defect of the Bjorkö Treaty, which had not been countersigned by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on the other hand the contradictions contained in the text of the treaty which would render necessary its revision. None of the steps taken produced a satisfactory effect.

But the moment was approaching when the exchange of the ratifications of the Portsmouth Treaty was to take place, which was also the moment when the Treaty of Björkö was to enter into force. Therefore Count Lamsdorff decided to resort to steps of a more energetic character. He wrote to Mr. Nelidoff, our ambassador in Paris, to inquire whether it would be possible to sound the French Government as to an eventual adhesion of France to the Treaty of Björkö. Mr. Nelidoff replied at once without even having consulted the French Government, that France, who had never resigned herself to the state of things created by the Treaty of Frankfort and who had but recently concluded an entente cordiale with England, would never consent to adhere to a similar alliance.

Then a new letter was addressed by the Emperor Nicholas to William II in order to explain to him once more the impossibility of putting the Treaty of Björkö in operation under existing circumstances. At the same time Count Osten-Sacken, our ambassador in Berlin, was instructed to declare in a formal manner that the adhesion of France being unobtainable at the moment and the obligations incurred in the Treaty of Björkö not being capable of being conciliated with those of the treaty of alliance between Russia and France, the former must remain inoperative until an entente on the subject would have been established between Russia, Germany and France. Count Osten-Sacken was to add that much time would be required in order to induce France to join Russia and Germany and that the Russian Government would do its best in an endeavor to reach such a result.

None of the replies received from Berlin contained a formal acknowledgment of the fact that the treaty had been annulled, as Mr. Iswolsky avers in the article over his signature in the Revue des Deux Mondes of November 1, 1919, from which I have borrowed all the details here related in preference to relying on my own recollections and information derived from other sources, which, however, in all points coincide with what has been given above.

The consequences of the singularly bungling and disingenuous manner in which this affair had been handled by Count Lamsdorff were: That it exposed the emperor with the French to the suspicion of having had underhand and treacherous dealings with their hereditary enemy, and with the Emperor William to the accusation of breach of faith with him by repudiating the treaty concluded between them and bearing his signature, an accusation which he did not fail to proclaim when on the day of the declaration of war, addressing the crowd from the balcony of his palace, he called the Emperor Nicholas a traitor and demonstratively waved in the face of the multitude the scrap of paper as material evidence of his imperial cousin's treachery.

There was obviously but one straightforward way out of the difficulty created by the emperor's inconsiderate act. It was this: The French Government should have been at once made acquainted with the Treaty of Björkö and at the same time invited to adhere to it as an ally as stipulated in Article IV of the treaty; and on receipt of the French refusal, which was undoubtedly to be expected, the treaty should have been immediately denounced in conformity with Article III, upon the ground that in the presence of the refusal of France the object of the treaty, which was to create a tripartite alliance, could not be attained.

By such a proceeding the treaty would have been automatically annulled at the end of the year and everything would have been done in a way entirely frank and aboveboard.

Besides, it must be observed not only that a proposal to become a member of a tripartite alliance with Germany and Russia could not possibly be considered as an act of treachery on the part of the Emperor Nicholas but also that the emperor could not reasonably have had any cause whatever to feel ashamed of having consented to approach France with such a proposal on behalf of the Emperor William and of himself. He had a perfect right—nay, it was his solemn duty, in the interest of his own country no less than of all Europe—to do all in his power to help remove, or to express myself more correctly, to help to dry up the real source of the ever-threatening danger to the peace of the world—the latent antagonism between France and Germany born of the settlement of the Franco-Prussian War by the Treaty of Frankfort and now to be perpetuated by the settlement of the World War as consummated at Versailles.

Russia's treaty of alliance with France could evidently not stand in the way of any such endeavor on the part of the Emperor Nicholas. That treaty, though it has never been published so far as I know, is generally understood to have established between the two Powers an alliance of a merely defensive character; that is to say, to have bound each contracting party to come to the other's assistance only in case of the other being attacked by Germany. Consequently a proposal, however unwelcome, aiming at the removal of the danger of such an attack could have been considered by the French Government as partaking of the nature of an unfriendly act solely in the case of that government having any reason to hold that Russia by the treaty of alliance had bound herself not only to come to France's assistance if attacked by Germany but also to give her unqualified support to the French Government's attitude of nonrecognition of the Treaty of Frankfort, or in other words, to France's ultimate aim of the reconquest of her lost provinces.

Whether Russia had by that treaty taken upon herself any such obligation and whether in return she had procured any engagement on the part of France to support our designs in the Near East I am, of course, unable to say, since having been sufficiently well known as a convinced opponent of any policies based on the ambitions of Panslavism—a kind of ism I have always held to be as dangerous to the true interests of Russia as Pan-Germanism has proved fatal to those of Germany—or on the dreams of the would-be conquerors of Constantinople or the Straits, or of both, I have never had the questionable honor of being initiated by the powers that were into the mysteries of their secret diplomacy.

Be that as it may, there is, however, another circumstance connected with the Treaty of Björkö, whose very wording denotes plainly the amateurish hand of its author, which deserves attention. In Article II of the treaty both sovereigns bind themselves "not to conclude a separate peace with any enemy whatever." It must, I think, be conceded that no sovereign, or let us say simply no government, whether autocratic, constitutional or republican, has or can ever be held to have the moral right to pledge the lives and the honor of subjects or fellow citizens in a way so as to render their fate dependent on the decisions of another Power, however closely allied, because in any war at any time circumstances may arise—as we have seen in the cases of Russia and Austria—which at a given moment may make to one of the allied countries a further enforced continuation of the war equivalent to self-destruction and which therefore may place the government of that allied country in a position where it will have to choose between betrayal of its ally or betrayal of its own country and nation. It was evidently the instinctive repugnance to enter into any such binding engagement which prevented the adherence to the famous London Agreement of September, 1914, of the United States, at that time still reminiscent of the true meaning of the solemn warning against entangling alliances, priceless legacy left to the country whose father he has been called by George Washington, perhaps the greatest and wisest statesman that ever lived.

But to return to my narrative after this lengthy digression—Mr. Iswolsky, who had been appointed to take Count Lamsdorff's place as Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived in the capital, coming from Copenhagen, on the day of the opening of the first session of the first Duma, just in time to enable him to witness the opening ceremony held in the Winter Palace and to listen to the emperor's speech from the throne. Before recording his impressions of this momentous event he proceeds in the first chapter of his extremely interesting reminiscences printed in the Revue des Deux Mondes of June first to give some side lights on the personalities of his future colleagues in the cabinet. They are invariably entirely just and fair. His pen picture of the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Stolypin, soon to become Prime Minister, is, I think, a model of its kind, and I can do no better than to give here some extracts from it best fit to give a correct idea of the powerful personality of the in many respects remarkable and most unjustly vilified man who for the next six years was to be the leading statesman of Russia and who was the author of the agrarian reform, which if his precious life had not been cut short by a vile assassin's bullet he would assuredly have carried through to the end and would thereby have definitely cut the ground from under the feet of the revolutionary agitation among the peasantry.

"Stolypin," says Mr. Iswolsky, "was gifted with a clear and vigorous intellect; his power of work, his force of resistance, physical and moral, were prodigious. Experienced in the exploitation of his own important landed estates and having tried his hand as a provincial administrator, he was an entire stranger to bureaucratic routine, and he attacked every problem that presented itself with simple directness and unerring common sense. Perhaps his only failing was a certain lack of culture in the European sense of the word. Not that he lacked instruction, but his ideas on the great political and social questions he was called upon to deal with had not been passed through the filter of modern scientific criticism. Moreover, his mentality had been formed under the influence of certain intellectual currents predominating in Russia at the time of his youth which may best be summarized under the term Slavophilism.

"The Slavophile doctrine, which has had so great an influence on the domestic and foreign policy of Russia, condemned altogether European civilization as rotten through atheism and individualism and attributed to the Russian nation the providential mission of creating a superior culture. In the domain of religion the Slavophiles proclaimed that only the Orthodox Russian Church has remained faithful to the teachings of Christ; in the domain of politics they condemned the reforms of Peter the Great borrowed from the West and preached the necessity of a return to the national formulas of the Muscovite period. One of their theses consisted in holding the village commune, or mir, to be a profoundly original creation of the Russian genius, and communal property to be the essential basis of the social and economic organization of Russia. Stolypin, without professing the extreme doctrines of the Slavophiles, had remained to some extent under their influence. However, in the agrarian question he did not hesitate to reject the fatal doctrine of the mir, cause of so much evil in Russia, and to adopt in spite of violent opposition the system of individual property in small landholdings. On the other hand, he unfortunately never knew how to rise above certain particularly dangerous conceptions of the Slavophiles, and that is how he turned to a narrow and sometimes violent nationalism."

I can only express my unreserved concurrence in Mr. Iswolsky's views on the subject of the Slavophile doctrines, laid down in the above extract from his article, every word of which I fully indorse.

"But," continues Mr. Iswolsky, "the true and unquestioned superiority of Stolypin consisted in a rarely met with ensemble of moral qualities. On first meeting him one felt drawn toward him by the simple and irresistible charm of his personality. On becoming better acquainted with him one discovered in him an elevation of sentiment and nobility of soul that the exercise of power—at times dictatorial—never affected in the slightest degree. His high and chivalrous conception of his duty made of him a servant of his sovereign and of his country devoted until martyrdom; but at the same time, proud of his name and jealous of his liberty, he always observed in regard to the court and to the world of the high bureaucracy, which considered him rather as an intruder, an attitude of dignified reserve and independence."

To this eloquent characterization of Stolypin I can only add that it expresses better than I could the impression of his powerful and attractive personality.

Editor's Note—This is the fifteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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"The Best Servant in Your House"

THE YANCONA YILLIES

(Continued from Page 21)

coming up to the Thapsacus. "Fifty acres; rolling land, but not hilly; gravelly soil—just the thing for chickens; two big springs on the place—runnin' water all the year round; ten acres of woods, ten acres of pasture, balance plow land; plenty of fruit, good house and barn and other buildings and the fences in first-class shape; ten miles to Manstown, two miles to Pickleburg, eight miles to Oakland."

"How much?"

"Eight thousand dollars cash. And that includes all growing crops, feed in the barn and all the livestock—three horses, four cows, six hogs, ten sheep, forty chickens, five geese, one duck. I can give possession at once. Vachil Bellows is my name, sir."

"How far did you say it is back to Pickleburg?"

"Two miles."

"I'll take the place. My name is Deems Stanwood. I'll give you five hundred dollars for a ten-day option. Is that all right, Mr. Bellows?"

"That will be all right, Mr. Stanwood. Want to take a look round—see the stock and the house and other things?"

"No, that doesn't matter—I'll build everything new."

"I'll have to get my wife to sign this here option along with me, won't I?" asked Mr. Bellows as he read the brief agreement Deems had scribbled on a tiny piece of paper.

"Oh, no, Mr. Bellows, that will be all right—just a little formality, you know. I'll pay you the option right now—I happen to have the cash with me. Have the deed made out and I'll be here in a few days and pay you the balance and arrange to take possession. How am I to get out of this field?"

"Run up there to the end of the patch and you'll see a gate that'll let you out on the road."

"And the damage I've done here to your fence—how about that?"

"Oh, ten dollars will be about right, I reckon."

Vachil Bellows, gazing after the little car as it labored over the mellow ground and slipping a ten-dollar bill into his trousers pocket, sighed sadly.

"If I'd only knowed!" he groaned. "I coulda got ten thousand easy! Ten thousand in them bonds would abrought me six hunderd a year."

The Thapsacus climbed up into the highway and rolled and bumped away toward Manstown, its driver apparently having forgotten completely that he was running over a particularly bad piece of road.

"Well, I've made a start anyway," he chuckled. "I'll have to touch the colonel pretty hard to-morrow. Eight thousand for the Da Vinci, eight thousand for the farm, and—I wonder what it takes to start a chicken ranch? I'll have to ask her. I'll draw ten thousand, I guess, to begin it with. That will make all told—let me see—eight, sixteen, twenty-six—say twenty-five thousand. Wonder what the old boy will say?"

That night at Manstown he attended the wedding of a soldier friend with whom he had fought Germans, scratched cooties and swapped cigarettes in France. The next morning he hired a man to take the Thapsacus to Oakland—he could use it on his farm, he thought—while he traveled back by train, for he was in a hurry to see Philip Thawson.

And he found Philip Thawson in his office up above the Farmers' Bank when a little after nine o'clock he climbed the stairs, opened the door and looked in.

"Good morning, colonel," was his greeting from the doorway. "Hardly expected to find you here so early."

At the sound of the young man's voice Thawson started and hastily gathered up some papers which were spread out on the desk before him and thrust them out of sight. There was a scared look in his eyes and something like a tremor in his voice as he wheeled about in his swivel chair and spoke:

"Oh—Deems? Why, I—I didn't expect to see you back so soon. I thought you would stay in Manstown for a few days."

"Intended to when I started there, but changed my mind last night." He paused just a moment and looked hard at Thawson. "Heavens, how old he is looking!" was the thought that went through his head. "I'll have to have a little more money, colonel. That's why I'm back so soon. Drawing on you pretty regularly, eh?" And he smiled.

"More money?" repeated Thawson, and the word was spoken scarcely above a whisper. The face of the man had gone gray and a pencil he was holding in his hand cracked as his fingers, white and shiny about the knuckles, tightened upon it. "How much do you want, Deems?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll need twenty-five thousand now. Did you say something, colonel? You see, I've got rid of my Cellini—I never liked it, couldn't handle it—and I'm going to buy a Da Vinci. That will stand me eight thousand. And yesterday I purchased a nice little farm out in Rich County—paid eight thousand. I'm going into the chicken business—going to make a chicken ranch out of it. I figure I ought to have about ten thousand for that—just as a starter, you know."

"A chicken farm!" exclaimed Thawson. "What for?"

"Well, colonel, I've got to have something to do to occupy my time—and my ready cash. I understand a chicken farm will give a fellow quite a run for his money. I am beginning to find it deucedly dull here—I'll be running away and losing my inheritance if I'm not careful."

Thawson tapped his desk top with his long white fingers.

"In a way, Deems, your request for money just at this time rather embarrasses me," he said slowly. "I was not expecting it, as I paid you something over ten thousand only last week."

"Yes, I know, colonel, but the most of that I gave to the Salvation Army in their big drive. I came to know the Sallies over there, colonel, and I'm for them henceforward."

"Yes, yes! You see, Deems, you have about exhausted the interest from the bonds which I have been accumulating since your uncle's death and the ready money that came into my hands at the time I took charge of affairs. Another interest payment does not fall due for some time yet. Of course I can sell some of the bonds and I will do that if you wish it, since by provision in the will of your uncle I am to pay over to you any amount you may demand, provided you can show me that you intend to spend it in or about Oakland. It is a queer sort of a will, but your uncle was a queer sort of a man. Now I have on hand, in cash, twelve thousand dollars of your money. If you can make this do until I can effect a sale of some of the bonds ——"

"Oh, I can get along with that, colonel, I suppose," interrupted Deems. "That will pay for the farm and leave me four thousand or so; and I may have a thousand or maybe more lying about. I'll put off buying the Da Vinci—I'll make that old Thapsacus do. And I'll not start to build that bungalow on the farm that I had partly planned. The old house there, from a distance, looks to be pretty decent—perhaps I can patch it up and make something out of it."

"It will be a question of a few weeks only," said Thawson as he wrote a check for twelve thousand dollars. "I advise against your selling the bonds just now—the market has sagged badly in the past week. I am going to New York to-night," he went on in a colorless voice. "I may not be back for some—for a week or two."

"Hope you have a pleasant trip, colonel. How are you feeling?"

"Not so well, Deems."

"Well, here's hoping for better health for you. Good-by."

When he found himself alone Thawson dropped his arms upon his desk and hid his face in them. For several minutes he remained in that position. Then he looked up and drew a yellow telegram from a drawer in the desk.

He read it through, shuddered and crumpled up in his chair. That night he left Oakland for New York.

When Deems reached the house on Center Street where he had a suite of rooms he found a telegram awaiting him calling him to Detroit. Another soldier friend with whom he had campaigned in France was to be married. He went to Detroit the following day.

A week passed and he was not back—he had found it not so easy to get away from Detroit as it had been from Manstown. On the morning of the ninth day of his absence he returned to Oakland. He hurried to his rooms. A great pile of accumulated mail lay on his library table—letters, papers, magazines. He ran his eye hastily over the unopened letters.

"No time to look at these now," he muttered. "Must get out and close the deal for the farm—the option expires to-day. There's one from the colonel. I'll read them to-night."

He threw them back upon the table, changed his clothes, went downtown to the bank, where he asked for and received a draft for seventy-five hundred dollars, and then hurried to the garage which he patronized. The Thapsacus looked more dilapidated, more depraved than ever. He was astonished that any car could present so disreputable an appearance.

He took the jackknife bend at the bounds of Pickleburg on low—he knew something about it now, and anyway he wished to go slow at that particular spot. But there was no one to be seen about the premises of Rebecca Stoneman, though just for a fleeting instant he thought he caught a glimpse of a white skirt at one corner of the house. The barn—a glance at that told him Tom Trickle had been at work there.

At the blacksmith shop he took Calvin Snanks into his car. Calvin Snanks was a notary public and justice of the peace.

"I'd like for you to go with me, Mr. Snanks, just to see that everything is regular when Mr. Bellows and I exchange final papers," he told the notary.

Vachil Bellows was sitting down to the supper table with his family as Deems and Calvin Snanks drove up.

"Now, I swan!" exclaimed the farmer. "I'd plumb give you up! Well, Jane, this means we go on the tramp again, I guess," he called to his wife, smiling as he spoke.

She smiled back at him, as though to say: "What care I, Vachil? We've got eight thousand dollars."

"We've been on the move ever since we got married, Jane and me has," went on Bellows. "I've had this here place only a few years. Now then I'm goin' to put all my money in bonds—brewery bonds that pay six per cent—and hire out, and then when the rheumatism hits me I can pull my freight for Mud Springs right away and have nothin' to worry about. Jane, put on two more plates. Set down, gents, and pitch in."

Bellows did most of the talking at the table, the greater part of it having to do with his losses and reverses while trying to get ahead in the world. Deems found the man's talk not uninteresting and he listened sympathetically to his stories of his ill luck. After the meal was over and the deed for the farm was in the purchaser's pocket and the draft for seventy-five hundred dollars was in the seller's pocket the farmer proposed that Deems stay the night with him.

"You might as well," he said. "Then I'll show you over the place in the morning and introduce you to the livestock and we can talk things over. Jimmy here will drive Cal back to the burg. Jimmy, hitch up the mare to the top buggy and drive Cal back to Pickleburg. Mr. Stanwood is goin' to stay all night with us."

Deems offered no objection. He was very tired and the thought of the trip back to Oakland through the darkness, over rough roads, in the flighty Thapsacus disturbed him. And now that the farm was actually his he felt a curiosity growing within him to see something of the place he had purchased—he would look it over to-morrow, with Bellows to point out its strong features.

"No two ways about it, Mr. Stanwood; you've bought a first-class site for a chicken ranch," said Bellows after the boy and Calvin Snanks had departed and while he and Deems sat together in the twilight beneath a huge elm tree, one of six that were grouped about the house. "No, sir-ree! I know, because I've been in the chicken business myself. Since we've lived here I'll bet I've said to Jane a thousand times that I wished I had my old flock and pens here on this here place. I could have made money here with chickens. It's an ideal place, I tell you. And there's money in a good poultry farm, Mr. Stanwood, if it's handled right."

Deems wasn't greatly interested.

"That's the first time I ever knew that to be a fact—if it is a fact," he laughed.

"Well, it's a fact—you just set that down—if the business is run right! I made money with White Magabascars; if I'd had Yanconas I'd made a fortune if I could've kept my health. Rheumatism knocked me out and I had to sell and quit and go to Mud Springs. Say, them mud baths certainly jerk the ginger out of you! Ever hear of Deckard, the Yancona king?"

Deems said he had not.

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"Yanconas made Deckard wealthy—independently rich. He's one of the biggest taxpayers in Rich County—made it all from chickens. Twenty years ago he started with a hen and a rooster. Now look at him! You ought to see his Yancona farm up at Byron. What kind are you goin' to raise?"

"Yanconas."

"That's the ticket! They'll cost you a pretty stiff price, but you'll have somethin' when you get 'em. Best layers of all and the littlest eaters ever knowed of among chickens—and there's the two items you've got to figger on when you're selectin' a breed. Where're you goin' to get your stock?"

"I think I'll get a few from the young lady in Pickleburg."

"Jule Hadley? Well, she's got good ones—got her start from Deckard. Jule's makin' a success at it. She's got a bunch of yillies that Deckard offered her two thousand dollars for, so I've heard. He wants 'em for breeders, you know. Yillies are hard to get—well, I guess they are! Her flock of Yanconas ain't large—three hundred or so, I guess—but she's makin' money. Jule Hadley's a hustler, and a finer girl never lived. Her aunt, Becky Stoneman, ain't a bad sort neither, but she's a queer one. Lucky for her she's got Jule for a niece. That there house and lot in Pickleburg is everything Becky's got. Rich once, too, and lost it all through the deviltry of a feller she got mashed on. That was in her young days, you know."

"That so?" yawned Deems. He was wearying of Bellows' gossip.

"Oh, my, yes! Becky Stoneman comes of a tony, well-to-do family—old Josh Stoneman over at Balsamville was her father. He must've left her close to fifty thousand—some say more. She got engaged to Frank Warfield over at Manstown. Frank has a bigger fortune left him than she did—inherited it from his grandmother. He got his fingers on the pile soon after him and Becky was engaged and started right in to fly the high kite—throwed money round like he was sowin' grass seed. Then Manstown and Balsamville got too slow for him and he went to New York, where he got mixed up as a pardner with some shyster stock concern. They fixed his clock quick—got his pile, pulled off a lot of crooked work and made him the goat, you know. The law nabbed him. Becky went down there and spent just about all she had tryin' to save him from state's prison, but she didn't succeed. They give him ten years. He didn't serve any of it though—killed himself in his cell the night before he was to start to the pen. Oh, my, yes, Becky Stoneman might be in the poorhouse to-day if it wasn't for Jule. Jule comes of a good family too. Her dad was Professor Hadley ——"

"How far is it to Deckard's place?" interrupted Deems.

"Only ten miles—right over here at Byron, you know. What do you say we take a run over there to-morrow?" proposed Bellows.

"I was thinking of that," returned Deems.

They drove to Byron the next morning and from there went out to Thomas Deckard's famous Yancona Farms.

"Deems Stanwood?" repeated Deckard after Bellows had made the introduction. "I've heard of you, Mr. Stanwood. I frequently go to Oakland on business and I am acquainted with Philip Thawson. So you are planning to start a chicken farm? What kind of stock will you keep?"

"Yanconas."

"You make no mistake there. How many do you expect to keep?"

"Oh, I'll start off with about a thousand."

"And there you do make a mistake, Mr. Stanwood. You can't jump into a full-grown chicken business and expect to see it go, to prosper; you've got to grow up with it, starting in modestly. Two or three hundred the first year will be quite as many as you should try to handle, if you'll allow an old hand at the business to make the suggestion."

Deems laughed.

"Two or three hundred! I wouldn't think of starting a farm with so few—it wouldn't be interesting. I'll not begin with less than five hundred. Could I get my stock from you, Mr. Deckard?"

"Yes, I suppose you can. Five hundred—it's a rather large order, but I can fill it. They will cost you—you understand that Yanconas come high in price?"

"Yes, I know, but that will be all right. I am buying a dozen hens and a dozen cocks from Miss Hadley at Pickleburg."

"You're doing what?" exclaimed Deckard. "What in the name of poultry sense are you buying twelve roosters with twelve hens for?"

"Why, isn't that the correct proportion?"

"Say, Stanwood, what do you know about chickens?"

"Nothing, I guess, except that they are good to eat, and I think I've heard that they lay eggs."

Deckard laughed.

"Stanwood, you're a mark! But no more striking than I was once—I used to sell pianos before I turned to poultry. And you'll get the same treatment that I give to all my customers—a square deal. If you insist on starting with a flock of five hundred I'll give you the benefit of my knowledge and experience and make it a flock worth the price I shall charge you. It will be all right for you to buy some of your stock from Miss Hadley. It is good stock and you may rely on any of her statements. And I'm pretty sure she wouldn't sell you a dozen cocks with a dozen hens either."

"She has a fine-looking lot of yillies that I thought I'd buy from her."

Again Deckard laughed.

"I'll wager you'll not buy those yillies, Stanwood," he said. "I've tried for them several times—offered her every dollar they're worth—and she won't sell. I wouldn't sell either—a yilly is a yilly. She has had extraordinary success in developing yillies. Miss Hadley knows a whole lot about the chicken business. When do you think you would want the fowls?"

"Oh, I don't know. How long would it take us, Bellows, to get the stables fixed up for them?"

"What stables?"

"For the chickens."

Bellows' lips twitched.

"Oh, it would be in the early part of the fall, I suppose—about the time Deckard's pullets are beginnin' to lay. Say, why don't you get Bill Benwall to put up your coops and runs? He's done a lot of work for Deckard."

"To be sure—Benwall would do you good work," said Deckard. "You could contract with him, as I did, and he could follow my plans if you like them. Come and look the place over."

Before he left Yancona Farms Deems had signed a contract with Deckard for twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of Yancona chickens—hens, pullets and cocks—to be delivered in September. And from Deckard's place he drove across country to see Bill Benwall, with whom he contracted for the erection of a number of modern up-to-date poultry houses with the necessary yards and runs.

Back at Bellows' he ate his dinner and then hired Bellows as his assistant, agreeing to pay him one hundred dollars a month, with house rent and produce from the farm free.

"Getting on!" he chuckled as he drove the bouncing Thapsacus down the demacadamized Manstown pike toward Pickleburg. "Getting on fast! But five hundred chickens won't do—that's only two hundred more than she has. I'll go after another five hundred as soon as I have the first lot in. I'll drop in now and see her about the birds I ordered from her. Julia Hadley—Julia, I like that name."

He knocked at the door of Rebecca Stoneman's house. A short, plump lady wearing steel-rimmed glasses opened the door.

"Good afternoon. Is Miss Hadley at home?" he inquired, raising his hat.

"She is, sir."

There was a primness about the woman before him, and a something about her speech of three words that disconcerted him for the moment.

"I am Deems Stanwood. I called to see Miss Hadley about—er—well, about some chickens I wished to buy from her."

He smiled at the prim woman in an embarrassed way, then laughed, looking straight at her.

The suggestion of a glare which he had noticed in the gray eyes behind the steel-rimmed glasses gave way to a softer look and the shadow of a smile played about the prim lips that responded to him.

"Deems Stanwood!" And she put out a plump hand. "I knew you before you spoke. I see your father again as I look at you. I knew your father—oh, dear, how long ago that was!"

(Continued on Page 102)

The passing of our old "bugaboos"

Some real facts about COFFEE

Time has dispelled many old illusions. Coal was once condemned as "injurious" and burned openly in the market place as a "public *nuisance.*"

Strange things are done in the name of Health! For ten centuries the nations of the earth have enjoyed the benefits of coffee. Yet in this enlightened day coffee is sometimes declared "injurious"—another form of *superstition.*

There are many kinds of food that do not "agree" under some conditions. These are matters of personal *disability* and require professional treatment and advice.

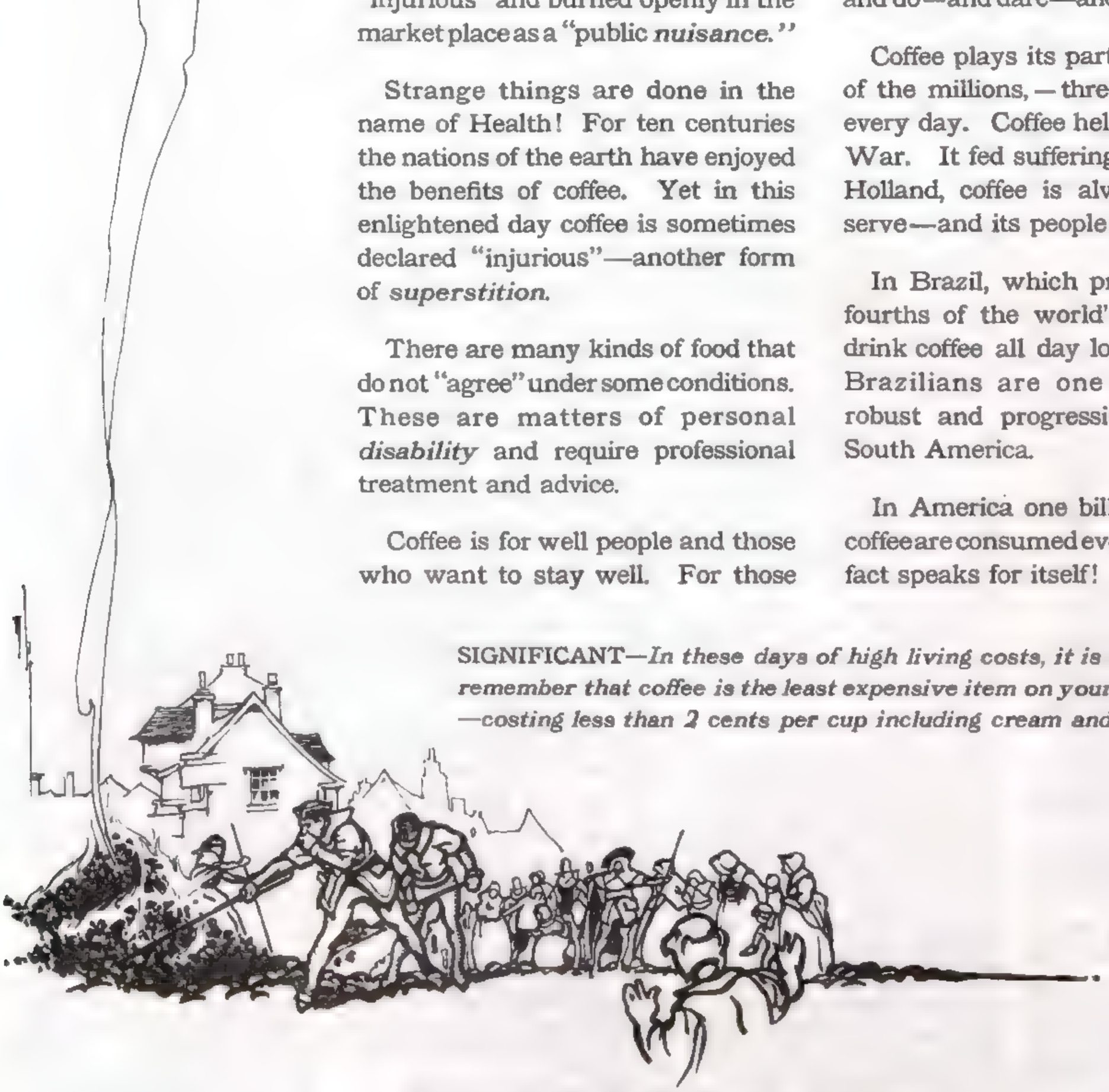
Coffee is for well people and those who want to stay well. For those who cannot be affrighted with foolish fears. For those who want to live—and do—and dare—and *accomplish!*

Coffee plays its part in the homes of the millions,—three times a day every day. Coffee helped to win the War. It fed suffering Belgium. In Holland, coffee is always ready to serve—and its people are *healthy.*

In Brazil, which produces three-fourths of the world's coffee, they drink coffee all day long. And the Brazilians are one of the most robust and progressive nations in South America.

In America one billion pounds of coffee are consumed every year—This fact speaks for itself!

SIGNIFICANT—*In these days of high living costs, it is well to remember that coffee is the least expensive item on your menu,—costing less than 2 cents per cup including cream and sugar.*



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Drink COFFEE *and* Remain Well!

(Continued from Page 100)

The smile went from his lips and he looked away.

"Poor dad!" he murmured. "You are Miss Stoneman?"

"Yes. I wonder if you ever heard your father speak of Rebecca Stoneman?"

"No, I can't recall that I ever did."

"Oh, of course not—he forgot me, no doubt. He went East when he was younger than you are now. What a dreamer Harry Stanwood was! Won't you come in?"

"Why, thank you, Miss Stoneman, but you'll excuse me, will you not? I merely wish to say to Miss Hadley that I have made a start toward becoming a real chicken farmer and that I would like to make sure about the chickens we were speaking about the other day. I wish to buy from her as many as she will spare. I'll purchase the yillies too."

"The yillies! You'll never be able to buy those yillies, Mr. Stanwood. Why, she thinks more of those yillies than she does of—well, of me, and I know she thinks a lot of me. Mr. Deckard tried to buy them. Oh, no, you won't be able to get them. Where are you going to buy your farm?"

"I've bought a place down the road a couple of miles—Vachil Bellows' fifty acres."

"What? You've bought Vachil Bellows' farm! Oh, dear, what will Julia say! Why, she has dreamed of buying that place for the past two or three years—she is crazy about it. She regards it as the ideal location for a poultry farm. And it is such a beautiful place too—the old white house set back from the road under the big elms—it is lovely there."

"I'm sorry, Miss Stoneman. If I had known—— But I bought it blindfolded, you might say; I didn't even go over it. I will sell it if ——"

"Oh, no, she couldn't buy it this year anyway, and perhaps not next year. I'll tell my niece what you've said about the chickens. I don't think she can see you to-day—she is not feeling well."

"Then I will run on into Oakland. I'll stop again—to-morrow or next day."

In her trim little parlor Miss Stoneman sat down and stared at nothing on the floor in front of her for several minutes.

"How much he resembles his father!" she murmured. "There's the same smile, the same mellow laughter, the same honest look in the same brown eyes. Dear me, if John V. Cooper had only given his money to someone else! It will ruin this boy! I know it will! I wish he didn't have a cent! If Julia—I know he is interested in her! Chickens indeed! It can't be, though—it must not be! I will send her ——"

The door opened and Julia entered the room.

"What did he have to say, aunt?"

"Well, he wants to buy as many chickens as you will sell, and he wants the yillies too."

"The yillies! He won't get them—with all his money!"

"So I told him. And he's bought Vachil Bellows' place."

"What? Aunt Rebecca! Has he bought my farm?"

"Yes, he said he took it without looking at it. Now I suppose we Pickleburgians will be entertained by some of his mad pranks out here. Why didn't he stay at Oakland and indulge in his absurdities there? The idea of his trying to start a poultry farm!"

"And I did want the Bellows place! I could have bought it next year too! Oh, pshaw! That makes me mad, aunt!"

"Julia, it is nothing but a disappointment in disguise—you mark my word!"

"What do you mean, aunt?"

"Why, my dear, this is just a foolish fad for the moment of this young trifler. He'll spend a few thousand dollars out there and then be off on some other spending adventure.

"I'll give him a month at the most. You'll buy the farm then at your own figure, with all the improvements he has put in, you mark."

"Well, I don't know about that, aunt," said the girl doubtfully.

"You'll own the Bellows farm inside of a month! And now, Julia, don't you think you ought to make that visit to your Cousin Jim in New York this spring? You've talked about it so long and Jim is so anxious to have you come."

"But the chickens, Aunt Becky!"

"Pshaw! Don't you suppose I can take care of those chickens for a little while just as efficiently as you can? In his last letter Jim spoke about the motor trip he is going to make up into New England with his family—and you've always wanted to go there."

"Oh, I don't think I ——"

"Bother! You are going! Write Jim to-night and tell him when you will start."

In his luxuriously furnished suite of rooms in the big house on Center Street Deems sat down to read his letters of the past week and more. There was one from the Doomores asking him to be their guest for a month in their summer home in the Adirondacks; there was one from Elsie Snaithe, the magazine artist, proposing a motor trip through Canada, with her aunt as chaperon; there was one from his old chum of earlier days, Will Dalcott, telling him of his appointment as general manager of a great shoe factory in Massachusetts and jokingly offering him a position; there was a score more which he read and tossed aside. None of them greatly interested him.

"I thought the colonel would be back before now," he said as he picked up the envelope addressed in Philip Thawson's almost illegible scrawl. He broke the seal and took out a single sheet of paper folded once. In an instant his eyes had run over the four lines of writing it carried.

There was a surge of blood to his head, then his heart seemed to cease its beating and his face went white and his pulses grew cold. He held the four black lines of writing before his eyes—they were lurid now—and stared at them, and the paper shook in his grasp:

"Your fortune is gone—there is nothing left. I played the market with your money to make a million and—I lost. Workman & Wilmot, Wall Street, will give you details."

He tossed the sheet upon the table, filled his pipe and began to smoke. Again and again he stuffed the hot bowl and smoked it out. Four times the clock struck the hour while he sat there, smoking, staring at the note on the table before him, thinking. Three times he picked up and reread Will Dalcott's letter and once he looked at the letter Elsie Snaithe had written him. Twice he busied himself with pencil and paper, figuring—adding and subtracting, multiplying and dividing. It was long past midnight when he tossed his pipe aside and straightened up in his chair with his decision made.

"I'll stay!" he said aloud, getting up and starting to stride back and forth across the room. "I'll stick! Deckard has made a success of it; Bellows says there is money in it; she is making money and so are a lot of others. And I will too! What am I qualified to do? Who wants to hire me? Outside of Dalcott's offices, where could I, with my nontechnical schooling, go to look for any kind of a job that would not be slavish? And I don't want to work in Dalcott's factory office! I'll raise chickens!"

He picked up Thawson's letter again.

"I didn't think the colonel was that kind," he muttered. "Always regarded him highly, considered him straight." He glanced again at the last line of the note—"Workman & Wilmot, Wall Street, will give you details."

"A waste of time, I suppose, but I'll go down and see them."

He caught a few hours' sleep and early in the morning took a train for New York. Two hours in the offices of Workman & Wilmot sufficed to convince him that Thawson's wrecking of his fortune had been thorough and complete—there was nothing that could be salvaged. And evidently Thawson had profited nothing whatever—he had carried nothing away with him. And he had left not a trace behind him.

Back in his rooms in Oakland, he set to work packing three large trunks. Expensive clothing, jewelry, sets of books in de luxe editions, oil paintings, a rug or two, bric-a-brac of a hundred sorts—he packed it all in the three big trunks. And when they were filled and he had locked them he had them hauled to the railway station and shipped. That night he followed them to Cleveland. He returned in a couple of days, minus the trunks, but with an extra fifteen hundred dollars in his purse. It was a trifle more than enough to settle all his bills in Oakland.

Again in his rooms, now stripped and bare, he sat down with pencil and paper.

"Well, all my bills are paid," he sighed contentedly. "That's something. Now we'll see. I owe nothing and I own a fully equipped farm in Rich County—eight thousand dollars. That's what I paid for it anyway. One vicious Thapsacus roadster—two hundred and fifty dollars. I paid two-fifty for it! One gold watch—my father's; and one diamond ring—my mother's; no valuation to be put on these. I have in cash five thousand one hundred and nine dollars. Twenty-five hundred of this will go to Thomas Deckard in September for chickens and two thousand to Bill Benwall for buildings, fencing and other construction work. I could jump these contracts, but I won't. That leaves six hundred and nine dollars. It will pay Bellows his salary six months, with nine dollars left over. Where do I come in? Where do I eat? Nine dollars! It appears that I shall have to visit the money lenders. Bellows said something about Calvin Snanks' loaning money. I think I'll have to call on Mr. Snanks—but not yet a while."

He spent a half hour looking over and burning old papers and letters. The note from Philip Thawson appeared again and he reread it.

"You never can tell," he told himself. "I thought the colonel was all right and I suppose Uncle John thought so too." He folded and refolded the small sheet of paper, then absently dropped it into the inside pocket of the coat he was wearing. "You certainly have given me a jolt, colonel," he chuckled. "But if you won't say anything about it, colonel, I won't either. Mum's the word with me! Why have a sympathetic world worrying over my misfortune?"

He found a small trunk in a closet. He dragged it out and packed it with what things he had left, which he wished to take away with him. In the middle of the floor he accumulated a great pile of discarded materials of many kinds. Once as he stepped down from a chair after exploring a high shelf his coat caught on a protruding nail and a long rent was made in its side. He took it off, looked at it and threw it upon the pile of discarded things. Then he picked it up.

"Can't afford to do things like that now—it'll do to wear on the farm," he laughed. And he thrust it into the trunk, taking out another that he had packed and putting it on.

When he had finished his packing and the trunk was shut and locked he dragged it down the stairs, fastened it to the running board of the Thapsacus and started for his farm. At a clothing store he stopped and bought a suit of blue overalls. He found Bill Benwall and two men digging post holes and setting posts for the fences for the yards and runs in the field Bellows and he decided should be the location for the houses. Bellows was at work in the potato patch. He laughed a loud laugh when Deems asked him if he could put him up for a while and replied that there would be no trouble about that. Jane Bellows showed him a large, airy upstairs room in the big house. It was dismally bare and cold, but he liked it at once. He unpacked his little trunk, stowed his things away in an old bureau, changed his clothes, putting on the new suit of blue overalls, and went out and joined Bellows. Bellows laughed again when he saw him.

"Excuse me laughin' that way, Deems—it'll be all right for me to call you Deems, won't it?—but sometimes I feel like laughin' when there ain't no reason for a laugh at all."

"And so do I, Vachil," said Deems. "There isn't a thing for me to laugh about right now, but I believe I'll take one anyway."

He sat down on a bag of potatoes and began to laugh. Bellows joined in. The remainder of the afternoon he worked with his assistant, planting potatoes.

The following morning he worked with Benwall and his men, digging, shoveling, carrying—worked till his back ached and puffy blisters showed in the palms of his hands. It recalled those first days of army life in the new training camps, whither he had gone soft as putty to become hard as nails. In the afternoon he went to Pickleburg and called at Rebecca Stoneman's and asked for Miss Hadley.

"She is not at home," he was told. "She has gone to New York for a visit."

"Oh!"

His face fell, and that his disappointment—which was great within him—was not unnoticed by the woman before him was evidenced by the sudden appearance in the gray eyes behind the steel-rimmed glasses of that suggestion of a glare.

"You called to see about the chickens?" she asked.

"Why—yes, I did."

"My niece told me to tell you that I could sell you two dozen—no more."

"Could I look at them? I saw very little of them the day I ran through the side of the barn."

"Certainly. Come with me."

They went out to the poultry yards at the rear of the converted barn. They began to talk about the chickens. Before they were aware of it they had forgotten the errand they were on—they were talking about France, about places in France which she had visited thirty years before, the same towns and villages in which he had been living and fighting less than a year ago. Back in the house yard they sat down beneath an apple tree and almost an hour had gone before he rose to leave.

"Then I shall take the hens just as soon as one of my houses is completed," he said.

"That will be satisfactory with us, Deems—Mr. Stanwood."

He drove away in his rattling Thapsacus. She gazed after him.

"Oh, dear, if he only didn't have all that money!" she sighed. "What a pity it is! He is so attractive, so pleasant! But I'm afraid of him, I'm afraid of him! Blue overalls! The idea! And that awful car too!"

At the blacksmith shop he stopped to have a lost bolt replaced in his roadster. While he waited Willie Figg came booming up in the Cellini—the big gray Cellini that a few days before had belonged to him.

"Well, how's the old boat?" called Mr. Figg, grinning genially.

"It's the eighth wonder of the world," laughed Deems. "How's the battleship?"

"Making new records every day."

"How many miles are you getting out of a gallon?"

"Twelve or better."

"Yes, I expect so—not!"

"Well, I just am, all right! You didn't have the carburetor adjusted as it should be—not by a long shot."

"Twelve miles is pretty good for that car. Well, I'll see you again, Mr. Figg." He clattered away.

"Willie Figg," he told himself, "appears to me to be just the kind of a fellow that could get twelve miles out of a gallon of gas where I could get only five. I don't doubt his statement at all. Willie is quite a hustler."

He set himself to work in real earnest on the farm. Sometimes he was with Benwall, sometimes with Bellows, often alone, undertaking some job that had to be done. For the first few days Bellows laughed each time he saw him appear in his blue overalls. Then he stopped laughing.

"Jane," he said to his wife, "I believe he means business—he's keepin' at it."

"I know he means business—I can tell," returned Jane.

"What's the big idee, Jane—him with all that money?"

"I have no idee, Vachil," replied Jane.

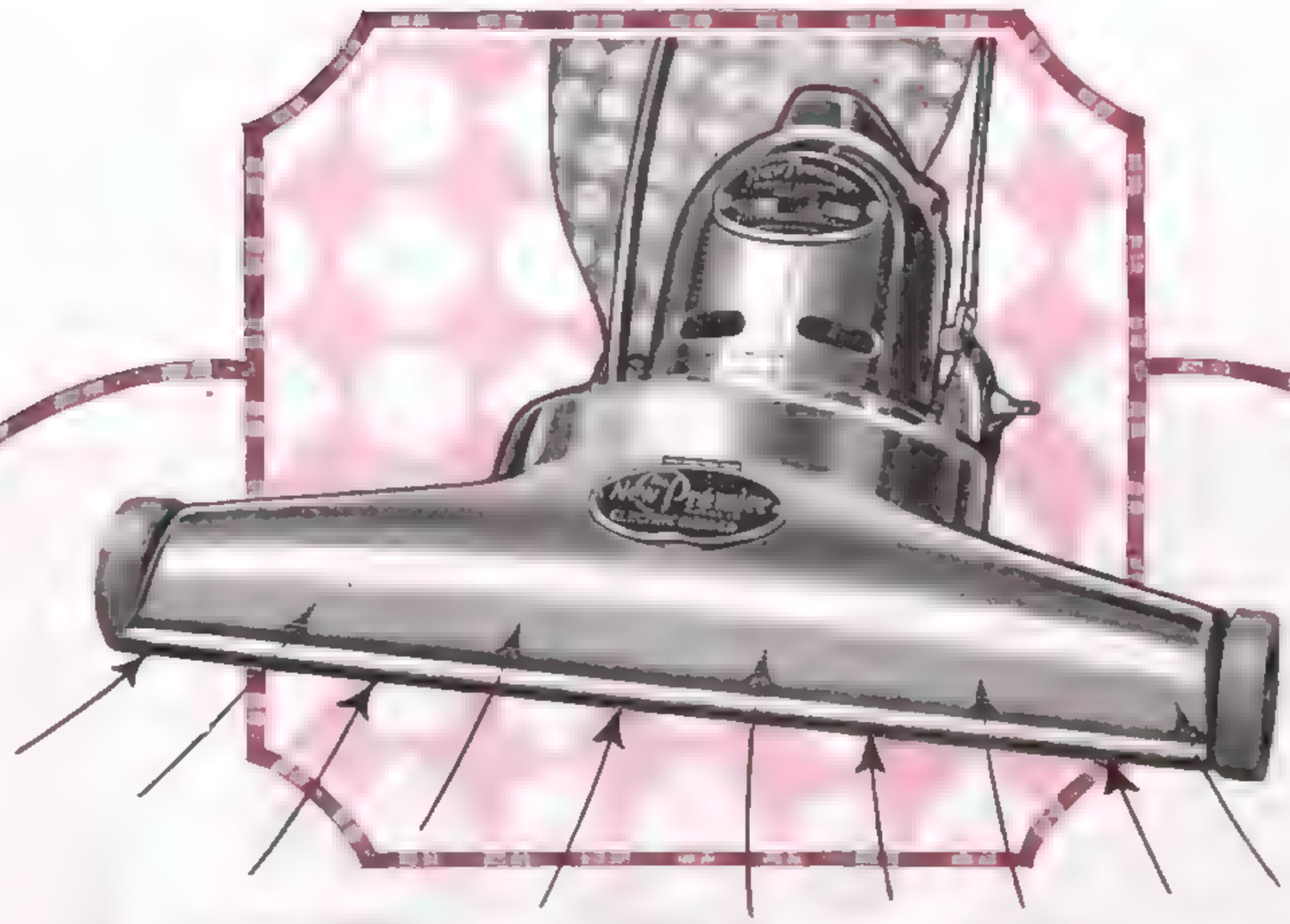
One morning he drove across to Deckard's farm. He spent the entire day with the poultry man and when he returned he brought with him an armful of books. These he began reading, busying himself with them every night until a late hour. Once he was absent four days, traveling about the country with Deckard, visiting poultry farms, and one whole week he spent at Deckard's farm, working as a hand with the other men.

The buildings Bill Benwall had started to construct began to take form and soon one of them was finished. Deems painted it himself.

"Getting along!" he chuckled as he stood back and surveyed his work with a critical eye. "Getting along fast! Got to make it go! And I will!"

Not infrequently he stopped for a few moments' talk with Rebecca Stoneman. That she was always glad to see him was manifest from the friendliness of her greetings; that she liked the young man there could be no doubt. But always after he had left her she would shake her head and sometimes as she talked to him there would come that hint of a glare in the gray eyes behind the steel-rimmed glasses.

Two weeks, three weeks and four had passed since Julia Hadley's departure for New York, and then one day Rebecca Stoneman casually remarked to him that she was expecting her niece to return in a few days. (Continued on Page 106)



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GOODYEAR

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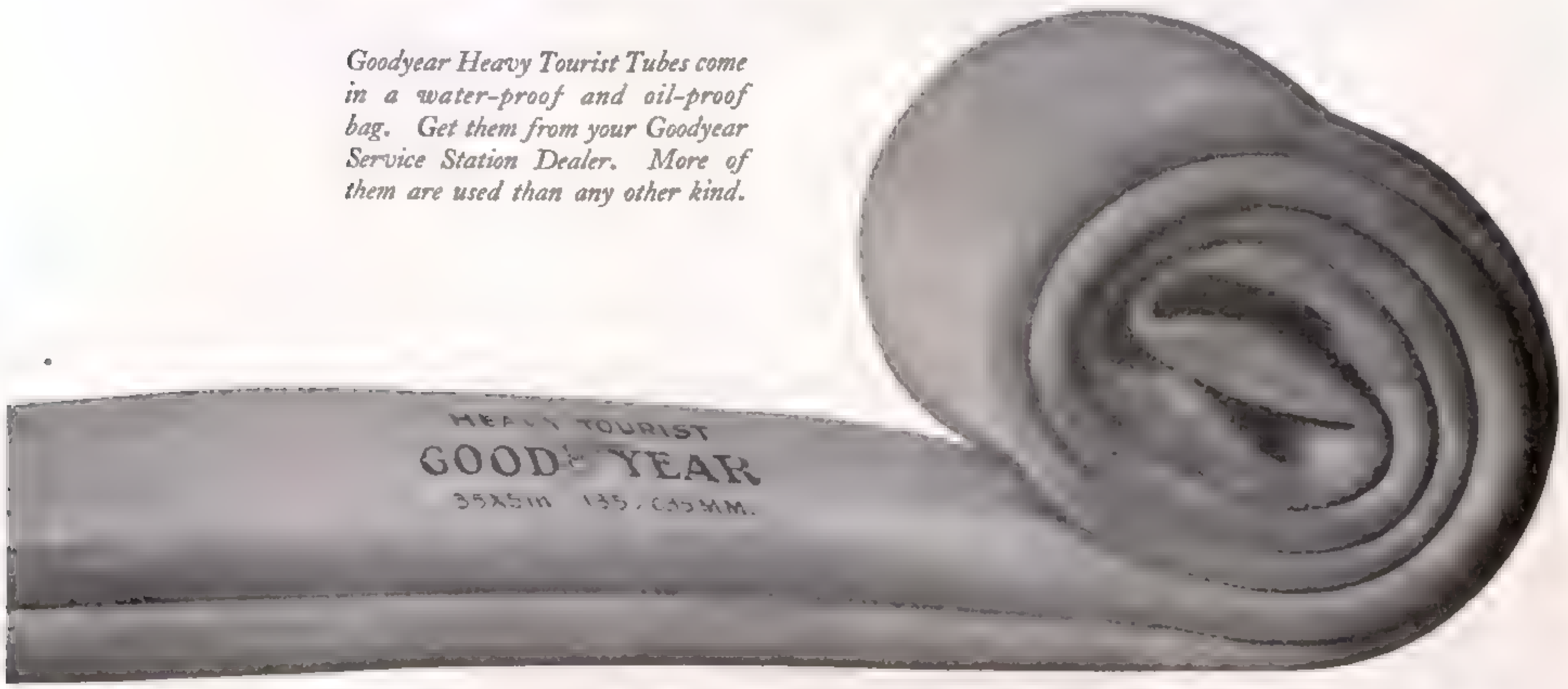


HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

(Continued from Page 102)

"You will be glad to see her back, no doubt," he said. "I suppose you have found that caring for three hundred chickens is no small task. By the way, I can take away my two dozen any time now—one of my coops is completed and ready."

"Oh, now that Julia is coming back perhaps you should wait and let her make the selection. She knows more about the birds than I do."

Deckard paid him a visit about this time.

"Stanwood, you're going to have a fine place here," said the poultry man, looking about approvingly. "Your location is really better than mine and you have natural advantages that I have not. Your plan for utilizing those two big springs is a good one. Are you still determined to increase your capacity to a thousand birds?"

"No, I have abandoned that thought—temporarily anyway," replied Deems somewhat uneasily.

"That's the proper way to look at it—go slow, go slow. I've been in Oakland several times lately and I don't see Philip Thawson. Is he away?"

"The colonel went to New York a little while before I came out here. I have heard from him but once," replied Deems.

Deckard coughed.

"Ah—Stanwood, I don't want to intrude on your private affairs, but I've come to have a very friendly feeling toward you and I'd just like to whisper in your ear that you can't trust Philip Thawson too far. I've known him—and I've known of him for several years—and I have heard some queer tales about him. Take my advice and keep a watchful eye on your own interests. This is quite confidential, you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Deckard," stammered Deems, reddening as he spoke. "Yes, I understand—I'll not repeat your words."

A shipment of fencing wire had arrived at Oakland and was needed at the farm. Bellows could not quit his work to go after it. Deems said he would go for it. Bellows hitched up the bony, knock-kneed team, which he had sold with the farm, to the ramshackle wagon he had thrown in with the team and Deems drove to Oakland and got the fencing. Coming back, as his sorry outfit crept slowly along, an auto horn sounded behind him. He pulled his team to the right of the road and a huge gray car rolled past. It was a Cellini, a gray Cellini, the Cellini he had lost to Willie Figg. Willie Figg was now driving it and Julia Hadley sat by his side. Willie Figg waved a greeting as he swept by; the girl did not look up.

"Willie, in the matter of conveyances you've got me badly beaten," Deems said aloud as he gazed after the big gray car.

At the jackknife bend in the road before the Stoneman house he drove more slowly—if that were possible—but he saw no one. The Cellini stood by the front gate with its engine purring.

"Not getting along so rapidly in some directions," he muttered. He looked at the huge Cellini, then he looked at his sorry team. "But I'll get those chickens to-morrow!"

The next morning, dressed in his blue overalls, which were now beginning to show signs of hard usage, he tied his bony animals in front of the house, took a coop from the wagon box and carried it to the poultry yards back of the barn. The girl was there feeding her speckled flock.

"Good morning, Miss Hadley. I've come for the chickens. You see, I am keeping my word—I told you I would buy some stock from you and that I would start a chicken farm."

She smiled.

"I thought you were joking that day. And you are really going to raise chickens?"

"Indeed I am!"

"What for?"

"What for? Everybody asks me that question. I must have something to do, Miss Hadley—I can't loaf always. And now that I have made the start I am more interested in my work than I can say. Under no circumstance would I drop it."

Just then Miss Rebecca, coming to the door of her kitchen, heard voices. She looked out.

"Well, I must say!" she exclaimed. And she walked hastily out to the poultry yard.

"Mr. Stanwood is here after the chickens, aunt," said the girl. "Perhaps you should introduce us."

"That hardly seems necessary. Good morning, Mr. Stanwood. Shall I help you, Julia?"

The twenty-four fowls were caught, examined and put into the coops, and Deems wrote a check for the amount agreed upon.

"Are you coming out to see my farm, Miss Hadley?"

"Oh, I want to," she replied.

"I'll run in for you to-morrow in the Thap."

"But I wouldn't have you leave your work. Willie Figg will take me out."

"Yes, and then I can go too—I want to see the farm," interrupted Miss Rebecca.

"That will be better, I suppose," said Deems doubtfully. "Then I'll expect you to-morrow afternoon."

Julia Hadley clapped her hands when the following day she stood looking at the group of long, low, white buildings to which Bill Benwall and his men were giving the final touches.

"Oh, what a place to raise chickens!" she cried. "What an ideal place! You have followed exactly the plan I had in mind, Mr. Stanwood, when I thought I might some day buy this farm."

"If I had known you wanted it—if I had dreamed of such a thing—I certainly would not have bought it. It was the fault of that depraved Thapsacus of mine—it ran me in here just as it ran me into your barn."

"How is the old scow anyhow?" asked Willie Figg, who had driven the two women out in the Cellini and who now stood looking the place over with a cold dead eye.

"Next to the farm and those Yanconas I bought from Miss Hadley, it is my choicest possession," laughed Deems. "How is the battle cruiser?"

"There she is," said Willie, waving a proprietary hand.

"Well, you're welcome to it, Mr. Figg. I wouldn't want anything here but a Thap in this kind of a place and in this kind of work. It gets me about."

"Look, aunt, there are my chickens—the ones I sold! Aren't they beauties? And how much better they show off here than they did in our small crowded yards! When will you get your large flock? Mr. Deckard told me you were buying from him."

"About the middle of September. I expect to have everything completed here by that time."

"I must come to see them. What a sight it will be! Willie, you've got another trip to make out here. Willie isn't interested in poultry farms," laughed the girl. "His hobby is automobiles."

From among his newly painted buildings Deems watched the gray car dropping down the lane to the road.

"This Willie Figg person somewhat disturbs my equanimity, I'll have to admit," he told himself. "But Willie or no Willie, she's the girl! I wasn't mistaken! And Willie or no Willie, I say it is Fate that is sitting at the steering wheel of my destiny! Watch me!"

"What do you think now my chances are to own the Bellows farm, aunt?" asked Julia as they rode back to Pickleburg.

"They don't seem to be particularly bright, Julia," replied her aunt. "But tell me this, child—what is he doing it for?"

The girl did not reply. She looked away over the fields beyond the road and a rosy flush spread over her cheeks. Suddenly she spoke:

"Willie Figg, you've got to give this car back to Mr. Stanwood! You didn't come by it—well, honestly. You know you didn't! You ought to be ashamed to flaunt it before him as you do!"

"You haven't refused to ride in it, Jule," said Willie over his shoulder. "And the bet was bona fide—we shook hands on it. Anyhow, what's a car like this to him—with all his money?"

"I don't care, you've got to give it back to him."

"I wish he had it back—honest, I do!" growled Willie. "It's breaking me up buying gas for it and keeping it in repair. He can have it if he'll give me the Thap." And he went to Deems and offered to exchange cars.

"Not much!" declared Deems. "I made the bet with my eyes open—you won. I'd be a prize piker, wouldn't I, to take that car back now? And I don't want it anyway! The Thap suits me just now."

"Well, somebody is going to have that Cellini pretty soon," grumbled Willie.

Bill Benwall had completed his work; he had been paid in full and he had taken his men and his tools and gone. But Deems found that his expenses did not stop with the builder's going. There was equipment to purchase, a lot of equipment—feeders and nests and crates, drinking vessels, water heaters, troughs, markers—it called for a greater outlay of cash than he had expected. He had not lost the habit of spending with a free hand and too often he spent injudiciously, buying things he could have done without. He wanted to duplicate Deckard's equipment. In a moment of enthusiasm he had ordered an electric-lighting system installed that he might give the laying hens longer feeding hours in the short days of winter and so force them to produce more eggs. It had cost him close to a thousand dollars.

September was approaching, when he would have to pay over to Deckard twenty-five hundred dollars. September had come, and he looked at his bank balance to find it dwindled to a dangerously low figure. He went to Calvin Snanks.

"I'm too busy to go to the bank to draw my pay these days, Mr. Snanks," he laughed. "Could you let me have about three thousand dollars on my farm for a short period?"

Calvin Snanks mused for a few moments.

"Well, I reckon I could let you have twenty-five hundred, Mr. Stanwood, for a while."

He prepared a short-term note secured by a first mortgage. Deems signed the papers.

"If you will, Mr. Snanks," he said, "I wish you would consider this little transaction a matter between me and you—*sub rosa*, you know."

Notary Snanks shut one eye and looked at the young man with the other.

"Not a word," he chuckled.

At the bank the cashier looked curiously at Deems as he took Calvin Snanks' check.

"Where's Philip Thawson?" he asked. "We haven't seen him for a long while."

"The colonel is in New York—or he was the last time I heard from him."

Coming back, he stopped at Rebecca Stoneman's. On one excuse and another he was a frequent caller there now. He went to consult Julia Hadley on some question of poultry husbandry, to carry to her some new book or journal he had received, to make some inconsequential report about the stock he had purchased from her, to ask her advice in regard to some part of his construction work at the farm. Rebecca Stoneman was in despair.

"Yes, indeed—what is he doing it for?" she complained. "Who couldn't answer that question now? But I'll never consent to Julia's—if it should come to that of course. I'll prevent it in some way! It must not be! If he only didn't have that money!"

That day when Deems left his car and entered the yard he saw Julia's sunbonnet moving about in the poultry runs. He hastened to join her. He found her making ready to toe-mark a hundred young chickens.

"I'll help you do that," he said. "I need the experience."

He took off his coat and hung it on the fence.

"Why, look how you've torn your coat!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's an old coat I picked up and put on this morning. I'd forgotten it was torn and I didn't notice it until I was on my way to town. I'll have to ask Mrs. Bellows to mend it for me."

The work occupied them more than an hour. When it was finished and he was preparing to go he said: "Well, to-morrow is the big day—Deckard comes to-morrow morning with the flock of Yanconas."

"That will be an interesting event. I want to come out—I must see them just as soon as possible. I'll come to-morrow afternoon."

"Make it the day after to-morrow, won't you? I shall be busier to-morrow all day than I ever was before in my life, I suppose. Shall I come for you in the Thap?"

"Oh, no, Willie Figg will take me out."

"Darn Willie Figg!"

She stepped back.

"Why, Mr. Stanwood!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, now, I beg your pardon, Miss Hadley! I—I'm a little bit excited to-day, I'm afraid. Forget the explosion, please, but I can't say I didn't mean it. You'll come then day after to-morrow in the afternoon?"

"Yes—perhaps," she said slowly.

He went away, forgetting to take his coat. She picked it up and looked at it and a smile played about her lips.

"I'll mend it," she whispered.

She carried it into the house and sat down at her work table. Then she heard her aunt approaching. She tossed the garment behind a door and as she did so a folded piece of paper fell from a pocket. Miss Stoneman passed on through the room.

Julia noticed the piece of paper lying on the floor. Wondering what it was, she picked it up, unfolded it and in an instant—before she realized that she was reading a private letter—her eyes had taken in the four lines the note contained:

"Your fortune is gone—there is nothing left. I played the market with your money to make a million and—I lost. Workman & Wilmot, Wall Street, will give you details."

She started, her hands began to tremble and her face paled. Suddenly a flush spread over her cheeks and tears welled to her eyes. She looked at the note again, saw Thawson's scrawled signature and read the date.

"It was the week I went to New York!" she murmured. "All this time! And he is trying to make his own way!"

She brought the coat from behind the door and just for a moment she held it against her flushed cheek. Then she sat down to mend the rent. She had all but finished when she stopped and stared at the note lying on the table before her. Then she folded it up to a small size, slipped it into the torn opening and sewed it in.

The second day after she went with Willie Figg and her aunt to Deems' farm, where she spent the entire afternoon looking at the great flock of Yanconas which Deckard had delivered there the day before. And that evening Deems found his coat in the back part of the Thapsacus. He saw that the rent had been sewed up and he wondered where he could have left it that Mrs. Bellows could have found it and mended it.

He had been busy before, ever since he had come to the farm, but now he found his work more than doubled. From early morning until late at night he worked in and about the poultry yards and runs and among his more than five hundred fowls. Bellows was busy in the fields getting in late crops and could not assist him. And there came new demands for money. Feeds must be bought and mixed—and what a lot of feed five hundred fowls consumed! There were shell and grit and charcoal and meat scrap and alfalfa to purchase, and disinfectants and tonics and medicines. With dismay he watched his increasing expense account and his dwindling bank balance.

"Hundreds for outgo but not a cent of income!" he sighed.

And income he had not—the few eggs he was gathering each day counted as nothing. The molting season had come and the hens were not laying.

"It will cost you at least one hundred and fifty dollars a month to feed them," Deckard had told him, "if you feed them right, and you must feed them right if you expect to get results. Stuff them, but stuff them with the right stuff—be sure of that. Give them all they want and everything they need. They'll pay you back and something over."

Would the molting season never end? Eat, eat, eat! Gobble, gobble, gobble! By the pailfuls he threw out the high-priced feeds to the ever-hungry fowls; purchased more high-priced feed and threw that out to them. Eat, eat, eat! He began to hate the gobbling birds. Buy, buy, buy! Would it never end? Was he never to have a crate of eggs to sell?

His enthusiasm was lagging, doubts were beginning to rise within him. Rebecca Stoneman first noticed the signs.

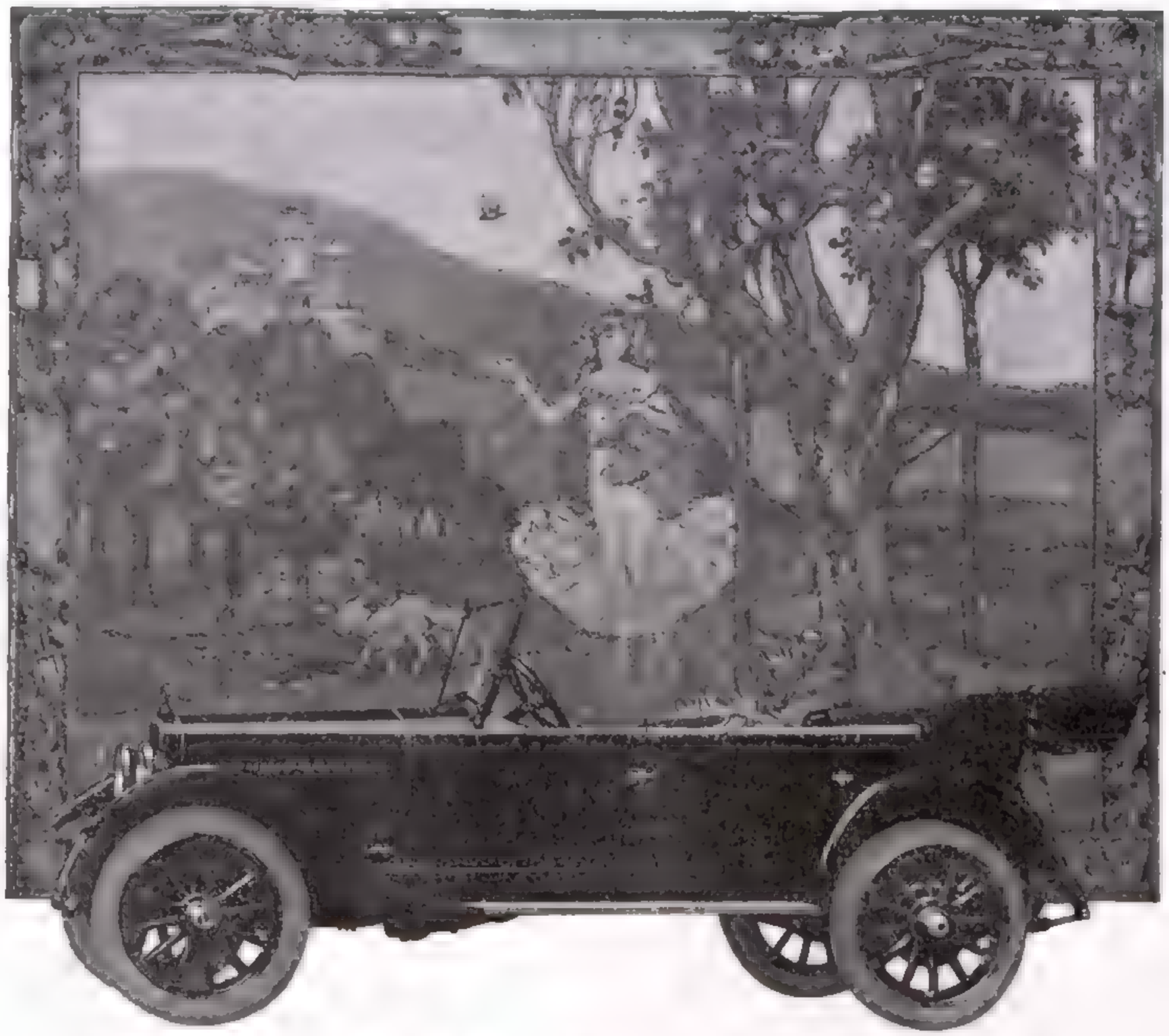
"It's coming," she told herself. And she was surprised to find how little pleasure the thought brought to her. "Yes, he is nearly through with his venture in poultry raising."

To Julia one day he confessed that he was losing hope:

"Those chickens are going to eat me into the poorhouse. Jeremiah or Esau or someone of those old chaps was fed by ravens, but I'm to be devoured by Yanconas!"

"Oh, cheer up, Mr. Stanwood! Sit tight for a month longer and you'll have cause to smile again. Don't expect too much. One would think to hear you that it really matters whether your hens lay or just lay round. That's the poultry man's joke *par excellence*, Mr. Stanwood. Have you heard it before?"

(Concluded on Page 109)



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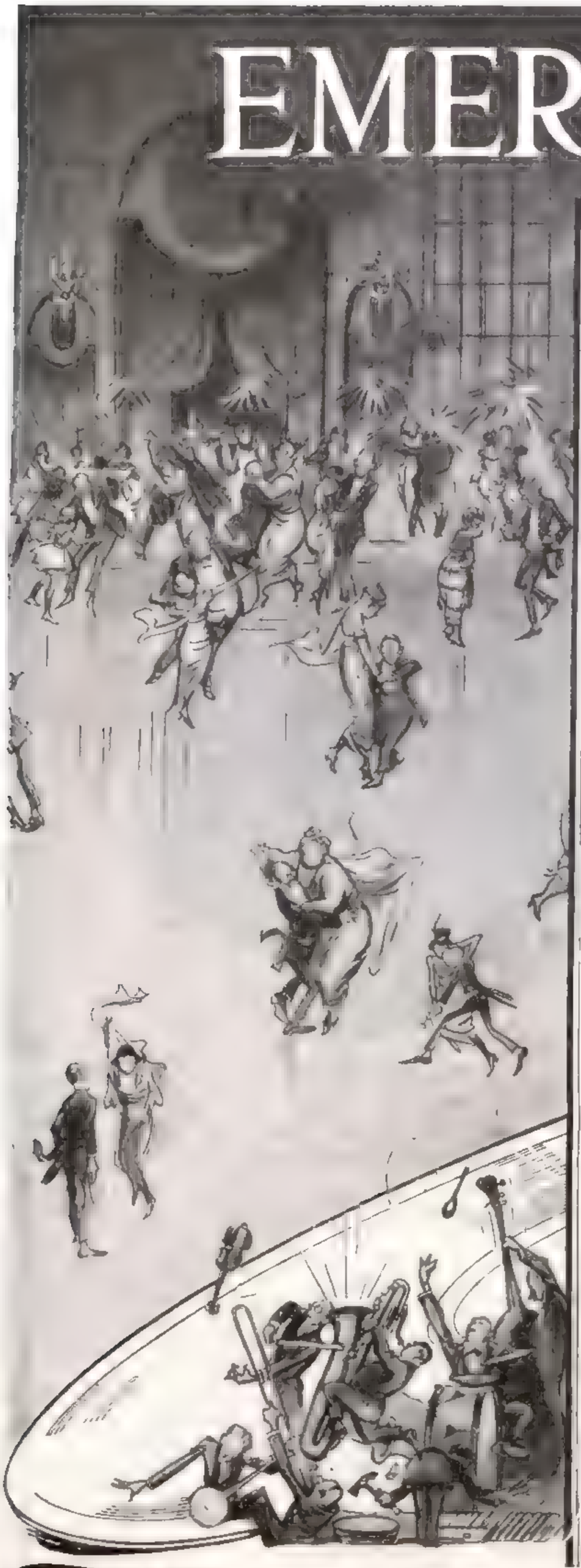

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No. 10117
That Naughty Waltz — Waltz — *Green's Novelty Orchestra*
Little Blue Devil, Medley — Fox-trot — *Green's Novelty Orchestra*

No. 10120
Nobody Knows, Medley — Fox-trot — *The Imperial Three*
You'd Be Surprised — Fox-trot — *Emerson's Military Band*

No. 10121
Dardanella — Fox-trot — *Sanford's Famous Dance Orchestra*
O (Oh!), Medley — Fox-trot — *The Imperial Three*

No. 10116
Weary Blues — Fox-trot — *Louisiana Five*
Down Where the Rajahs Dwell — Fox-trot — *Louisiana Five*

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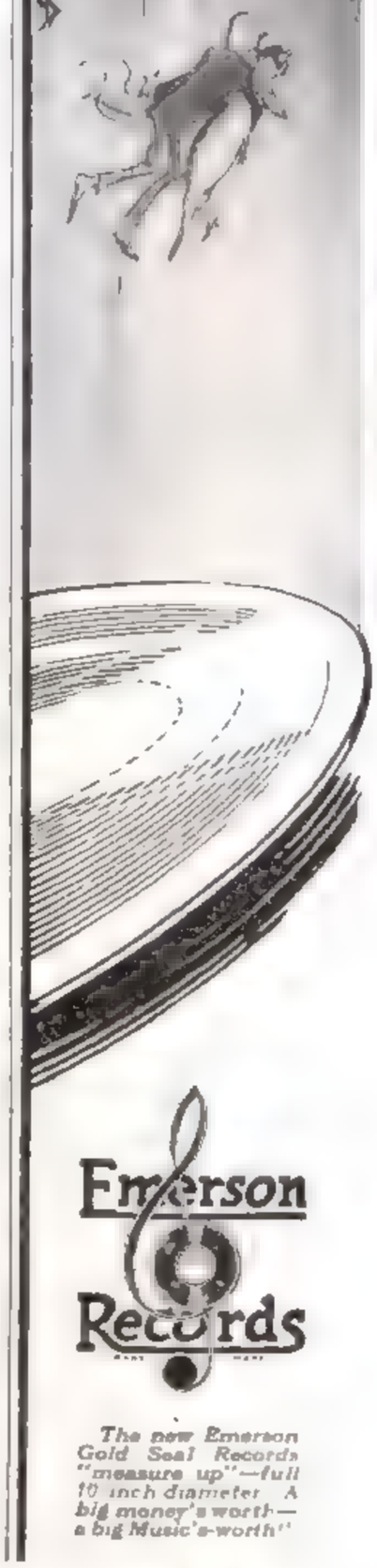

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The new Emerson Gold Seal Records "measure up"—full 10 inch diameter. A big money's worth—a big Music's-worth"

Emerson Records

(Concluded from Page 106

He went away happier than he had been for several days. The mood lasted but a brief period.

"One would think that it really matters!" He repeated her words as gloom descended upon him again. "If she but knew the facts!"

Another month showed no better results. Two hundred early-hatched pullets from which he was expecting much went into a late molt; the cheaper grade of feed which he was using—he had purchased it against Deckard's advice—proved to be more than unsatisfactory; a score or more of his hens sickened and died of some mysterious disease that Deckard himself could not name. And he was gathering but three or four dozens of eggs a day.

Expenses, expenses, expenses! He could not check them. The fowls had to be fed and Bellows had to be paid and little bills and big bills—they were rolling in upon him all the while—had to be met. And there was Calvin Snank's short-term note was about to fall due! He wondered if Snanks would extend it. One day he questioned Bellows about Snanks. Bellows laughed.

"Cal Snanks? Cal Snanks would sue his father for a buffalo nickel! He'd foreclose a mortgage on the most-widdered widder that ever was a widder! Steer clear of Snanks, Deems, whatever you do. Don't have no money dealin's with Cal Snanks."

Deckard? No, he wouldn't ask Deckard for assistance—he didn't want Deckard to know—he didn't want anyone to know! The Farmers' Bank? It would demand first-mortgage security, and Calvin Snanks had that already. Will Dalcott? Oh, he couldn't bring himself to do it! Maybe Calvin Snanks would extend the note, but he doubted.

"In a few days, Calvin Snanks"—he was addressing an envisaged Snanks as he sat in his room one evening—"if Vachil Bellows has you properly characterized you're going to have your hooks on a mighty fine little chicken farm. I wonder if you know anything, Calvin?"

Taking a borrowed crate back to Julia Hadley, Bellows paused at the gate for a few moments of conversation.

"Oh, no, Jule, it's not goin' good up at the farm, but I reckon that isn't disturbin' Deems any. Somethin', though, has put him down in the dumps. He's awful blue-like, lately—not himself a-tall. I happened to learn the other day that he's borrowed twenty-five hunderd dollars from Cal Snanks and give him a mortgage note. I can't figger out what he done it for—with all his money. It's fallin' due soon, too, and he doesn't want to overlook it either and forget to pay up, or Cal will give him trouble—you know Cal Snanks, Jule. No, sir, I'm blamed, Jule, if I ever seen such a contrary bunch of hens as them hens up there. No eggs a-tall, Jule!"

After Bellows had gone Julia stood staring at the ground, thinking hard. So he was going to lose! He was without funds with which to carry on—he couldn't meet his note! And Calvin Snanks would foreclose—she knew that. She went into the house and sat down, her brain still at work. How to help him—help him without his knowing—that was the problem over which she pondered. When she had solved it she telephoned to Willie Figg.

In a half hour Willie Figg and the Cellini were at the front gate. She hurried out to the car and told him she wished to go to Deckard's farm. She was in Deckard's office but a few minutes. He followed her to the door as she came out.

"I will send for them to-morrow, Miss Hadley," he was saying. "Thank you for giving me the first chance after you had decided to sell."

"Now, Willie, I want to go to Oakland," she announced to the waiting Willie.

At Oakland she went to the National Bank, where she exchanged Deckard's check for two thousand dollars for a New York draft for a like amount. This draft, together with a short note which she wrote in the bank's office, she mailed to James Stoneman in New York. Then she and Willie Figg went back to Pickleburg.

Four days later the Farmers' Bank at Oakland received a draft from New York for two thousand dollars, the anonymous sender of it instructing that it be placed to the credit of Deems Stanwood. The bank at once notified its client by telephone. Deems heard the announcement in amazement. Then he chuckled.

"It's the colonel! He's trying to make restitution! Poor old chap! He wasn't a bad sort—he didn't really intend to fleece me—just a case of hard luck, that's all. I wonder if he's been following my career these past few months? He certainly gets the money to me in the nick of time. Two days more and I would have been in the clutches of Calvin Snanks if Calvin had decided to clutch."

He hurried to Oakland and drew a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, which he had certified. He left one dollar in the bank to hold his account open.

"Cleaned out to the last simoleon!" he laughed as he went out of the bank. "I'll have to ask Vachil for a hundred or two to carry on with a little while longer. Then if there's nothing doing I'll throw up the sponge and go down and strike Dalcott for a job."

He carried the check to the notary public. Mr. Snanks gave a disappointed "Humph!" as he received it.

"Maybe you'd like to have the note renewed, Mr. Stanwood," he suggested.

"Oh, no, thanks—I'll be in town frequently from now on marketing eggs, and I can do my banking any time."

And Deems climbed into his Thapsacus and shot away. Calvin Snanks gazed after him with one eye.

"Wonder where he raised this?" he mumbled. "I thought Thawson had sheared him to the hide."

One evening not long after his paying off the note Deems hailed Bellows as his assistant came in from the fields.

"How many do you think I gathered today, Vachil?"

"Tell me quick, Deems!"

"Fifteen dozen and four!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

And again a little later on he shouted to Bellows, "What do you suppose the score is to-day?"

"Let's have it!"

"Twenty dozen and a half!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"That's almost up to a fifty per cent lay, eh, Deems? Good work!"

The lay quickly went to fifty per cent—to fifty-five per cent, to sixty.

"There, Vachil, my friend, if we can hold it at sixty per cent through the winter we'll be all right, won't we?"

"You said somethin' then, Deems! And the price of eggs is goin' up—oh, no, eggs ain't goin' up!"

But the lay did not stop at sixty per cent—it moved steadily up to sixty-five, to seventy, to seventy-five.

Julia Hadley clapped her hands at each report brought to her.

"Why, I never heard of such returns from that kind of a flock as you are getting!" she cried.

Deckard came over and expressed his surprise and pleasure. Bellows was jubilant.

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you that Yanconas was the big little layers and the little big eaters? You thought they was eatin' their heads off, that they was loafers, when they was simply gettin' in trainin'. They don't eat half as much as Madagascar Whites. Say, boys!"

With the shortening of the days the use of the electric lights in the houses had begun. Deems did not regret his expenditure of nearly a thousand dollars for the little plant. One day he gathered more than four hundred and fifty eggs.

Every day either he or Bellows would go to Oakland with eggs, hauling them in the Thapsacus, which he had converted into a small truck. The eggs were white eggs and he was receiving five cents a dozen more for them than the shippers were paying for brown eggs. And the price of eggs climbed steadily up—fifty, fifty-five, sixty, seventy cents a dozen. Then at Deckard's advice he sought for and found a buyer in New York and thereafter shipped his eggs direct to the metropolis and received for them seventy-five cents net.

One day as he was climbing into his car to start to Oakland with several crates of eggs Bellows remarked: "Say, Deems, did you know that one of our fellow Pickleburgians is goin' to get married next week?"

"No, who is it?"

"Willie Figg."

He started the Thapsacus so suddenly that a crate of eggs toppled from the load and crashed to the ground. He did not stop.

"So this ends it!" he muttered as he drove through Pickleburg. "Fate, eh? Seas separated us—and the side of a barn! Fate! What a splendid conspiracy of events it was that brought me here!" He laughed bitterly.

Before the Stoneman cottage he saw the Cellini standing.

"Oh, yes, it was fate—I don't think!" He laughed again sardonically, with his heart in his breast as heavy as lead.

At the freight station he met one of Deckard's men whom he knew. The man was communicative.

"Deckard says you've got him beat all hollow. You've put Deckard to guessin'. The only thing that keeps the boss from worryin' himself sick, I guess, is them yillies he bought from Julia Hadley—he's tickled silly about them."

"Did she sell those yillies?" said Deems in a surprised voice. "I didn't know that. When was it?"

"Oh, quite a while ago—say, it was November tenth. I remember now—that was my birthday and I had to go after them, and I wanted that day off."

Deems left the man. He was thinking hard. November tenth? Calvin Snanks' note had fallen due on the seventeenth. The Farmers' Bank had notified him on the fifteenth that it had received and placed to his credit two thousand dollars. The draft had come from New York. The cashier had shown him the brief note that had accompanied it. It was signed "X."

He hurried to his car and started for Pickleburg, speeding the Thapsacus as it had never been speeded before. His head whirled. Willie Figg! Yancona yillies! Two thousand dollars! Calvin Snanks! His brain buzzed—above the humming of the motor he could hear it buzzing. Willie yillies! Yancona Figgs! Two thousand Snanks! His thoughts were jumbled, they rattled—above the rattling of the crazy Thapsacus he could hear them rattling.

Before he knew it—he never knew it—he had come to the end of the brick road a half mile from Pickleburg. With a jump and a thump he landed in Rich County, jolted and joggled down a hill all bumps and bumps, shuddered up a hill gullied and gorged by a thousand rains, bounced and jounced over four hundred yards of demacadamized highway, and so came to the bounds of Pickleburg, where the road makes a jackknife bend to the left. He was going forty miles an hour when he arrived there; he had checked his speed to fifteen miles when he struck the side of Miss Rebecca Stoneman's barn. Tom Trickle, when he repaired it, had strengthened it not a bit. It yielded before the lunge of the Thapsacus and toppled inward and the little car rolled upon it and over it into the barn.

Julia Hadley stood at the farther side of the building holding a Yancona rooster in one hand, a pair of scissors in the other. She had been clipping a highflyer's wings.

"Deems!" she cried, dropping the bird.

Without a word he climbed out of the car, strode across the short space that separated them, took her in his arms and kissed her, kissed her hard, kissed her full upon the lips.

"Julia, you're not going to marry Willie Figg! Do you hear me? You're going to marry me!" And his voice was the voice of a masterful man.

She gasped.

"Willie Figg! Well, I should say I'm not going to marry Willie Figg! The idea! Willie Figg is to marry my cousin, Mattie Hadley, at Balsamville next week!" She tried to release herself from his arms. "Let me go! I never gave you ——"

"Julia, where are those Yancona yillies? You sold them to Deckard, didn't you?"

She made no reply.

"He gave you two thousand dollars for them, didn't he? What did you do with that two thousand dollars? You sent it to that cousin of yours in New York, didn't you? Told him to send it to the Farmers' Bank and instruct the bank to place it to my credit, didn't you?"

No answer.

"So that I could pay off Calvin Snanks' note. And you did this because you loved me—wasn't that it? Answer me!" And still his voice was the voice of a masterful man.

She looked up at him, slipped her arm about his neck and laughed.

"Yes, Deems, it was."

They were walking through the yard to the house, her hand tightly held in his, when suddenly he stopped.

"But why, Julia—why did you do that when you knew I had so much money? Tell me that."

"Oh—I just did it."

"Listen, girl! Would it make a difference with you—would you be greatly disappointed if I told you that I don't possess all that money that everybody thinks I have? If I told you that everything I have in the world is that chicken farm out yonder and that scrubby little Thapsacus there in the barn?"

"Not the least bit of difference, Deems. I knew it."

"You knew it? But you couldn't! Nobody knew about it but the colonel, myself and some Wall Street brokers, who probably forgot all about it the next day. What do you mean?"

She was carrying in her hand the scissors with which she had been clipping the wings of the highflying rooster. She took hold of his coat and began to snip at some threads in a mended place.

"Oh, now, Julia, that won't do! Stop! I've got to make this coat do for everyday wear for a long while yet!"

"These are my stitches—I think I can cut my own stitches if I wish to!"

She continued snipping the threads until the old rent was partly open. She inserted her fingers and drew out a folded piece of paper, which she opened and gave to him.

"The colonel's letter!" he exclaimed. "Why, I burned that with the other trash the day I moved!"

"No, you didn't, Deems. It was in this coat and it fell out the day you left it here, and I picked it up and read it. Before I knew I was reading a private letter I had seen what it contained—it was so short. I thought of destroying it—I could not think of returning it to you and I was so afraid somebody else would get hold of it—and then I sewed it up in your coat."

"And it made not a bit of difference?"

"Deems, until to-day that was the happiest day of my life. For I knew Aunt Rebecca would never give her consent to my marrying you so long as you had so much money. It was money, Deems—too much money that was the cause of her life being made bitter."

"Yes, I think I know about that. And do you suppose she will ——"

"Deems, I know she adores you."

"Then I will go in and break the news. You wait here for me."

He went into the house. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes—then he came back.

"Julia, I have seen some angry women in my life, but I never saw quite so angry a woman as Aunt Rebecca is. She's having tantrums in there."

"Why, Deems, what in the world ——"

"She's pouring out the vials of her wrath on the colonel for fleecing me out of my inheritance. She says it's the most shameful thing she ever heard of. Wants me to start off right now to hunt the poor old boy down and try to recover something and send him to the penitentiary. But she'll calm down in a little while. Shall we run out to the farm for an hour or two?"

"Oh, yes, that will be lovely. Bring the car out of the barn while I go for my hat and coat. And, Deems, you'd better prop up that wall in some fashion so the chickens won't get out in the road."

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You will see more Hudson closed, and chauffeur-driven cars on Fifth Avenue than of any other make. Observe its predominance in any assemblage of fine cars.

Each body type is noted for handsome appearance and the completeness of every detail. Hudson created new standards of beauty. All know how its leadership is acknowledged.

But Hudson's chief appeal must always be in performance.

What Car Can Match Hudson's Proofs?

IF any car disputes Hudson's claim to leadership in speed, endurance, hill-climbing or acceleration, it has not been by official proof.

Hudson history is written in the records of the greatest speed and endurance tests known.

When it came, when all engineers were seeking ways to reduce motor vibration, Hudson solved the problem through the patented Super-Six motor which added 72% to power and almost doubled efficiency. No weight or cylinders were added. The simplicity of the Six was retained.

Why We Tried the Speedway

THE Super-Six established its leadership in these qualities by every avenue open to such proof. It became the most famous speed car, winning all important stock car speed records, and with special cars embodying the Super-Six principle, won distinction in all championship speedway events.

But it was not to prove speed that these tests were made. Hudson merely established its speed qualities in the development of its value as a reliable, enduring car, such as you want.

The Super-Six Motor is Exclusive

AND remember, it was chiefly through endurance, made possible by its exclusive motor that Hudson won these victories. Such tests crowd scores of miles into one. They impose a strain that could be equalled in ordinary driving, only by years of use.

These records are three, four and five years old. Yet they have never been matched. And the Hudson of today is even a better car because of what they taught.

Its 3500-mile run, both ways across the continent in 10 days and 21 hours, and the 24-hour run of 1819 miles, equalling the distance from New York to a point west of Denver showed ways in which to improve the Super-Six.

These Tests Helped Build the Present Hudson

NEW metal compositions resulted from these experiences. Ways to overcome faults common to all cars were discovered. Owners have helped. They gave information that led to the elimination of faults common to all cars.

But not the slightest change has been made in the Super-Six principle, for no way has been found to improve it.

And because Hudson has found no rival in performance in the five years since it began its record winning career, its leadership of sales has been unbroken among the world's fine cars.

Hudson production has always been under the demand. This year shows a repetition of the shortage of former years. Immediate deliveries for the most part are out of the question. So to get a Hudson at all this summer calls for early decision.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(3016)

EVERED

(Continued from Page 25.)

was intensified to a clatter and John said, "It's turned to hail. There'll be snow by morning."

The girl thought of Danvers. "He'll be wet and cold out in this. He ought to come up to the barn."

John smiled. "He can care for himself. His shelter will turn this, easy. He'd come if he wanted to come."

His tone was friendly and Ruth asked, watching him, "You like Mr. Danvers, don't you?"

"Yes," John told her. "Yes," he said slowly; "I like the man."

What pain the words cost him he hid from her eyes altogether. She was, vaguely, a little disappointed. She had not wanted John to like Danvers; and yet she—loved the man. She must love him; she had longed for him so. Thinking of him as she sat here with her mending in her lap she felt again that unaccountable pang of loneliness. And the girl looked sidewise at John. John was watching the little flames that showed through the grate in the front of the stove. He seemed to pay no heed to her.

After a while Ruth said she would go to bed; and she put away her basket of mending, set her chair in place by the table and went to the door that led toward her own room. John still sitting by the stove had not turned. She stood in the doorway for a moment, watching him. There was a curious yearning in her eyes.

By and by she said softly, "Good night, John."

He got up from his chair, and turned toward her and stood there. "Good night, Ruth," he answered.

She did not close the door between them; and after a moment, as though without his own volition, his feet moved. He came toward her, came nearer where she stood.

She did not know whether to stay or to go. The girl was shaken, unsure of herself, afraid of her own impulses. And then she remembered that she loved Danvers, must love him. And she stepped back and shut the door slowly between them. Even with the door shut she stood still, listening; and she heard John turn, go back to his chair and sit down.

She was swept by an unaccountable wave of angry disappointment. And the girl turned into her room and with quick sharp movements loosed her garments and put them aside and made herself ready for bed. She blew out the light and lay down. But her eyes were wide open, and she was wholly without desire to sleep. And by and by she began to cry, for no reason she could name. She was oppressed by a terrible weight of sorrow, indefinable. It was as though this great sorrow were in the very air about her. It was, she thought once gropingly, as though someone near her were dying in the night. Once before she slept she heard Evered moving to and fro in his room, adjoining hers.

John had no heart for sleep that night. He sat in the kitchen alone for a long time; and he went to bed at last, not because he was sleepy, but because there was nothing else to do. He put wood in the stove and shut it tightly; there would be some fire there in the morning. He put the cats into the shed and locked the outer door, and so went at last to his room. The man undressed slowly and blew out his light. When once he was abed the healthy habit of his lusty youth put him quickly to sleep. He slept with scarce a dream till an hour before dawn, and woke then, and rose to dress for the morning's chores.

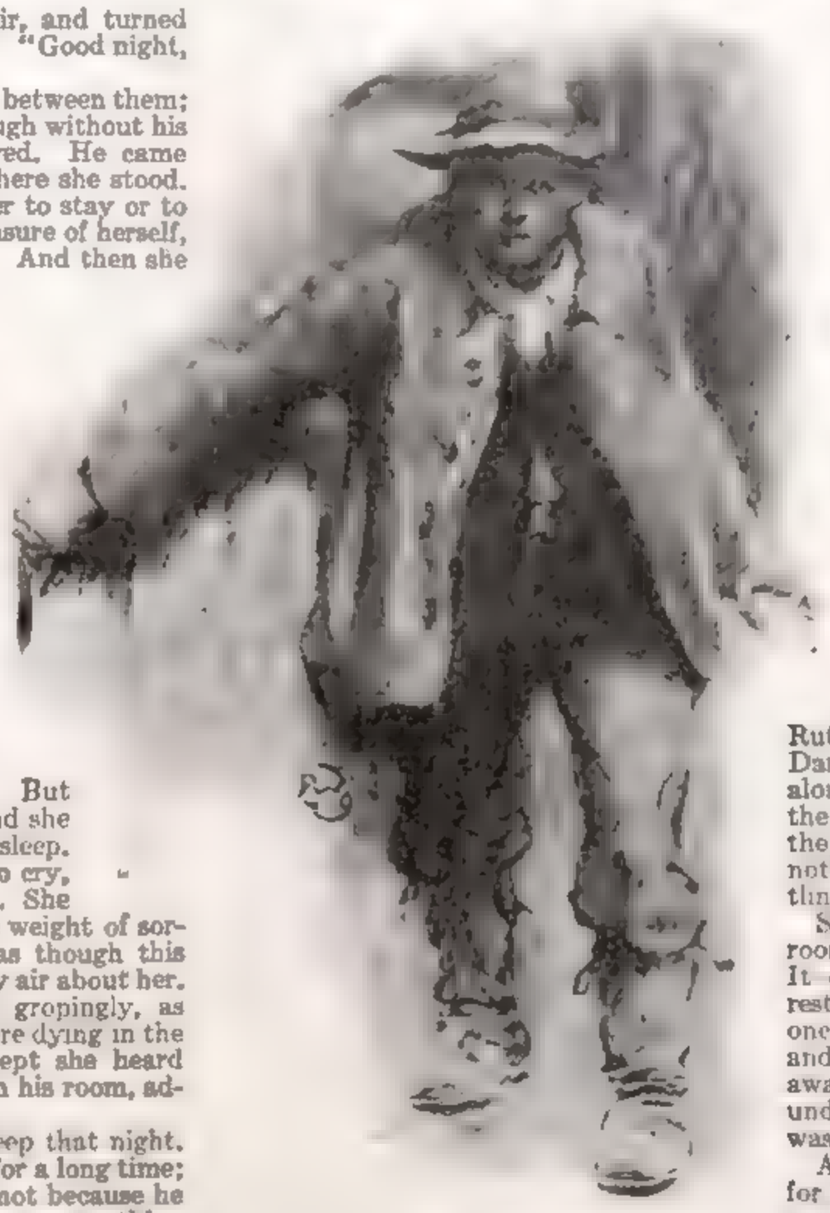
From his window, even before the light came, he saw that some wet snow had fallen during the night. When he had made the fire in the kitchen and filled the kettle he put on his boots and went to the barn. There were inches of snow and half-frozen mud in the barnyard. It was cold and dreary in the open. A little snow fell fitfully now and then.

Within the barn the sweet odors that he loved greeted him. The place steamed pleasantly with the body warmth of the cattle and the horse stabled there; and he heard the pigs squealing softly, as though in their sleep, in their winter pen at the farther end of the barn floor. He lighted his lantern and hung it to a peg and fed the stock—a little grain to the horse, hay to the cows, some cut-up squash and a basketful of beets to the pigs. As an afterthought he gave beets to the cows as well. John worked swiftly, cleaned up the horse's stall and the tie-up where the line of cows was secured. After he was done here he fed the bull, the red bull in its strong stall; and while the creature ate he cleaned the place and put fresh bedding in upon the floor.

The bull seemed undisturbed by his presence; it turned its great head now and then to look at him with steady eyes, but there was no ugliness in its movements. When he had finished his work John stroked the great creature's flank and shoulder and neck for a moment.

He said under his breath, "You're all right, old boy. You're all right. You're clever, by golly. Clever as a cow."

When Fraternity says a beast is clever it means gentle and kind rather than shrewd. The bull seemed to understand what John said, or what lay in his tone. The great head turned and pressed against him, not roughly. John stroked it a minute more, then left the stall and took a last look round to be sure he had forgotten nothing, and then went to the house. Day was coming now; there was a ghostly gray light



It Was No More Than a Fifth of a Second That John Evered Stopped Within the Gate of the Pen

in the farmyard. And the snow had turned, for the time, to a drizzling, sleeting sprinkle of rain.

In the kitchen he found Ruth moving about; and she gave him the milk pails and he went out to milk. There were only three cows giving milk at that time. Two would come in in December; but for the present milking was a small chore. John was not long about it, but by the time he had finished and returned to the kitchen breakfast was almost ready. Evered had not yet come from his room.

Ruth half whispered; "He was up in the night. I think he's asleep. I'm going to let him sleep a while."

John nodded. "All right," he agreed.

"He's so tired," said Ruth; and there was a gentleness in her tone which made John look at her with some surprise. She had not spoken gently of Evered for months past.

They separated the milk and gave the cats their morning ration and then they sat themselves down and breakfasted. When they were half done Ruth saw that day was fully come, and blew out the lamp upon the table between them. It left the kitchen so bleak and cheerless, however, that she lighted it again.

"I don't like a day like this," she said. "It's ugly. Everything is ugly. It makes me nervous, somehow."

She shivered a little and looked about her as though she felt some fearful thing at her very shoulder. John, more phlegmatic watched her in some bewilderment. Ruth was not usually nervous.

They had not heard Evered stirring; and all that morning they moved on tiptoe about their work. John forbore to split wood in the shed, his usual task on stormy days, lest he waken his father. Ruth handled the dishes gently, careful not to rattle them; she swept the floor with easy strokes that made but little sound. When Evered came into the kitchen, a little before noon, she and John looked at the man with quick curiosity, not knowing what they would see.

They saw only that Evered's head was held a little higher than was his custom of late; they saw that his eyes were sober and clear and thoughtful; they marked that his voice was gentle. He had dinner with them, speaking little, then went back to his room.

Soon after dinner Danvers came to the door. Ruth asked him in, but the man would not come. John was in the barn; and Ruth, a little uneasy and afraid before this man, wished John were there.

She asked Danvers, "Were you all right, last night?"

He said he had been comfortable; that he had been able to keep dry. He had come on no definite errand.

"I just—wanted to see you," he said.

Ruth made no reply, because she did not know what to say.

Danvers asked, "Are you all all right here?"

"Why, yes," she told him.

He looked to right and left, his eyes unable to meet hers. "Is Evered all right?" he asked.

She felt the tension in his voice without understanding it. "Yes," she said uncertainly; and then: "Why?"

He tried to laugh. "Why, nothing. Where's John?"

Ruth told him John was in the barn and Danvers went out there. Ruth was left alone in the house. Once or twice during the afternoon she saw John and Danvers in the barn door. They seemed to be doing nothing, sitting in the shelter there, whittling, smoking, talking slowly.

She felt the presence of Evered in his room, a presence like a brooding sorrow. It oppressed her. She became nervous, restless, moving aimlessly to and fro, and once she went to her room for something, and found herself crying. She brushed away the tears impatiently, unable to understand. But she was afraid. There was something dreadful in the very air.

At noon the wind had turned colder and for a time the sleet and rain altogether ceased. The temperature was dropping; crystals of ice formed on the puddles in the barnyard, and the patches of old snow which lay here and there stiffened like hot metal hardening in a mold. Then with the abrupt and surprising effect of a stage transformation snow began to come down from the lowering, driving clouds. This was in its way a whole-hearted snowstorm, in some contrast to the miserable drizzle of the night. It was fine and wet, and hard-driven by the wind. There were times when the barn, a little way from the house, was obscured by the flying flakes; and the trees beyond were wholly hidden behind a veil of white.

Ruth went about the house making sure that the windows were snug. From a front window she saw that the storm had thinned in that direction. She was able to look down into the orchard, which lay a little below the house, sloping away toward North Fraternity. The nearer trees were plain, the others were hidden from sight.

The driving wind plastered this wet snow against everything it touched. One side of every tree, one side of every twig assumed a garment of white. The windows which the wind struck were opaque with it. When Ruth went back to the kitchen she saw that a whole side of the barn was so completely covered by the snow blanket that the dark shingling was altogether hidden. Against the white background of the storm it was as though this side of the barn had ceased to exist. The illusion was so abrupt that for a moment it startled her.

The snow continued to fall for much of the afternoon; then the storm drifted past them and the hills all about were lighted up, not by the sun itself but by an eerie blue light, which may have been the sun refracted and reflected by the snow that was still in the air above. The storm had left a snowy covering upon the world; and even this white blanket had a bluish tinge. Snow clung to windward of every tree and rock and building. Even the clothesline in the yard beside the house was hung with it.

At first, when the storm had but just passed, the scene was very beautiful; but in the blue light it was pitilessly, bleakly cold. Then distantly the sun appeared. Ruth saw it first indirectly. Down the valley to the southward, a valley like a groove between two hills, the low scurrying clouds began to lift; and so presently the end of the valley was revealed, and Ruth was able to look through beneath the screen of clouds, and she could see the slopes of a distant hill where the snow had fallen lightly, brilliantly illumined by the golden sun—gold on the white of the snow and the brown and the green of grass and of trees. Mystically beautiful—blue sky in the distance there; and, between, the sun-dappled hills. The scene was made more gorgeous by the somber light which still lay about the farm.

Then the clouds lifted farther and the sun came nearer. A little before sunset blue skies showed overhead, the sun streamed across the farm, the snow that had stuck against everything it touched began to sag and drop away; and the dripping of melting snow sounded cheerfully in the stillness of the late afternoon.

Ruth saw John and Danvers in the farmyard talking together, watching the skies. They came toward the house and John bade her come out to see. The three of them walked round to the front, where the eye might reach for miles into infinite vistas of beauty. They stood there for a little time. The dropping sun bathed all the land in splendor; the winds had passed, the air was still as honey. Earth was become a thing of glory beyond compare.

They were still standing here when they heard the hoarse and furious bellow of the great red bull.

XVIII

EVERED had not slept the night before. There was no sleep in the man. And this was not because he was torn and agonized; it was because he had never been so fully alive, so alert of mind and body.

Danvers' accusation had come to him as no shock; Danvers' proof that his wife was loyal had come as no surprise. He had expected neither; yet when they came it seemed to the man that he must have known they would come. It seemed to him that all the world must know what he had done; and it seemed to him that he must always have known his wife was—his wife forever.

His principal reaction was a great relief of spirit. He was unhappy, sorrowful; yet there was a pleasant ease and solace in his very unhappiness. For he was rid now, at last, of doubts and of uncertainties; his mind was no more beclouded; there were no more shadows of mystery and questioning. All was clear before him; all that there was to know he knew. And—his secret need no longer be borne alone. Danvers knew; it was as though the whole world knew. He was indescribably relieved by this certainty.

He did not at first look into the future at all. He let himself breathe the present. He came back to the farm and ate his supper and went to his room; and there was something that sang softly within him. It was almost as though his wife waited for him, comfortingly, there. Physically a little restless he moved about for a time; but his mind was steady, his thoughts were calm.

(Continued on Page 115)

Why 40,000 in 6 months chose BlueBird

BlueBird's proved ability to wash its copper tubful of clothes in fifteen minutes or less, without harming a thread of the most delicate fabric, is only partly responsible for adding, in the last six months, 40,000 to the list of BlueBird owners.

Even more influential has been the fact that BlueBird not only provides fifty-two happy washdays a year, but assures them for many years.

The entirely rigid, solid construction of BlueBird, and its tub of thick copper, are visible evidence for years of untroubled washday service.

But perhaps even more important is the corps of BlueBird-trained service men, whose sole duty it is to see that BlueBird unfailingly surpasses what its many thousands of enthusiastic owners tell their friends to expect.

The forty thousand *new* BlueBird owners are more than any electric clothes washer has ever won in a like period.

BlueBird dealers are daily reporting hundreds of additions to them.

Have the BlueBird dealer in your locality demonstrate BlueBird for you—and tell you about the plan of convenient payments by which you can immediately begin to enjoy the benefits of BlueBird superiority for an initial payment of seven dollars.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

Handsome white-enamel cabinet, with gray table top; all mechanism pro[illegible]

Heavy copper, extra large tub, can't discolor clothes. Inside perfectly smooth, nothing to tear or wear things.

Washes by perfect rock-a-bye action, most gentle, most thorough way

Built for a life-time of service, extra strong, rigid frame; simple, dependable mechanism

Large, power driven extra wide wringer; swings to any position; [illegible] automatically for light or heavy things.

Guaranteed for five years

Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful dependable absolutely waterproof

BlueBird Appliance Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
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THIS Red Menace hangs over your factory, store or home every day in the year.

You cannot see it, but it is there awaiting an opportunity to strike. Rising costs make its threat constantly more dangerous.

Insure sufficiently with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, and let us help you to do everything possible to prevent fire. Thus you will be doubly protected. If fire comes you will be promptly reimbursed. If it does not come you will have that feeling of security that only dependable insurance gives.

The Hartford's Fire Prevention Service—practical and valuable to the highest degree—is free to policy holders.

Insure with the "Hartford" agent in your town or any broker, but insist on getting a "Hartford" policy.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 112)

His thoughts were memories, harking backward through the years.

Evered was at this time almost fifty years old. He was born in North Fraternity, in the house of his mother's father, to which she had gone when her time came near. Evered's own father had died weeks before, in the quiet fashion of the countryside. That had been on this hillside farm above the swamp, which Evered's father had owned. His mother stayed upon the farm for a little, and when the time came she went to her home, and when Evered was a month old she had brought him back to the farm again.

She died, Evered remembered, when he was still a boy, nine or ten years old. She had not married a second time, but her brother had come to live with her, and he survived her and kept the farm alive and producing. He taught Evered the work that lay before him. He had been a butcher, and it was from him Evered learned the trade. A kind man, Evered remembered, but not over wise; and he had lacked understanding of the boy.

Evered had been a brilliant boy, active and wholly alive, his mind alert and keen, his muscles quick, his temper sharp. Yet his anger was accustomed to pass quickly, so that he had in him the stuff that makes friends; and he had friends in those days. Still in his teens he won the friendship of the older men, even as he dominated the boys of his own age. He and Lee Motley had grown up almost together. There had always been close sympathy between these two.

When he was nineteen he married, in the adventurous spirit of youth, a girl of the hills; a simple lovely child, not so old as he, married her gayly, brought her home gayly. There had been affection between them, he knew now, but nothing more. He had thought himself heartbroken when, their boy child still a baby, she had died. But a year later he met Mary MacLure, and there had never been any other woman in the world for him.

Evered's memories were very vivid; it needed no effort to bring back to him Mary's face as he first saw her. A dance in the big hall halfway from North Fraternity to Montville. She came late, two men with her; and Evered saw her come into the door. He had come alone to the dance; he was free to devote himself to her, and within the half hour he had swept all others aside, and he and Mary MacLure danced and danced together, while their pulses sang in the soft air of the night, and their eyes, meeting, glowed and glowed.

Fraternity still talked of that swift hot courtship. Evered had fought two men for her. And that fight was well remembered. He had fought for a clear field, and won it, though Mary MacLure scolded him for the winning, as long as she had heart to scold this man. From his first moment with her Evered had been lifted out of himself by the emotions she awoke in him. He loved her hotly and jealously and passionately; and in due course he won her.

Not too quickly, for Mary MacLure knew her worth and knew how to make herself dear to him. She humbled him, and at first he suffered this, till one night he came to her house when the flowers were abloom and the air was warm as a caress. And at first, seated on the steps of their porch with the man at her feet, she teased him lightly and provokingly, till he rose and stood above her. Something made her rise too; and then she was in his arms, lips yielding to his, trembling to his ardent whispers. For long minutes they stood so, conscious only of each other, drunk with the mutual ecstasy of conquest and of surrender, tempestuously embracing.

They were married, and he brought her home to the farm above the swamp, and because he loved her so well, because he loved her too well, he had watched over her with jealous eyes, had guarded her. She became a recluse. An isolation grew up about them. Evered wanted no human being in his life but her; and when the ardor of his love could find no other vent it showed itself in cruel gibes at her, in reckless words.

Youth was still hot in the man. He and Mary might have weathered this hard period of adjustment, might have come to a quiet happiness together; but it was in these years that Evered killed Dave Riggs, a thing half accident. He had gone forth that day with bitterness in his heart; he had quarreled with Mary, and hated himself for it; and hated by proxy all the world besides. Riggs irritated him profoundly, roused the quick anger in the man. And when the hot clouds cleared from before his eyes Riggs was dead.

A thing that could not be undone it had molded Evered's soul into harsh and rugged lines. It was true, as he had told Danvers, that he had sought to make some amends; had offered help to the dead man's wife, first openly, and then—when she cursed him from her door—in secret, hidden ways. But she left Fraternity and took her child, and they lost themselves in the outer world.

So Evered could not ease his conscience by the reparation he longed to make; and the thing lay with him always through the years thereafter. A thing fit to change a man in unpleasant fashion the killing had shaped Evered's whole life—to this black end that lay before him.

The man during this long night alone in his room thought back through all the years; and it was as though he sat in judgment on himself. There was, there had always been a native justice in him; he never deceived his own heart, never palliated even to himself his own ill deeds. There was no question in his mind now. He knew the thing he had done in all its ugly lights. And as he thought of it, sitting beside his bed, he played with the heavy knife which he had carried all these years. He fondled the thing in his hand, eyes half closed as he stared at it. He was not conscious that he held it. Yet it had become almost a part of him through long habit; and it was as much a part of him now as his own hand that held it. The heavy haft balanced so familiarly.

The night, and then the day. A steady calm possessed him. His memories flowed smoothly past, like the eternal cycle of the days. The man's face did not change; he was expressionless. He was sunk so deep in his own thoughts that the turmoil there did not disturb his outward aspect. His countenance was grave and still. No tears flowed; this was no time for tears. It was an hour too deep for tears, a sorrow beyond weeping.

During the storm that day he went to the window now and then. And once in the morning he heard the red bull bellow in its pen; and once or twice thereafter, as the afternoon drove slowly on. Each time he heard this sound it was as though the man's attention was caught and held. He stood still in a listening attitude, as though waiting for the bellow to be repeated; and it would be minutes on end before his eyes clouded with his own thoughts again.

It would be easy to say that Evered during this solitary night and day went mad with grief and self-condemning, but it would not be true. The man was never more sane. His thoughts were profound, but they were quiet and slow and unperturbed. They were almost impersonal. There is in most men—though in few women—this power to withdraw out of one's self or into an inner deeper self; this power to stand as spectator of one's own actions. It is a manifestation of a deeper, more remote consciousness. It is as though there were a man within a man. And this inner soul has no emotions. It is unmoved by love or passion, by anger or hatred, by sorrow or grief, by hunger or by thirst. It watches warm caresses, it hears ardent words, it sees fierce blows, and listens to curses and lamentations with the same inscrutable and immutable calm. It can approve, it can condemn; but it neither rejoices nor bemoans. It is always conscious that the moment is nothing, eternity everything; that the whole alone has portent and importance. This inner self has a depth beyond plumbing; it has a strength unshakable; it has understanding beyond belief. It is not conscience, for it sets itself up as no arbiter of acts or deeds. It is simply a consciousness that that which is done is good or evil, kind or harsh, wise or foolish. This calm inner soul of souls might be called God in man.

Evered this day lived in this inner consciousness. As though he sat remote above the stream he watched the years of his memories flow by. He was, after the first moments, torn by no racking grief and wrenched by no remorseful torments and burned by no agonizing fires. He was without emotion, but not without judgment and not without decision. He moved through his thoughts as though to a definitely appointed and pre-determined end. A strange numbness possessed him, in which only his mind was alive.

He did not pity himself; neither did he damn himself. He did not pray that he might cancel all the past, for this inner consciousness knew the past could never be canceled. He simply thought upon it, with grave and sober consideration.

When his thoughts evidenced themselves in actions it was done slowly, and as though he knew not what he did. He got up from where he had been sitting and went to the window and looked out. The snow had ceased; the sun was breaking through. The world was never more beautiful, never more gloriously white and clean.

The man had held in his hands for most of the day that heavy knife of his. He put it now back in its sheath. Then he took off his shirt and washed himself. There was no fire of purpose in his eye; he was utterly calm and unhurried.

He put on a clean shirt. It was checked blue and white. Mary Evered had made it for him, as she was accustomed to make most of his clothes. When it was buttoned he drew his belt about him and buckled it snug. Then he sat down and took off his slippers—old, faded, rundown things that had eased his tired feet night by night for years. He took off these slippers and put on hobnailed shoes, lacing them securely.

When this was done the man stood for a little in the room, and he looked steadily before him. His eyes did not move to this side and that; there was no suggestion that he was taking farewell of the familiar things about him. It was more as though he looked upon something which other eyes could never see. And his face lighted a little; it was near smiling. There was peace in it.

I do not believe that there was any deadly purpose in Evered's heart when he left his room. Fraternity thinks so; Fraternity has never thought anything else about the matter. He took his knife, in its sheath—that is proof enough for Fraternity. "He went to do the bull, and the bull done him." That is what they say, have always said.

It does not occur to them that the man took the knife because he was a man; because it was not in him to lay down his life supinely; because battle had always been in his blood and was his instinct. It does not occur to them that there was in Evered's mind this day the purpose of atonement, and nothing more. For Fraternity had never plumbed the man, had never understood him.

No matter. No need to dig for hidden things. Enough to know what Evered did.

He went from his room into the kitchen. No one was there. Ruth and John and Danvers were outside in front of the house. Thus they did not see him come out into the barnyard and go steadily and surely across and past the corner of the barn, till he came to the high-boarded walls of the red bull's pen.

He put his hand against these board walls for a moment, with a gesture not unlike that of a blind man. One watching would have supposed that he walked unseeingly or that his eyes were closed. He went along the wall of the pen until he came to the narrow gate, set between two of the cedar posts, through which it was possible to enter.

Evered opened this gate, stepped inside the pen and shut the gate behind him. He took half a dozen paces forward, into the center of the inclosure, and stood still.

The red bull had heard the gate open; and the creature turned in its stall and came to the door between stall and pen. It saw Evered standing there; and after a moment the beast came slowly out, moving one foot at a time, carefully, like a watchful antagonist—came out till it was clear of the stall, till it and the man faced each other, not twenty feet apart.

After a moment the bull lowered its great head and emitted a harsh and angry bellow that was like a roar.

XIX

THE beauty of the whole world in this hour should be remembered. Houses, trees, walls, shrubs, knolls—all were overlaid with the snow basket inches deep. It had been faintly blue, this carpet of snow, in the first moments after the storm passed, and before the sun had broken through. When the sun illumined the hill about the farm the snow was dazzling white, blinding the eye with a thousand gleams, as though it were diamond dust spread all about them. Afterward, when John and Danvers and Ruth had passed to the front of the house to look across the valley and away, the sun descending lost its white glare; its rays took on a crimson hue. Where they struck the snow fairly it was rose pink; where shadows lay the blue was coming back again. The air was so clear that it seemed not to exist, yet did exist as a living, pulsing color which was all about—faint, hardly to be seen.

The three stood silent, watching all this. Ruth could not have spoken if she had wished to do so; she could scarce breathe. Danvers watched unseeingly, automatically, his thoughts busy elsewhere. John stood still, and his eyes were narrowed and his face was faintly flushed, either by the sun's light or by the intoxication of beauty which was spread before him. And they were standing thus when there came to them through the still, liquid air the bellow of the bull.

John and Ruth reacted automatically to that sound. They were accustomed to the beast; they could to some extent distinguish between its outcries, guess at its moods from them. Its roaring was always frightful to an unaccustomed ear; but they were accustomed to it, were disturbed only by some foreign note in the sound. They both knew now that the bull was murderously angry. They did not know, had no way of knowing what had roused it. It might be a dog, a cat; it might be that one of the cows had broken loose and was near its stall; it might be a pig; it might be a hen; it might be merely a rat running in awkward loping bounds across its pen. They did not stop to wonder; but John turned and ran toward the pen, and Ruth followed him, stumbling through the soft snow. Danvers, to whom the bull's bellow had always been a frightful sound, was startled by it, would have asked a question. When he saw them run round the house he followed them.

John was in the lead but Ruth was swift footed and she was at his shoulder when he reached the gate of the pen. The walls of the inclosure and the gate itself were so high that they could not look over the top. But just beside the main gate there was a smaller one, like a door; too narrow and too low for the bull to pass, but large enough for a man. John fumbled with the latch of this gate; and his moment's delay gave the others time to come up with him. When he opened the way and stepped into the pen Ruth and Danvers were at his shoulder. Thus that which was in the pen broke upon them all three at once—a picture never to be forgotten, indelibly imprinted on their minds.

The snow that had fallen in the pen was trampled here and there by the feet of the bull and by the feet of the man, and in one spot it was torn and tossed and crushed into mud, as though the two had come together there in some strange matching of strength. At this spot too there was a dark patch upon the snow; a patch that looked almost black. Yet Ruth knew what had made this patch, and clutched at her throat to stifle her scream; and John knew, and Danvers knew. And the two men were sick and shaken.

At the other side of the pen, perhaps a dozen long paces from where they stood, Evered and the bull faced each other. Neither had heard their coming, neither had seen them. They were, for the fraction of a second, motionless. The great bull's head was lowered; its red neck was streaked with darker red where a long gash lay. From this gash dripped and dripped and spurted a little stream, a dark and ugly stream.

The man, Evered, stood erect and still, facing the bull. They saw that he bore the knife in his left hand, and they saw that his right arm was helpless, hanging in a curiously twisted way, bent backward below the elbow. The sleeve of his checked shirt was stained there, and his hand was red. His shoulder seemed somehow distorted. Yet he was erect and strong, and his face was steady and curiously peaceful, and he made no move to escape or to flee.

An eternity that was much less than a second passed while no man moved, while the bull stood still. Then its short legs seemed to bend under it, its great body hurtled forward. The vast bulk moved quick as light. It was upon the man.

They saw Evered strike, lightly, with his left hand; and there was no purpose behind the blow. It had not the strength to drive it home. At the same time the man leaped to one side, sliding his blade down the bull's shoulder; leaped lightly and surely to one side. The bull swept almost past the man, as the great head showed beyond him.

(Concluded on Page 118)

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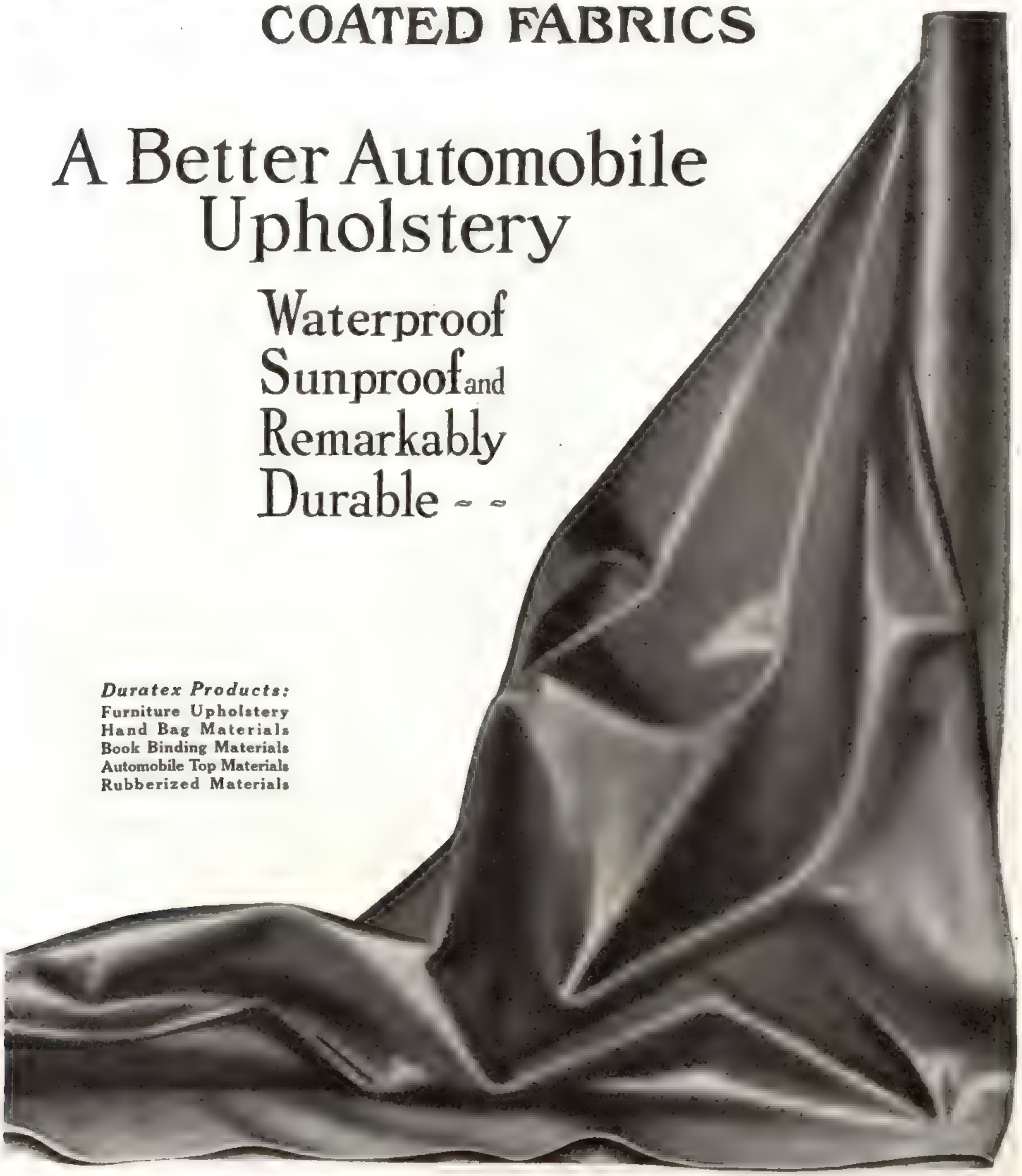

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(Concluded from Page 115)

Then the head swung back and struck Evered in the side, and he fell, over and over, rolling like a rabbit taken in midleap by the gunner's charge of shot. And the red bull turned as a hound might have turned, with a speed that was unbelievable. Its head, its forequarters rose; they saw its feet come down with a curious chopping stroke—apparently not so desperately hard—saw its feet come down once, and twice upon the prostrate man.

It must be remembered that all this had passed quickly. It was no more than a fifth of a second that John Evered stopped within the gate of the pen. Then he was leaping toward the bull, and Ruth followed him. Danvers crouched in the gate, and his face was white as death. He cried, "Come back, Ruth!" And even as she ran after John she had time to look back toward Danvers and see him cowering there.

John took off his coat as he ran, took it off with a quick whipping motion. He swung it back behind him, round his head. And then as the bull's body rose for another deadly downward hoofstroke John struck it in the flank with all his weight. He caught the beast off balance, so that the bull pivoted on its hind feet, away from the fallen man; and before the great creature could turn John whipped his coat into its face, lashing it again and again. The bull shook its great head, turning away from the blinding blows; and John caught the coat about its head and held it there, his arms fairly round the bull's neck. He was shouting, shouting into its very ear. Ruth even in that moment heard him. And she marked that his tone was gentle, quieting, kind. There was no harshness in it.

She needed no telling what to do. John had swung the bull away from Evered; he had the creature blinded. She bent beside the prostrate man and tried to drag him to his feet, but Evered bent weakly in the middle. He was conscious, he looked up at her, his face quite calm and happy; and he shook his head. He said, "Go."

The girl caught him beneath the shoulders and tried to drag him backward through the soft snow across the pen. It was hard work. John still blinding the bull, still calling out to the beast, was working it away from her.

She could not call on him for help; she turned and cried to Danvers, "Help me—carry him."

Danvers came cautiously into the pen and approached her and took her arm. "Come away," he said.

Her eyes blazed at him; and she cried again, "Carry him out."

He said huskily, "Leave him. Leave him here. Come away."

She had never released Evered's shoulders, never ceased to tug at him. But Danvers took her arm now as though to pull her away; and she swung toward him so fiercely that he fell back from her. The girl began abruptly to cry; half with anger at Danvers, half with pity for the broken man in her arms. And she tugged and tugged, sliding the limp body inch by inch toward safety. Then she saw John beside her. He had guided the bull, half forcing, half persuading, to the entrance into the stall; he had worked the creature in, prodding it, urging; and shut and made secure the door. Now he was at her side. He knelt with her.

"He's terribly hurt," she said through her tears.

John nodded. "I'll take him," he told her.

So he gathered Evered into his arms, gathered him up so tenderly, and held the man against his breast, and Ruth supported Evered's drooping head as she walked beside John. They came to the gate and it was too narrow for them to pass through. So Ruth went through alone, to open the wider gate from the outside.

She found Danvers there, standing uncertainly. She looked at him as she might have looked at a stranger. She was hardly conscious that he was there at all. When he saw what she meant to do he would have helped her. She turned to him then, and she seemed to bring her thoughts back from a great distance; she looked at him for a moment and then she said, "Go away!"

He cried, "Ruth! Please ——"

She repeated, "I want you to go away. Oh," she cried, "go away! Don't ever come here again!"

Danvers moved back a step, and she swung the gate open so that John could come through, and closed it behind him, and walked with him to the kitchen door, supporting Evered's head. Danvers hesitated then followed them uncertainly.

When they came to the door Ruth opened it, and John—moving sidewise so that his burden should not brush against the door frame—went into the kitchen, and across. Ruth passed round to open the door into Evered's own room; and John went through.

When he reached the bedside and turned to lay Evered there he missed Ruth. He looked toward the kitchen; and he saw her standing in the outer doorway. Danvers was on the steps before her. John heard Danvers say something pleadingly. Ruth stood still for a moment. Then John saw her slowly shut the door, shutting out the other man. And he saw her turn the key and shoot the bolt.

She came toward him, running; and her eyes were full of tears.

They laid Evered on his own bed, the bed he and Mary Evered had shared. Ruth put the pillow under his head; and because it was cold in the room she would have drawn a blanket across him. John shook his head. He was loosening the other garments, making swift examination of his father's hurts, pressing and probing firmly here and there.

Evered had drifted out of consciousness on the way to the house; but his eyes opened now and there was sweat on his forehead. He looked up at them steadily and soberly enough.

"You hurt me, John," he said.

Ruth whispered, "I'll telephone the doctor."

Evered turned his head a little on the pillow and looked toward her. "No," he said, "no need."

"Oh, there must be!" she cried. "There must be! He can ——"

Evered interrupted her. "Don't go, Ruthie. I want to talk to you."

She was crying; she came slowly back to the bedside. The sun was ready to dip behind the hills. Its last rays coming through the window fell across her face. She was somehow glorified. She put her hand on Evered's head, and he—the native strength still alive within him—reached up and caught it in his and held it firmly thereafter for a space.

"You're crying," he said.

"I can't help it," she told him.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Because I'm so sorry for you."

A slow wave of happiness crept into his eyes "You're a good girl, Ruthie. You mustn't cry for me."

She brushed her sleeve across her eyes. "Why did you do it?" she asked almost fiercely. "Why did you let him get at you?"

"You've been hating me, Ruthie," he told her gently. "Why do you cry for me?"

"Oh," she told him, "I don't hate you now. I don't hate you now."

He said weakly, "You've reason to hate me."

"No, no!" she said. "Don't be unhappy. You never meant—you loved Mary."

"Aye," he agreed, "I loved Mary. I loved Mary, and John loves you."

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, John standing beside her; but she did not look up at him. Her eyes were all for Evered.

"Please," she said. "Rest. Let me get the doctor"

His head moved slowly in negation. "Something to tell you, Ruth, first - before the doctor comes."

She looked toward John then, for decision or for reassurance. His eyes answered her; they bade her listen; they told her there was no work for the doctor here. So she turned back to Evered again. He was speaking slowly; she caught his words, bending above him.

It was thus that the man told the story at last, without heat or passion, neither sparing himself nor condemning himself, but as though he spoke of another man. And he spoke of little things that he had not been conscious of noticing at the time—how when he took down his revolver to go after the bull the cats were frightened and ran from him; how as he passed through the barnyard the horse whinnied from its stall; how he was near stumbling over a ground sparrow's nest in the open land above the woodlot; how a red squirrel mocked at him from a hemlock as he went on his way. It was as though he lived the day over while they listened. He told how he had come out above the spring; how he saw Mary and Dane Semler there.

"I believed she loved him," he said.

And Ruth cried, "Oh, she never loved anyone but you." She was not condemning, she was reassuring him; and he understood, his hand tightening on hers.

"I know," he said. "And my unbelief was my great wrong to Mary; worse than the other."

He went on steadily enough. "There was time," he told her. "I could have turned him, stopped him, shot him. But I hated her; I let the bull come on."

The girl scarce heard him. His words meant little to her; her sympathy for him was so profound that her only concern was to ease the man and make him happier.

She cried, "Don't, don't torment yourself! Please, I understand."

"I killed her," he said.

And as one would soothe a child, while the tears ran down her cheeks she bade him never mind.

"There, there. Never mind," she pleaded.

"I killed her, but I loved her," he went on implacably.

And he told them something of his sorrow afterward, and told them how he had stifled his remorse by telling himself that Mary was false; how he had kept his soul alive with that poor unction. He was weakening fast; the terrific battering which he had endured was having its effect upon even his great strength; but his voice went steadily on.

He came to Danvers, came to that scene with Danvers the night before, by the spring; and so told how Danvers had proved to him that Mary was—Mary. And at last, as though they must understand, he added. "So then I knew."

They did not ask what he knew; these two did understand. They knew the man as no others would ever know him—knew his heart, knew his unhappiness. There was no need of his telling them how he had passed the night, and then the day. He did not try.

Ruth was comforting him; and he watched her with a strange and wistful light in his eyes.

"You've hated me, Ruthie," he reminded her. "Do you hate me now?"

There was no hate in her, nothing but a flooding sympathy and sorrow for the broken man. She cried, "No, no!"

"You're forgiving "

"Yes. Please—please know."

"Then Mary will," he murmured half to himself.

Ruth nodded, and told him, "Yes, yes; she will. Please, never fear."

For a little while he was silent, while she spoke to him hungrily and tenderly, as a mother might have spoken; and her arms round him seemed to feel the man slipping away. She was weeping terribly; and he put up one hand and brushed her eyes.

"Don't cry," he bade her. "It's all right, don't cry."

"I can't help it. I don't want to help it. Oh, if there was only anything I could do."

He smiled faintly; and his words were so husky she could scarcely hear.

"Go to John," he said.

She held him closer. "Please ——"

"Please go to John," he urged again.

She still held him, but her arms relaxed a little. She looked up at John, and saw the young man standing there beside her. And a picture came back to her—the picture of John throwing himself against the red bull's flank, blinding it, urging it away. His voice had been so gentle, and sure, and strong. She herself in that moment had burned with hate of the bull. Yet there had been no hate in John, nothing but gentleness and strength.

She had coupled him with Evered in her thoughts for so long that there was a strange illumination in her memories now; she saw John as though she had never seen him before; and almost without knowing it she rose and stood before him.

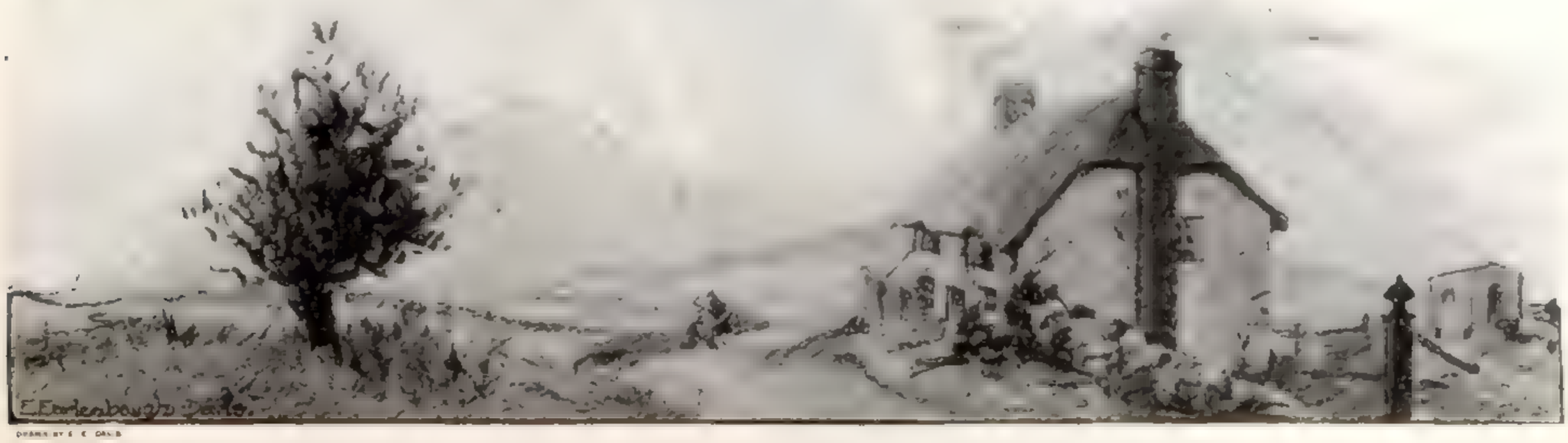
John made no move to take her; but she put her arms round his neck and drew his head down. Only then did his arms go about her and hold her close. There was infinite comfort in them. He bent and kissed her. And strangely she thought of Danvers. There had been something hard and cruel in his embrace, there had been loneliness in his arms. There was only gentleness in John; and she was not lonely here. She looked up, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, John, John!" she whispered.

As they kissed so closely the warm light from the west came through the window and enfolded them. And Evered, upon the bed, wearily turned his head till he could see them, watch them. As he watched his eyes lighted with a slow contentment. And after a little a smile crept across his face, such a smile as comes only with supreme happiness and peace. A kindly, loving smile.

He was still smiling when they turned toward him again; but they understood at once that Evered himself had gone away.

(THE END)



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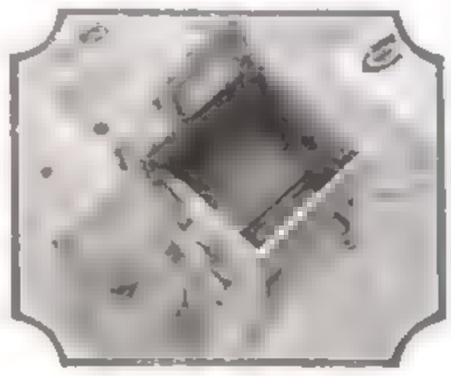

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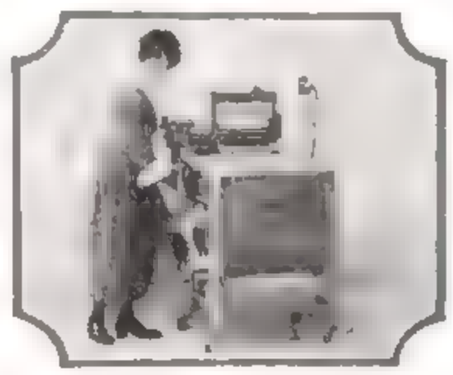

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THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 5)

Whether or not hatred of dirt be inheritable I leave to biologists, merely noting two facts for their consideration: Susan's mother had hated dirt with an unappeasable hatred; her nightly after-supper insensate pursuit of imaginary cobwebs had been one of Bob's choicest grievances against her. And little Susan hated dirt in all its forms with an almost equal venom, but with a brain at once more active and more unreeling. She had good reason to hate it. She must either have hated it or been subdued to it. For five years, more or less, she had lived in the midst of dirt and suffered. It had seemed to her one of the inexpugnable evils of existence, like mosquitoes, or her father's temper, or the smell of Pearl's cheap talcum powder when warmed by the fumes of cooking cabbage. But gradually it came upon her that dirt only accumulated in the absence of a will to removal.

Once her outreaching mind had grasped—without wordily formulating—this physical and moral law, her course was plain. Since the will to removal was dormant or missing in Pearl, she must supply it. Within the scope of her childish strength she did supply it. Susan insists that it took her two years merely to overcome the handicap of Pearl's neglect. Her self-taught technic was faulty; proper tools were lacking. There was a bucket which when filled she could not lift; a broom that tripped her; high corners she could not reach—corners she had to grow up to, even with the aid of a chair. But in the end she triumphed. By the time she was thirteen—she was thirteen when I first saw her in the Eureka Garage—Bob's four rooms were spotless six and one-half days out of every seven.

Even Pearl, in her flaccid way, approved the change. "It beats hell," she remarked affably to Bob one night, "how the ugly little monkey likes to scrub things. She's a real help to me, that child is. But no comp'ny. And she's a sight."

"Well," growled Bob, "she comes by that honest. So was the old woman." They were annoyed when Susan, sitting by them, for the first time within their memory burst into flooding uncontrollable tears.

I should probably in my own flaccid way have lost all track of Susan if it had not been for certain ugly things that happened in Bob's four-room house one breathless evening—June twentieth of the year 1907. It is a date stamped into my consciousness like a notarial seal. For one thing it happened to be my birthday—my thirty-third, which I was not precisely celebrating, since it was also the anniversary of the day my wife had left me, two years before. Nor was I entirely pleased to have become, suddenly, thirty-three. I counted it the threshold of middle-age. Now that eleven years have passed, and the world's futile pretense at peace with them, I am feeling younger.

This book is about Susan, but it will be simpler if you know something, too, concerning her scribe. Fortunately there is not much that it will be needful to tell.

IV

I WAS—in those bad, grossly comfortable old days—that least happy of Nature's experiments, a man whose inherited income permitted him to be an idler, and whose tastes urged him to write precious little essays about precious little for the more precious reviews. My half-hearted attempt to practice law I had long abandoned. I lived in a commodious inherited mansion on Hillhouse Avenue—an avenue which in all fairness must be called aristocratic, since it has no wrong end to it. It is right at both ends, so, naturally, though broad, it is not very long. My grandfather toward the end of a profitably ill-spent life built this mansion of sad-colored stone in a somewhat mixed Italian style; my father filled it with expensive and unsightly movables—the spoils of a grand European tour; and I in my turn had emptied it of these treasures and refilled it with my own carefully chosen collection of rare furniture, rare Oriental carpets, rare first editions, and costly *objets d'art*. This collection I then anxiously believed and do still in part believe to be beautiful—though I am no longer haunted by an earlier fear lest the next generation should repudiate my taste and reverse my opinion. Let the auction rooms of 1960 decide. Neither in flesh nor in spirit shall I attend them.

The tragi-comedy of my luckless marriage I shall not stop here to explain, but its rather mysterious ending had at first largely cut me off from my old family friends and my socially correct acquaintances. When Gertrude left me, their sympathies, or their sense of security, went with her. I can hardly blame them. There had been no glaring scandal, but the fault was inferentially mine. To speak quite brutally, I did not altogether regret their loss. Too many of them had bored me for too many years. I was glad to rely more on the companionship of certain writers and painters which my scribbling had quietly won for me, here and in France. I traveled about a good deal. When at home I kept my rooms filled—often, in the horrid phrase, with "visitors of distinction."

In this way I became a social problem, locally, of some magnitude. Visitors of distinction—even when of eccentric distinction—cannot easily be ignored in a university town. Thus it made it a little awkward perhaps that I should so often prove to be their host; a little—less on the whole than one would suppose. Within two years—just following Ballou's brief stay with me, on his way to introduce that now forgotten nine days' wonder, Polymorphous Prose, among initiates of the Plymouth Rock Poetry Guild, at Boston—my slight remaining ineligibility was tacitly and finally ignored. The old family friends began to hint that Gertrude, though a splendid woman, had always been a little austere. Possibly there were faults on both sides. One never knew.

And it was just at this hour of social reëstablishment that my birthday swung round again, for the thirty-third time, and brought with it a change in my outer life which was to lead on to even greater changes in all my modes of thinking and feeling. Odd that a drunken quarrel in a four-room house toward the wrong end of Birch Street could so affect the destiny of a luxurious dilettante living at the very center of bonded respectability, in a mansion of sad-colored stone on a short broad avenue which is right at both ends!

"NEVER in this world!" grumbled Bob Blake, bringing his malletlike fist down on the marble top of the parlor table.

The blow made his half-filled glass jump and clinkle; so he emptied it slowly, then poured in four fingers more, forgetting to add water this time, and sullenly pushed the bottle across to Pearl. But Pearl was fretful. Her watery blue eyes were fixed upon the drumhead of the banjo, where it hung suspended above the melodeon.

"I did so paint them flowers! And well you know it. What's the good of bein' so mean? If you wasn't heeled you'd let me have it my way. Didn't I bring that banjo with me?"

"Haugh! What does that prove?"

"I guess it proves somethin', all right."

"Proves you swiped it, likely."

"Me! I ain't that kind, thanks!"

"The hell you ain't."

"If you're tryin' to get gay, cut it out!"

"Not me."

"Well, then—quit!"

This was shortly after supper. It was an unusually hot, humid evening, doors and windows stood open to no purpose, and Susan was sitting out on the monolithic door slab, fighting off mosquitoes. She found that this defensive warfare partly distracted her from the witless interminable bickering within. Moreover, the striated effluvia of whisky, talcum powder and perspiration had made her head feel a little queer. By comparison the fetid breath from the exposed mud banks of the salt marsh was almost refreshing.

Possibly it was because her head did feel a little queer that Susan began presently to wonder about things. Between her days at the neighboring public school and her voluntary rounds of housework Susan had not of late years had much waking time to herself. In younger and less crowded hours, before her father had been informed by the authorities that he must either send his child to school or take the consequences, Susan had put in all her spare moments at wondering. She would see a toad in the back yard, for example, under a plantain leaf, and she would begin to wonder. She would wonder what it felt like to be a toad. And before very long something would happen to her, inside, and she would *be* a toad. She would have toad thoughts and toad feelings. There would stretch above her a dim, green, balancing canopy—the plantain leaf. All about her were soaring translucent fronds—the grass. It was cool there under the plantain leaf; but she was enormously fat and ugly, her brain felt like sooty cobwebs, and nobody loved her.

Still, she didn't care much. She could feel her soft gray throat, like a blown-into glove finger, pulsing slowly—which was almost as soothing a sensation as letting the swing die down. It made her feel as if Someone—some great unhappy cloudlike Being—were making up a song, a song about most everything, chanting it sleepily to himself—or was it herself?—somewhere; and as if she were part of this beautiful, unhappy song. But all the time she knew that if that white fluffy restlessness—that moth miller—fluttered only a little nearer among those golden-green fronds, she knew if it reached the cool rim of her plantainshade, she knew then that something terrible would happen to her—knew that something swift and blind, that she couldn't help, would coil deep within her like a spring and so launch her forward, open-jawed. It was awful—awful for the moth miller—but she couldn't *not* do it. She was a toad.

And it was the same with her father. There were things he couldn't *not* do. She could be—sitting very still in a corner—be her father when he was angry; and she knew he couldn't help it. It was just a dark slow whirling inside, with red sparks flying swiftly out from it. And it hurt while it lasted. Being her father like that always made her sorry for him. But she wished, and she felt he must often wish, that he couldn't be at all. There were lots of live things that would be happier if they weren't live things; and if they weren't, Susan felt, the great cloudlike Being would be less unhappy too.

Naturally, I am giving you Susan's later interpretations of her pre-schoolday wonderings; and a number of you would gasp a little, knowing what firm, delicate imaginings all Susan Blake's later interpretations were, if I should give you her pen name as well which I have promised myself not to do. This is not an official study of a young writer of peculiar distinction; it is merely an unpretending book about a little girl I knew and a young married woman I still know—one and the same person. It is what I have named it—that only: The Book of Susan.

Meanwhile, this humid June night—to the sordid accompaniment of Bob and Pearl snarling at each other half-drunkenly within—Susan waits for us on the monolithic door slab; and there is a new wonder in her dizzy little head. I can't do better than let her tell you in her own words what this new wonder was like.

"Ambo, dear"—my name, by the way, is Ambrose Hunt; Captain Hunt, of the American Red Cross, at the present writing, which I could date from a sleepy little village in Southern France—"Ambo, dear, it was the moon, mostly. There was a pink bud of light in the heat mist way off beyond East Rock, and then the great wild rose of the moon opened slowly through it. Papa, inside, was sounding just like a dog when he's bullying another dog, walking up on the points of his toes, stiff legged, round him. So I tried to escape, tried to be the moon; tried to feel floaty and shining and beautiful, and—and remote. But I couldn't manage it. I never could make myself be anything not alive. I've tried to be stones, but it's no good. It won't work. I can be trees—a little. But usually I have to be animals, or men and women—and of course they're animals too.

"So I began wondering why I liked the moon, why just looking at it made me feel happy. It couldn't talk to me; or love me. All it could do was to be up there, sometimes, and shine. Then I remembered about mythology. Miss Chisholm, in school, was always telling us about gods and goddesses. She said we were children, so we could re-create the gods for ourselves, because they belonged to the child age of the world. She talked like that a lot, in a faded-leaf voice, and none of us ever understood her. The truth is, Ambo, we never paid any attention to her; she smiled too much and too sadly, without meaning it; and her eyelashes were white. All the same, that night somehow I remembered Artemis, the virgin moon goddess, who slipped silently through dark woods at dusk, hunting with a silvery bow. I loved the thought of Artemis from that moment. I began to think about her—oh, intensely!—always keeping off by herself, cool, and shining, and—and detached. She liked clean, open places, and the winds, and clear, swift water. What she hated most was stuffiness! That's why I decided then and there, Ambo, that Artemis should be my goddess, my own pet goddess; and I made up a prayer to her. I've never forgotten it. I often say it still:

"Dearest, dearest Far-Away,
Can you hear me when I pray?
Can you hear me when I cry?
Would you care if I should die?
No, you wouldn't care at all;
But I love you most of all.

"It isn't very good, Ambo, but it's the first rime I ever made up out of my own head. And I just talked it right off to Artemis without any trouble. But I had hardly finished it, when ——"

What had happened next was the crash of glassware, followed by Bob's thick voice bellowing: "C'm ba' here! Tell yeh t' c'm ba' an'—an' 'pol'gize!"

Susan heard a strangling screech from Pearl, the jar of a heavy piece of furniture overturned. The child's first impulse was to run out into Birch Street and scream for help. She tells me her spine knew all at once that something terrible had happened or was going to happen. Then, in an odd flash of hallucination, she saw Artemis poised the fleetingest second before her—beautiful, a little disdainful, divinely unafraid. So Susan gulped, dug her nails fiercely into her palms, and hurried back through the parlor into the kitchen, where she stumbled across the overturned table and fell, badly bruising her cheek.

As she scrambled to her feet a door slammed to, above. Her father, in a grotesque crouching posture, was mounting the ladderlike stair. On the floor at the stair's foot lay the parchment head of Pearl's banjo, which he had cut from its frame. Susan distinctly caught the smudged pinks and blues of the nondescript flowers. She realized at once that her father was bound on no good errand. And Pearl was trapped. Susan called to her father, daringly, a little wildly. He slued round to her, leaning heavily on the stair rail, his face green white, his lips held back by some evil reflex in a fixed appalling grin.

It was the face of a madman. He raised his right hand slowly, and a tiny prismatic gleam darted from the blade of an opened razor—one of his precious set of six. He had evidently used it to destroy the banjo head, which he would never have done in his right mind. But now he made a shocking gesture with the blade, significant of other uses; then turned, crouching once more, to continue upward. Susan tried to cry out, tried to follow him until the room slid from its moorings into a whirlpool of humming blackness.

That is all Susan remembers for sometime. It is just as well.

What she recalls next is an intense blare of light rousing her from her nothingness like trumpets. Her immediate confused notion was that the gates of hell had been flung wide for her; and when a tall black figure presently cut across the merciless rays and towered before her she thought it must be the devil. But the intense blare came from the head lights of my touring car, and the tall black devil was I. A greatly puzzled and compassionate devil I was too! Maltby Phar—that exquisite anarchist—was staying with me, and we had run down to the shore for dinner, hoping to mitigate the heat by the ride, and my new sensation of frustrate middle-age by broiled live lobsters. It was past eleven. I had just

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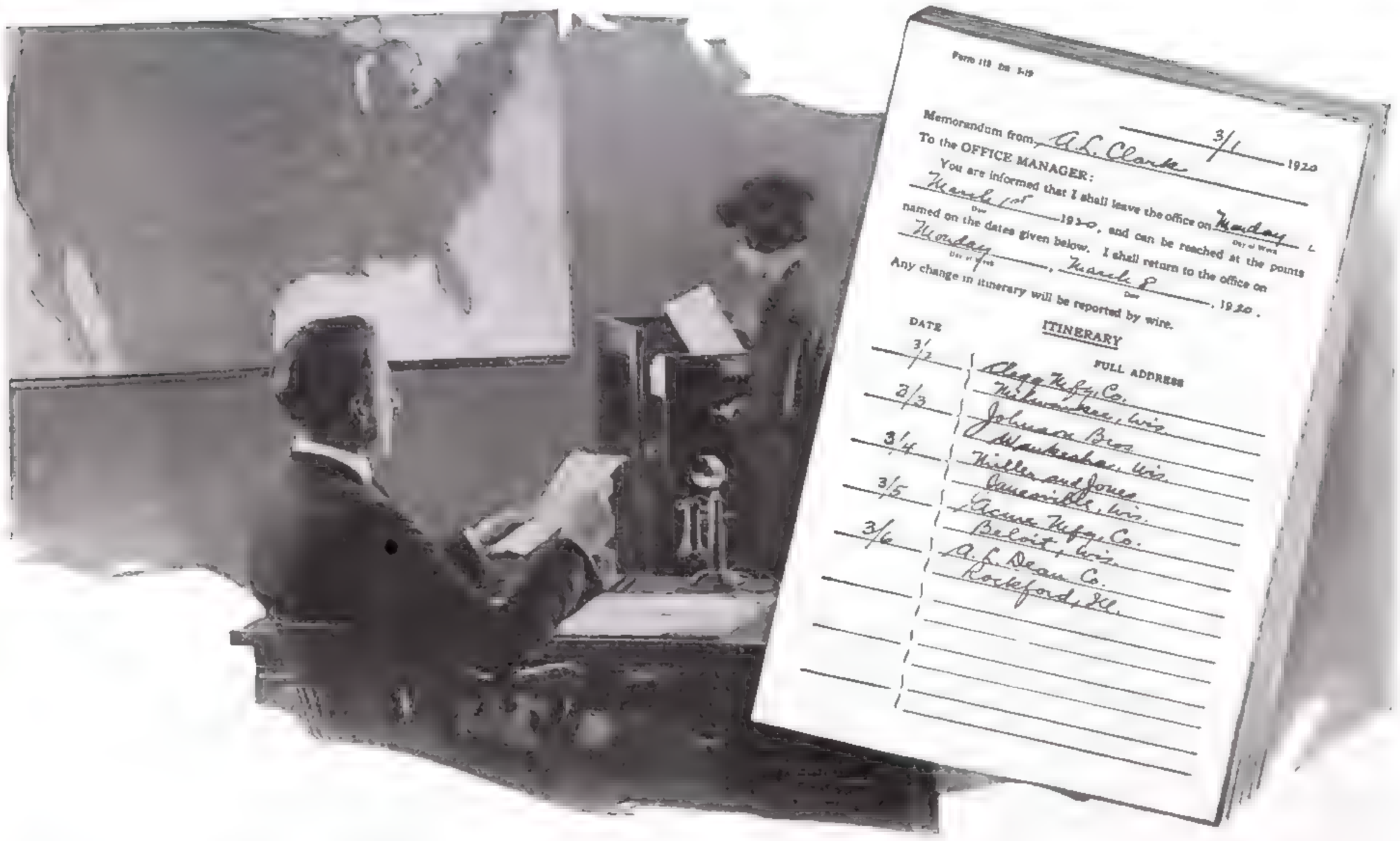
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Memorandum from A. L. Clarke 3/1 1920
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March 1st 1920, and can be reached at the points
Date
named on the dates given below. I shall return to the office on
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Day of Week Date
Any change in itinerary will be reported by wire.
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DATE
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(Continued from Page 122)

dropped Maltby at the house and had run my car round to the garage where Bob worked, meaning to leave it there overnight so Bob could begin patching at it the first thing in the morning. It had been bucking its way along on three cylinders or less all day.

Bob's garage lay back from the street down a narrow alley. Judge, then, of my astonishment as I nosed my car up to its shut double doors! There on the concrete incline before the doors lay a small crumpled figure, half-curled, like an unearthed cutworm, about a shining dinner pail. I brought the car to a sudden dead stop. The small figure partly uncrumpled, and a white blinded little face lifted toward me. It was Bob's youngster! What was she up to, lying there on the ribbed concrete at this time of night? And in heaven's name why the dinner pail? I jumped down to investigate.

"You're Susan Blake, aren't you?"

"Yes"—with a whispered gasp—"Your Royal Highness."

Susan says she doesn't know just why she addressed the devil in that way, unless she was trying to flatter him and so get round him.

"I'm not so awfully bad," she went on, "if you don't count thinking things too much."

The right cheek of her otherwise delicately modeled child's face was a swollen lump of purple and green. I dropped down on one knee beside her.

"Why, you poor little lady! You're hurt!"

Instantly she sprang to her feet, wild-eyed.

"No, no! It's not me—it's Pearl! Oh, quick—please! He had a razor!"

"Razor? Who did?" I seized her hands. "I'm Mr. Hunt, dear. Your father often works on my car. Tell me what's wrong!"

She was still half dazed. "I—I can't see why I'm down here—with papa's dinner pail. Pearl was upstairs, and I tried to stop him from going." Then she began to whimper like a whipped puppy. "It's all mixed. I'm scared."

"Of course—of course you are; but it's going to be all right." I led her to the car and lifted her onto the front seat. "Hold on a minute, Susan. I'll be back with you in less than no time!"

I sounded my horn impatiently. After an interval a slow-footed car washer inside the garage began trundling the doors back to admit me. I ran to him.

No. Bob, he left at six, same as usual. He hadn't been round since. . . . His kid, eh? Mebbe the heat had turned her queer. Nuff to addle most folks, the heat was.

I saw that he knew nothing, and snapped him off with a sharp request to crank the car for me. As he did so I jumped in beside Susan.

"Where do you live, Susan? Oh, yes, of course—Birch Street. Bob told me that. . . . Eh? You don't want to go home?"

"Never, please. Never, never! I won't!" Proclaiming this she flung Bob's dinner pail from her and it bounced and clattered down the asphalt. "It's too late," she added in a frightened whisper. "I know it is!"

Then she seized my arm—thereby almost wrecking us against a fire hydrant—and clung to me, sobbing. I was puzzled and—yes—alarmed. Bob was a bad customer. The child's bruised face—something she had said about a razor? And instantly I made up my mind.

"I'll take you to my house, Susan. Mrs. Parrot"—Mrs. Parrot was my housekeeper—"will fix you up for to-night. Then I'll go round and see Bob; see what's wrong." I felt her thin fingers dig into my arm convulsively. "Yes," I reassured her, taking a corner perilously at full speed, "that will be much better. You'll like Mrs. Parrot."

Rather recklessly I hoped that this might prove to be true, for Mrs. Parrot was a little difficult at times.

Maltby Phar saw me coming up the steps with a limp child in my arms, and he opened the screen door for me. "Aha!" he exclaimed. "Done it this time, eh! Always knew you would, sooner or later. You're too damned absent-minded to drive a car. You ——"

"Nonsense!" I struck in. "Tell Mrs. Parrot to ring up Doctor Stevens. Then send her to me." And I continued on upstairs with Susan.

When Mrs. Parrot came Susan was lying with closed eyes in the middle of a great white embroidered coverlet, upon which her shoes had smeared greasy permanent-looking stains.

"Mercy," sighed Mrs. Parrot, "if you've killed the poor creature nobody's sorrier than I am. But why couldn't you have laid her down on the floor? She wouldn't have known."

In certain respects Mrs. Parrot was invaluable to me, but then and there I suspected that Mrs. Parrot would, in the not-too-distant future, have to go.

Within five minutes Doctor Stevens arrived, and after hurried explanations Maltby and I left him in charge and then made twenty-five an hour to Birch Street.

However, Susan's intuitions had been correct. We found Bob's four-room house quite easily. It was the house with the crowd in front of it. We were an hour too late.

"Cut her throat clean acrost; and his own after," shrilled Mrs. Perkins to us—Mrs. Perkins who lived three doors nearer the right end of Birch Street. "But it's only what was to be looked for, and I guess it'll be a lesson to some. You can't expect no better end than that," perorated Mrs. Perkins to us and her excited neighbors, while her small gray-green eyes snapped with electric malice. "You can't expect no better end than that to sech brazen immorality."

"My God," groaned Maltby as we sped away, "how they have enjoyed it all! Why, you almost ruined the evening for them when you told them you'd found the child! They were hoping to discover her body in the cellar or down the well. Ugh! What a world!

"By the way," he added as we turned once more into the dignified breadth of Hillhouse Avenue, "what'll you do with the homely little brat? Put her in some kind of awful institution?"

The bland tone of his assumption irritated me. I ground on the brakes.

"Certainly not! I like her. If she returns the compliment, and her relatives don't claim her, she'll stay on here with me."

"H'm. Bravo. About two weeks," said Maltby Phar.

VI

IT WAS not Susan who left me at the end of two weeks; it was Mrs. Parrot. Maltby had departed within three days, hastening perforce to editorial duties in New York. He then edited, with much furtive groaning to sympathetic friends, The Garden Exquisite, a monthly magazine *de luxe*, devoted chiefly to advertising matter and to photographs taken by request of far-seeing wives and daughters—at the country clubs and on the country estates of our minor millionaires. For a philosophical anarch, rather a quaint occupation! Yet one must live. Maltby, however, had threatened a return as soon as possible, "to look over the piteous débâcle." There was no probability that Mrs. Parrot would ever return.

"You cannot expect me," maintained Mrs. Parrot, "to wait on the child of a murdering suicide. Especially," she added, "when he was nothing but a common sort of man to begin with. I'm as sorry for that poor little creature as anybody in New Haven; but there are places for such."

That was her ultimatum. My reply was two weeks' notice and a considerable monetary gift to soften the blow.

Hillhouse Avenue in general, so far as I could discover, rather sympathized with Mrs. Parrot. She at once obtained an excellent post, becoming housekeeper for the Misses Carstairs, spinster sisters of incredible age, who lived only two doors from me in a respectable mansion whose portico resembled an Egyptian tomb. Wandering freshmen from the Yale campus frequently mistook it for the home office of one of the stealthier secret societies.

There, silently ensconced, Mrs. Parrot burned with a hard gemlike flame, and awaited my final downfall. So did the Misses Carstairs, who, being distant relatives of my wife, had remained firmly in opposition. And rumor had it that other members of neighboring families were suffering discomfort from the proximity of Susan. It was as if a tiny, almost negligible speck of coal dust had blown into the calm watchful eye of the *genius loci*, and was gradually inflaming it—with resultant nervous irritation to all its members.

Susan was happily unconscious of these things. Her gift of intuition had not yet projected itself into that ethereal region which conserves the more tenuous tone and the subtler distinction—denominated "society." For the immediate moment she was bounded in a nutshell, yet seemed to count herself a princess of infinite space—yes, in spite of bad dreams. We—Doctor Stevens and I—had put her to bed in the large, coolly distinguished corner room formerly occupied by Gertrude. This room opened directly into my own. Doctor Stevens counseled bed for a few days, and Susan seemed well content to obey his mandate. Meanwhile I had requested Mrs. Parrot to buy various necessities for her—toothbrushes, nightdresses, day dresses, petticoats, and so on. Mrs. Parrot had supposed I would want the toilet articles inexpensive, and the clothing plain but good.

"Good, by all means, Mrs. Parrot," I had corrected, "but not plain. As pretty and frilly as possible!"

Mrs. Parrot had been inclined to argue the matter.

"When that poor little creature goes from here," she had maintained, "flimsy, fussy things will be of no service to her. None. She'll need coarse, substantial articles that will bear usage."

"Do you like to wear coarse, substantial articles, Mrs. Parrot?" I had mildly asked. "So far as I am permitted to observe ——"

Mrs. Parrot had resented the implication. "I hope in my outer person, Mr. Hunt, that I show a decent respect for my employers, but I've never been one to pamper myself on linjery, if I may use the word—not believing it wholesome. Nor to discuss it with gentlemen. But if I don't know what it's wisest and best to buy in this case, who," she had demanded of heaven, "does?"

"Possibly," heaven not replying, had been my response, "I do. At any rate I can try."

It was fun trying. I ran down on the eight o'clock to New York and strolled up and down Fifth Avenue, shopping here and there as the fancy moved me. Shopping—with a well-filled pocketbook—is not a difficult art. Women exaggerate its difficulties for their own malign purposes. In two hours of the most casual activity I had bought a great number of delightful things—"for my little daughter, you know. Her age? . . . Oh, well—I should think about fourteen. Let's call it 'going on fourteen.' Then it's sure to be all right."

It was all right—essentially. By which I mean that the parties of the first and second parts to wit, Susan and I—were entirely and blissfully satisfied.

Susan liked particularly a lacy sort of nightgown all knotted over with little pink ribbony rosebuds; there was a coquettish boudoir cap to match it—suggestive somehow of the caps village maidens used to wear in old-fashioned comic operas; and a pink silk kimono embroidered with white chrysanthemums, to top off the general effect. Needless to say, Mrs. Parrot disapproved of the general effect, deeming it, no doubt with some reason, a thought flamboyant for Gertrude's distinguished corner room.

But Susan, propped straight up by now against pillows, wantoned in this finery. She would stroke the pink silk of the kimono with her sensitive fingers, sigh deeply, happily, then close her eyes.

There was nothing much wrong with her. The green-and-purple bruise on her cheek—a somber note which would not harmonize with the frivolity of the boudoir cap—was no longer painful. But, as Doctor Stevens put it, "The little monkey's all in." She was tired, tired out to the last tiny filament of her tiniest nerve.

During those first days with me she asked no awkward questions; and few of any kind. Indeed, she rarely spoke at all, except with her always-speaking black eyes. For the time being the restless-terrier look had gone from them; they were quiet and deep, and said "Thank you," to Doctor Stevens, to Mrs. Parrot, to me, with a hundred modulating shades of expression. In spite of a clear-white, finely drawn face, against which the purple bruise stood out in shocking relief; in spite of entirely straight but gossamery black hair; in spite of a rather short nose and a rather wide mouth—there was a fascination about the child which no one, not even the hostile Mrs. Parrot, wholly escaped.

"That poor, peeny little creature," admitted Mrs. Parrot, on the very morning she left me, "has a way of looking at you—so you can't talk to her like you'd ought to. It's somebody's duty to speak to her in a Christian spirit. She never says her prayers. Nor mentions her father. And don't seem to care what's happened to him, or why she's here, or what's to come to her. And what is to come to her," demanded Mrs. Parrot, "if she stays on in this house without a God-fearing woman, and one you can't fool most days? Not that I could be persuaded, having made other arrangements. And if I may say a last word, the wild talk I've heard here isn't what I've been used to. Nor to be approved of. No vulgarity. None. I don't accuse. But free with matters better left to the church; or in the dark—where they belong. All I hold is that some things are sacred and some unmentionable; and conversation should take cognizance of such!"

I had never known her so moved or so eloquent. I strove to reassure her.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Parrot. I apologize for any painful moments my friends and I have given you. But don't worry too much about Susan. So far as Susan's concerned, I promise to take cognizance in every possible direction."

It was quite clear to me that I should have to expend a good deal of care upon engaging another housekeeper at once. And of course a governess—for lessons and things. And a maid? Yes; Susan would need a maid, if only to do her mending. Obviously, neither the housekeeper, the governess nor I could be expected to take cognizance of that.

But I anticipate. Two weeks before Mrs. Parrot's peroration, on the very evening of the day Maltby Phar had left me, Susan and I had had our first good talk together. My memorable shopping tour had not yet come off, and Susan having pecked birdlike at a very light supper was resting—semi-recumbent—in bed, clothed in a suit of canary-yellow pyjamas two sizes too big for her, which I was rather shaken to discover belonged to Nora, my quiet little Irish parlor maid. I had not supposed that Nora indulged in night gear filched from musical comedy. However, Nora had meant to be kind in a good cause; though canary yellow is emphatically a color for the flushed and buxom and should never be selected for peeny, anemic little girls. It did make Susan look middling ghastly, as if quarantined from all access to Hygeia, the goddess. Perhaps that is why, when I perched beside her on the edge of Gertrude's colonial four-poster, I felt an unaccustomed prickling sensation back of my eyes.

"How goes it, canary bird?" I asked, taking the thin, blue-threaded hand that lay nearest to me.

Susan's fingers at once curled trustfully to mine, and there came something very like a momentary glimmer of mischief into her dark eyes.

"If I was an honest-to-God canary I could sing to you," said Susan. "I'd like to do something for you, Mr. Hunt. Something you'd like, I mean."

"Well, you can, dear. You can stop calling me Mr. Hunt. My first name's pretty awkward, though. It's Ambrose."

For an instant Susan considered my first name critically, then very slowly shook her head. "It's a nice name. It's too nice, isn't it—for every day?"

I laughed. "But it's all I have, Susan. What shall we do about it?"

Then Susan laughed too; it was the first time I had heard her laugh. "I guess your mother was feeling kind of stuck up when she called you that."

"Most mothers do feel kind of stuck up over their first babies, Susan."

She considered this, and nodded assent. "But it's silly of them, anyway," she announced. "There are so many babies all the time, everywhere. There's nothing new about babies, Ambo."

"Aha!" I exclaimed. "You knew from the first how to chasten my stuck-up name, didn't you! Ambo is a delightful improvement."

"It's more like you," said Susan, tightening her fingers briefly on mine.

And presently she closed her eyes. When, after a long still interval, she opened them, they were cypress-shaded pools.

"Tell me what happened, Ambo."

"He's dead, Susan. Pearl's dead too."

She closed her eyes again, and two big tears slipped out from between her lids, wetting her thick eyelashes and staining her bruised and her pallid cheek.

"He couldn't help it. He was made like that, inside. He was no damn good, Ambo.

(Continued on Page 127)

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That's what he was always saying to Pearl—'You're no damn good.' She wasn't either. And he wasn't much. I guess it's better for him and Pearl to be dead."

This—and the two big tears—was her good-by to Bob, to Pearl, to the four-room house; her good-by to Birch Street. It shocked me at the time. I released her hand and stood up to light a cigarette—staring the while at Susan. Where had she found her precocious brains? And had she no heart? Had something of Bob's granitic harshness entered into this uncanny, this unnatural child? Should I live to regret my decision to care for her, to educate her? When I died would she say—to whom?—"I guess it's better for him to be dead. Poor Ambo! He was no damn good."

But even as I shuddered I smiled. For after all she was right; the child was right. She had merely uttered truthfully thoughts which a more conventional mind, more conventionally disciplined, would have known how to conceal—yes, to conceal even from itself. Genius was very like that.

"Susan!" I suddenly demanded. "Have you any relatives who will try to claim you?"

"Claim me?"

"Yes. Want to take care of you?"

"Mamma's sister-in-law lives in Hoboken," said Susan. "But she's a widow; and she's got seven already."

"Would you like to stay here with me?"

For all answer she flopped sidewise down from the pillows and hid her bruised face in the counterpane. Her slight canary-clad shoulders were shaken with stifled weeping.

"That settles it!" I affirmed. "I'll see my lawyer in the morning, and he'll get the court to appoint me your guardian. Come now! If you cry about it I'll think you don't want me for guardian. Do you?"

She turned a blubbered, wistful face toward me from the counterpane. Her eyes answered me. I leaned over, smoothed a pillow and slipped it beneath her tired head, then kissed her unbruised cheek and walked quietly back into my own room—where I rang for Mrs. Parrot.

When she arrived, "Mrs. Parrot," I suggested, "please make Susan comfortable for the night, will you? And I'll appreciate it if you treat her exactly as you would my own child."

It took Mrs. Parrot at least a minute to hit upon something she quite dared to leave with me.

"Very well, Mr. Hunt. Not having an own child, and not knowing—you can say that. Not that it's the same thing, though you do say it. But I'll make her comfortable—and time tells. In darker days I hope you'll be able to say that poor, peeny little creature has done the same by you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Parrot. Good night."

"A good night to you, Mr. Hunt," elaborated Mrs. Parrot, not without malice; "many of them, Mr. Hunt; many of them, I'm sure."

VII

BY THE time Mrs. Parrot left us, housekeeper, governess and maid had been obtained in New York through agencies of the highest respectability.

Miss Goucher, the housekeeper, proved to be a tall, big-framed spinster, rising fifty; a capable, taciturn woman with a positive talent for minding her own affairs. She had bleak light-gray eyes, a rudderlike nose, and a harsh, positive way of speech that was less disagreeable than it might have been, because she so seldom spoke at all. Having hoped for a more amiable presence I was of two minds over keeping her; but she took charge of my house so promptly and efficiently, and effaced herself so thoroughly—a difficult feat for so definite a figure—that in the end there was nothing I could complain of; and so she stayed.

Miss Hadow, on the other hand, who came as governess, was all that I had dared to wish for; a graceful, light-footed, soft-voiced girl—she was not yet thirty—with charming manners, a fluent command of the purest convent-taught French, a nice touch on the piano, and apparently some slight acquaintance with the solider branches. Merely to associate with Miss Hadow would, I felt, do much for Susan.

I was less certain about Sonia, the maid. I had asked for a middle-aged English maid. Sonia was Russian, and she was only twenty-three. But she was sent directly to me from service with Countess Dimbrovitski—formerly, as you know, Maud Hochstetter, of Omaha—and brought with her a most glowing reference for skill, honesty and unfailing tact. Countess Dimbrovitski did not explain in the reference, dated from Newport, why she had permitted this paragon to slip from her; nor did it occur to me to investigate the point. But Sonia later explained it all, in intimate detail, to Susan—as we shall see.

I had feared that Susan might be at first a little bewildered by the attentions of Sonia and of Miss Hadow; so I explained the unusual situation to Miss Goucher and Miss Hadow—with certain reservations—and asked them to make it clear to Sonia. Miss Goucher merely nodded, curtly enough, and said she understood. Miss Hadow proved more curious and more voluble.

"How wonderful of you, Mr. Hunt!" she exclaimed. "To take in a poor little waif and do all this for her! Personally, I count it a privilege to be allowed some share in so generous an action. Oh, but I do—I do. One likes to feel, even when forced to work for one's living, that one has some little opportunity to do good in the world. Life isn't," asked Miss Hadow, "all money-grubbing and selfishness, is it?" And as I found no ready answer she concluded: "But I need hardly ask that of you!"

For the fleetingest second I found myself wondering whether Miss Hadow, deep down in her hidden heart, might not be a minx. Yet her glance, the happiest mixture of frankness, timidity and respectful admiration, disarmed me. I dismissed the unworthy suspicion as absurd.

I was a little troubled, though, when Susan that same evening after dinner came to me in the library and seated herself on a low stool facing my easy-chair.

"Ambo," she said, "I've been blind as blind, haven't I?"

"Have you?" I responded. "For a blind girl it's wonderful how you find your way about!"

"But I'm not joking—and that's just it," said Susan.

"What's wrong, dear?" I asked. "I see something is."

"Yes. I am. The wrongest possible. I've just dumped myself on you, and stayed here; and—and I've no damn business here at all!"

"I thought we were going to forget the damns and hells, Susan."

"We are," said Susan, coloring sharply and looking as if she wanted to cry. "But when you've heard them, and worse, every minute all your life—it's pretty hard to forget. You must scold me more!" Then with a swift movement she leaned forward and laid her cheek on my knee. "You're too good to me, Ambo. I oughtn't to be here—wearing wonderful dresses, having a maid to do my hair and—and polish me and button me and mend me. I wasn't meant to have an easy time; I wasn't born for it. First thing you know, Ambo, I'll get to thinking I was and be mean to you somehow!"

"I'll risk that, Susan."

"Yes, but I oughtn't to let you. I could learn to be somebody's maid like Sonia; and if I study hard and I'm going to!—some day I could be a governess like Miss Hadow; only really know things, not just pretend. Or when I'm old enough, a housekeeper like Miss Goucher! That's what you should make me do—work for you! I can clean things better than Nora now; I never skip underneaths. Truly, Ambo, it's all wrong, my having people work for me—at your expense. I know it is! Miss Hadow made it all clear as clear, right away."

"What! Has Miss Hadow been stuffing this nonsense into your head!" I was furious.

"Oh, not in words!" cried Susan. "She talks just the other way. She keeps telling me how fortunate I am to have a guardian like you, and how I must be so careful never to annoy you or make you regret what you've done for me. Then she sighs and says life is very hard and unjust to many girls born with more advantages. Of course she means herself, Ambo. You see, she hates having to work at all. She's much nicer to look at and talk to, but she reminds me of Pearl. She's no damn—she's no good, Ambo dear. She's hard where she ought to be soft, and soft where she ought to be hard. She tries to get round people, so she can coax things out of them. But she'll never get round Miss Goucher, Ambo—or me." And Susan hesitated, lifting her head from my knee and looking up at me doubtfully, only to add, "I—I'm not so sure about you."

"Indeed. You think possibly Miss Hadow might get round me, eh?"

"Well, she might—if I wasn't here," said Susan. "She might marry you."

My explosion of laughter—I am ordinarily a quiet person—startled Susan. "Have I said something awful again?" she cried.

"Dreadful!" I sputtered, wiping my eyes. "Why, you little goose! Don't you see how I need you? To plumb the depths for me—to protect me? I thought I was your guardian, Susan; but that's just my mannish complacency. I'm not your guardian at all, dear. You're mine."

But I saw at once that my mirth had confused her, had hurt her feelings—I reached out for her hands and drew her onto my knees.

"Susan," I said, "Miss Hadow couldn't marry me even if she got round me, and wanted to. You see, I have a wife already."

Susan stared at me with wide, frightened eyes. "You have, Ambo? Where is she?"

"She left me two years ago."

"Left you?" It was evident that she did not understand. "Oh—what will she say when she comes home and finds me here? She won't like it; she won't like *me?*" wailed Susan. "I know she won't."

"Hush, dear. She's not coming home again. She made up her mind that she couldn't live with me any more."

"What's her name?"

"Gertrude."

"Why couldn't she live with you, Ambo?"

"She said I was cruel to her."

"Weren't you good to her, Ambo? Why? Didn't you like her?"

The rapid questions were so unexpected, so searching, that I gasped. And my first impulse was to lie to Susan, to put her off with a few conventional phrases—phrases that would lead the child to suppose me a wronged, lonely, broken-hearted man. This would win me a sympathy I had not quite realized that I craved. But Susan's eyes were merciless, and I couldn't manage it. Instead, I surprised myself by blurting out: "That's about it, Susan. I didn't like her—enough. We couldn't hit it off, somehow. I'm afraid I wasn't very kind."

Instantly Susan's thin arms went about my neck and her cheek was pressed tight to mine.

"Poor Ambo!" she whispered. "I'm so sorry you weren't kind. It must hurt you so." Then she jumped from my knees.

"Ambo!" she demanded. "Is my room her room? Is it?"

"Certainly not. It isn't hers any more. She's never coming back, I tell you. She put me out of her life once for all; and God knows I've put her out of mine!"

"If you can't let me have another room, Ambo—I'll have to go."

"Why? Hang it all, Susan, don't be silly! Don't make difficulties where none exist! What an odd overstrained child you are!" I was a little annoyed.

"Yes," nodded Susan gravely, "I see now why Gertrude left you. But she must be awfully stupid not to know it's only your skin that's made like that!"

Next morning, without a permissive word from me, Susan had Miss Goucher move all her things to a small bedroom at the back of the house, overlooking the garden. This silent flitting irritated me not a little and that afternoon I had a frank little talk with Miss Hadow—franker perhaps than I had intended. Miss Hadow at once gave me notice, and left for New York within two hours, letting it be known that she expected her trunks to be sent after her.

"Gutter snipes are not my specialty," was her parting word.

VIII

THERE proved to be little difficulty in getting myself appointed Susan's guardian. No one else wanted the child.

I promised the court to do my best for her; to treat her, in fact, as I would my own flesh and blood. It might well be, I said, that before long I should legally adopt her. In any event, if this for some unforeseen reason proved inadvisable, I assured the court that Susan's future would be provided for. The court benignly replied that, as it stood, I was acting very handsomely in the matter; very handsomely; no doubt about it. But there was a dim glimmer behind the juridic spectacles that seemed to imply: "Handsomely, my dear sir, but whether wisely or no is another question which, as the official champion of widows and orphans, I am not called upon to decide."

It was with a new sense of responsibility that I opened an account in Susan's name with a local savings bank, and a week later added a short but efficient codicil to my will.

In the meantime—but with alert suspicions—I interviewed several highly recommended applicants for Miss Hadow's deserted post; only to find them wanting. Poor things! Combined they could hardly have met all the requirements, æsthetic and intellectual, which I had now set my heart upon finding in one lone governess for Susan! It would have needed, by this, a subtly modernized Hypatia to fulfill my idea.

I might of course have waited for October to send Susan to a select private school in the vicinage, patronized by the little daughters of our more cautious families. It was, by neighborly consent, an excellent school, where carefully sterilized cultures—physical, moral, mental and social—were painlessly injected into the blue blood streams of our very nicest young girls. I say that I might have done so, but this is a euphemism. On the one hand I shrank from exposing Susan to possible snubs; on the other, a little bird whispered that Miss Garnett, principal of the school, would not care to expose her carefully sterilized cultures to an alien contagion. Bearers of contagion—whether physical, moral, mental or social—were not sympathetic to Miss Garnett's clientèle. In Mrs. Parrot's iron phrase, there are places for such.

Public schools, to wit! But in those long-past days—before Susan taught me that there are just two kinds of persons, big and little; those you can do nothing for because they can do nothing for themselves, and those you can do nothing for because they can do everything for themselves—in those days, I admit that I had my own finicky fears. Public schools were all very well for the children of men who could afford nothing better. They had, for example, given Bob Blake's daughter a pretty fair preliminary training; but they would never do for Ambrose Hunt's ward. *Noblesse*—or at any rate, *largesse—oblige.*

Yet here was a quandary: Public schools in my estimation being too vulgar for Susan, and Susan in the estimation of Hillhouse Avenue being too vulgar for private ones; yea, and though I still took cognizance, no subtly modernized Hypatia coming to me highly recommended for a job—how in the name of useless prosperity was I to get poor little Susan properly educated at all?

It was Susan who solved this difficulty for me, as she was destined to solve most of my future difficulties, and all of her own.

She soon turned the public world about her into an extra-select, super-private school. She impressed all who came into contact with her, and made of them her devoted if often unconscious instructors. And she began by impressing Miss Goucher and Nora and Sonia and Philip Farmer, assistant professor of philosophy in Yale University; and Maltby Phar, anarchist editor of The Garden Exquisite; and—first and chiefly—me.

The case of Phil Farmer was typical. Phil and I had been classmates in the dark backward and abysm, and we were still, in a manner of speaking, friends. I mean that though we had few tastes in common we kept on liking each other a good deal. Phil was a gentle-hearted, stiff-headed sort of man, with a conscience—formed for him and handed on by a long line of Unitarian ministers—a conscience which drove him to incredible labor at altitudes few of us attain, and where even Phil, it seemed to me, found breathing difficult. Not having been thrown in with much feminine society on his chosen heights he had remained a bachelor. The Metaphysical Mountains are said to be infested with women, but they cluster, I am told, below the snow line. Phil did not even meet them by climbing through them; he always ballooned straight up for the unmelting; and when he occasionally dropped down his psychic chill seldom wore entirely off before he was ready to ascend again. This protected him; for he was a tall, dark-haired fellow whose features had the clear-cut gravity of an Indian chieftain; his rare, friendly smile was a delight. So he would hardly otherwise have escaped.

Perhaps once a week it was his habit to drop in after dinner and share with me three or four pipes' worth of desultory conversation. We seldom talked shop; since mine did not interest him, nor his me. Mostly we just ambled aimlessly round the outskirts of some chance neutral topic—who would win the big game, for example.

(Continued on Page 129)

Fordson Tractor Plant puts Accounting on Production Basis with Elliott-Fisher System

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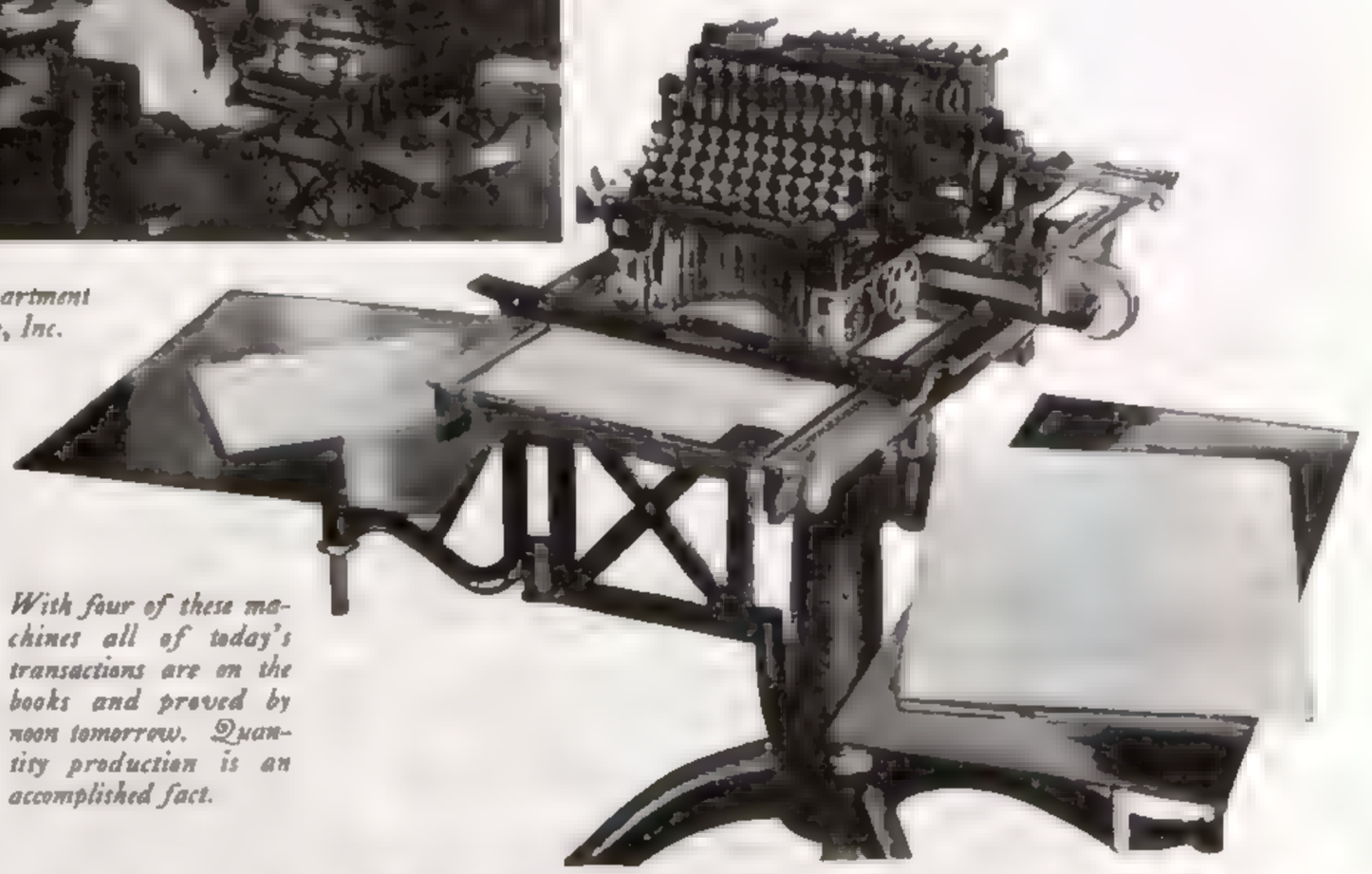

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Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

(Continued from Page 127)

It amused neither of us, but it rested us both.

One night, perhaps a month after Susan had come to me, I returned late from a hot day's trip to New York—one more unsuccesaful quest after Hypatia Rediviva—and found Phil and Susan sitting together on the screened terrace at the back of my house, overlooking the garden. It was not my custom to spend the muggy midsummer months in town, but this year I had been unwilling to leave until I could capture and carry off Hypatia Rediviva with me. Moreover, I did not know where to go. The cottage at Watch Hill belonged to Gertrude, and was in consequence no longer used by either of us. As a grass widower I had, in summer, just traveled about. Now, with a ward of fourteen to care for, just traveling about no longer seemed the easiest solution; yet I hated camps and summer hotels. I should have to rent a place somewhere, that was certain; but where? With the world to choose from, a choice proved difficult. I was marking time.

My stuffy fruitless trip had decided me to mark time no longer. Hypatia or no Hypatia, Susan must be taken to the hills or the sea. It was this thought that simmered in my heated brain as I strolled out to the garden terrace and overheard Susan say to Phil:

"But I think it's much easier to believe in the devil than it is in God! Don't you? The devil isn't all-wise, all-good, all-everything! He's a lot more like us."

I stopped short and shamelessly listened.

"That's an interesting concept," responded Phil, with his slow, friendly gravity. "You mean, I suppose, that if we must be anthropomorphic we ought at least to be consistent."

"Wouldn't it be funny," said Susan, "if I did mean that without knowing it?" There was no flippancy, no irony in her tone. "'Anthropomorphic,'" she added, savoring its long-drawn-outness. Susan never missed a strange word; she always pounced on it at once, unerringly, and made it hers.

"That's a Greek word," explained Phil.

"It's a good word," said Susan, "if it has a tremendous lot packed up in it. If it hasn't it's much too long."

"I agree with you," said Phil; "but it has."

"What?" asked Susan.

"It would take me an hour to tell you."

"Oh, I'm glad!" cried Susan. "It must be a wonderful word! Please go on till Ambo comes!"

I decided to take a bath, and tiptoed softly and undetected away.

IX

AFTER that evening Phil began to drop in every two or three nights, and he did not hesitate to tell me that the increasing frequency of his visits was due to his progressive interest in Susan.

"She's a curious child," he explained; which was true in any sense you chose to take it, and all the way back to the Latin *curiosus*, "careful, diligent, thoughtful; from *cura*, care," and so on.

"I've never seen much of children," Phil went on; "never had many chances, as it happens. My sister has three boys, but she's married to a narrow-gauge missionary and lives—to call it that—in Ping Lung or some such place. I've the right address somewhere, I think—in a notebook. Bertha sends me snapshots of the boys from time to time, but I can't say I've ever felt lonely because of their exile. Funny. Perhaps it's because I never liked Bertha much. Bertha has a sloppy mind—you know, with chance scraps of things floating round in it. Nothing coheres. But you take this youngster of yours now—I call her yours ——"

"Do!" I interjected.

"Well, there's the opposite extreme! Susan links everything up, everything she gets hold of—facts, fancies, guesses, feelings; the whole psychic menagerie. Chains them all together somehow, and seems to think they'll get on comfortably in the same tent. Of course they won't—can't—and that's the danger for her! But she's stimulating. Hunt"—Phil always called me Hunt, as if just failing whole-heartedly to accept me—"she's positively stimulating! A mind like that must be trained; thoroughly, I mean. We must do our best for her."

The "we" amused me and—yes, I confess it—nettled me a little.

"Don't worry about that," I said, and more dryly than I had meant to; "I'm combing the country now for a suitable governess."

"Governess!" Phil snorted. "You don't want a governess for Susan. You want, for this job," he insisted, "a male intellect—a vigorous, disciplined male intellect. Music, dancing, water colors—pshaw! Deportment—how to enter a drawing-room! Fiddle-faddle! How to enter the Kingdom of God! That's more Susan's style," cried Phil with a most unaccustomed heat.

I laughed at him.

"Are you willing to take her on, Phil?" I asked. "I believe it's been done; Epicurus had a female pupil or two."

"I have taken her on," Phil replied quite without resentment.

"Hadn't you noticed it?"

"Yes," I said; "only it's the other way round."

"I've been appropriated, is that it?"

"Yes; by Susan. We all have, Phil. That vampire child is simply draining us, my dear fellow."

"All right," said Phil after a second's pause, "if she's a spiritual vampire, so much the better. Only she'll need a firm hand. We must give her suck at regular hours; draw up a plan. You can tackle the languages, if you like—æsthetics, and all that. I'll pin her down to math and logic—teach her to think straight. We can safely leave her to pick up history and sociology and such things for herself. You've a middling good library, and she'll browse."

"Oh, she'll browse! She's browsing now."

"Poetry?" demanded Phil, suspicion in his tone, anxiety in his eyes. "If she runs amuck with poetry too soon there's no hope for her. She'll get to taking sensations for ideas, and that's fatal. A mind like Susan's ——"

What further he said I missed; a distant tinkle from the front-door bell had distracted me.

It was Maltby Phar. He came out to us on the garden terrace, unexpected and unannounced.

"Whether you like it or not," he sighed luxuriously, "I'm here for a week. How's the great experiment—eh? Am I too late for the bust-up?" Then he nodded to Phil. "How are you, Mr. Farmer? Delighted to meet an old adversary! Shall it be swords or pistols this time? Or clubs? But I warn you I'm no fit foe; I'm soft. Making up our mammoth Christmas number in July always unnerves me. By the time I had looked over a dozen designs for our cover this morning and found Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar in every one of them, mounted on fancy camels and heading for an exaggerated star in the right upper dark-blue corner, I succumbed to heat and profanity, turned 'em all face downward, shuffled 'em, grabbed one at random, and then fled for solace! Solace," he added, dropping into a wicker armchair, "can begin, if you like, by taking a cool, mellow, liquid form."

I rang.

Phil, I saw, was looking annoyed. He disliked Maltby Phar, openly disliked him; so I felt certain—I was perhaps rather hoping—that he would take this opportunity to escape. With Phil I was never then entirely at ease; but in those days I was wholly so with Maltby. Miss Goucher answered my summons in person, and I suggested a sauterne cup for my friends. Phil frowned on the suggestion, but Maltby beamed. The ayes had it, and Miss Goucher, who had remained neutral, withdrew. It was Phil's chance; yet he surprised me by settling back and refilling his pipe.

"When you came, Mr. Phar," he said, his tone withdrawing toward formality, "we were discussing the education of Susan."

"Then I came just in time!" cried Maltby.

"For what?" I queried.

"I may prevent a catastrophe. If you're really going to see this thing through, Boz"—his name for me—"for God's sake do a little clear thinking first! Don't drift. Don't flounder. Don't wallow. Scrap all your musty, inbred prejudices once for all, and see that at least one kid on this filthy old planet gets a plain, honest, unsentimentalized account of what she is and what the world is. If you can bring yourself to do that, Susan will be unique. She will be the first educated woman in America."

"'What she is and what the world is,'" repeated Phil slowly. "What is the world, may I ask? And what is Susan?"

There was a felt tenseness in the moment; the hush before battle. We leaned forward a little from our easy-chairs, and no one of us noticed that Susan had slipped noiselessly onto the window seat by the opened library window which gave upon the terrace. But there, as we later discovered, she was; and there, for the present silently, she remained.

"The world," began Maltby Phar sententiously, "is a pigsty."

"Very well," interrupted Phil; "I'll grant you that to start with. What follows?"

"What we see about us," said Maltby.

"And what do we see?" asked Phil.

At this inopportune moment Miss Goucher reappeared, bearing a Sheffield tray, on which stood three antique Venetian goblets, and a tall pitcher of rare Bohemian glass, filled to the brim with an iced sauterne cup garnished with fresh strawberries and thin disks of pineapple. Nothing less suggestive of the conventional back-lot piggery could have been imagined. By the time a table had been placed, our goblets filled, and Miss Goucher had retired, Maltby had decided to try a new opening.

"Excellent!" he resumed, having drained and refilled his goblet. "Now Mr. Farmer, if you really wish to know what the world is and Susan is, I am ready. Have with you! And by the way, Boz," he interjected, sipping his wine, "your new housekeeper is one in a thousand. Mrs. Parrot was admirable; I've been absurdly regretting her loss. But Mrs. Parrot never quite rose to this."

Phil's tongue clicked an impatient protest against the roof of his mouth. "I am still unenlightened, Mr. Phar."

"True," said Maltby. "That's the worst of you romantic idealists. It's your permanent condition." He settled back in his chair, and fell to his old trick of slowly caressing the back of his left hand with the palm of his right. "The world, my dear Mr. Farmer," he continued, "the universe indeed, as we have come gradually to know it, is an infinity of blindly clashing forces. They have always existed, they will always exist; they have always been blind, and they always will be. Anything may happen in such an infinity, and we—this world of men and microbes—are one of the things which has temporarily happened. It's regrettable, but it is so. And though there is nothing final we can do about it, and very little in any sense, still this curious accident of the human intellect enables us to do something. We can at least admit the plain facts of our horrible case. Here, a self-realizing accident, we briefly are. Death will dissipate us one by one, and the world in due time. That much we know. But while we last, why must we add imaginary evils to our real ones, and torment ourselves with false hopes and ridiculous fears?

"Why can't each one of us learn to say: 'I am an accident of no consequence in a world that means nothing. I might be a stone, but I happen to be a man. Hence, certain things give me pleasure, others pain. And obviously in an accidental meaningless world I can owe no duty to anyone but myself. I owe it to myself to get as much pleasure and to avoid as much pain as possible. Unswerving egotism should be my law."

He paused to sip again, with a side glance toward Phil.

"Elementary, all this, I admit. I apologize for restating it to a scholar. But such are the facts as science reveals them—are they not? You have to try somehow to go beyond science to get round them. And where do you go—you romantic idealists? Where can you go? Nowhere outside of yourselves, I take it. So you plunge, perforce, down below the threshold of reason into a mad chaos of instinct and desire and dream. And what there do you find? Bugaboos, my dear sir, simply bugaboos: divine orders, hells, heavens, purgatories, moral sanctions—all the wild insanity, in two words, that has made our wretched lives even less worth living than they could and should be!"

"Should? Why should?" asked Phil. "Granting your universe, who gives a negligible damn for a little discomfort more or less?"

"I do!" Maltby asserted. "I want all the comfort I can get; and I could get far more in a world of clear-seeing secular egotists than I can in this mixed mess of superstitious, sentimental idealists which we choose to call civilized society!"

It was at this point that Susan spoke from her window:

"Pearl and papa weren't married, Mr. Phar; but they didn't get much fun out of not being."

I confess that I felt a nervous chill start at the base of my spine and shiver up toward my scalp. Even Phil, the man of Indian gravity, looked for an instant perturbed.

"Susan!" I demanded sharply. "Have you been listening?"

"Mustn't I listen?" asked Susan. "Why not? Are you cross, Ambo?"

"The mischief's done," said Phil to me quietly; "better not make a point of it."

"Please don't be cross, Ambo," Susan pleaded, slipping through the window to the terrace and coming straight over to me. "Mr. Phar feels just the way papa did about things; only papa couldn't talk so splendidly. He had a very poor vocabulary"—"Vocabulary!" I gasped—"except nasty words and swearing. But he meant just what Mr. Phar means, inside."

Phil, as she ended, began to make strange choking noises and retired suddenly into his handkerchief. Maltby put down his glass and stared at Susan.

"Young person," he finally said, "you ought to be spanked! Don't you know it's an unforgivable sin to spy on your elders?"

"But you don't believe in sin," responded Susan calmly, without the tiniest suspicion of smartness or pertness in her tone or bearing. "You believe in doing what you want to. I wanted to hear what you were saying, Mr. Phar."

"Of course you did!" Phil struck in. "But next time, Susan, as a concession to good manners, you might let us know you're in the neighborhood."

Susan bit her lower lip very hard before she managed to reply.

"Yes. I will next time. I'm sorry, Phil." (Phil!) Then she turned to Maltby. "But I wasn't spying! I just didn't know you would any of you mind."

"We don't really," I said. "Sit down, dear. You're always welcome." I had been doing some stiff concentrated thinking in the last three minutes, and now I had taken the plunge. "The truth is, Susan," I went on, "that most children who live in good homes, who are what is called well brought up, are carefully sheltered from any facts or words or thoughts which their parents do not consider wholesome or pleasant. Parents try to give their children only what they have found to be best in life; they try to keep them in ignorance of everything else."

"But they can't," said Susan. "At least they couldn't in Birch Street."

"No. Nor elsewhere. But they try. And they always make believe to themselves that they have succeeded. So it's supposed to be very shocking and dangerous for a girl of your age to listen to the free conversation of men of our age. That's the reason we all felt a little guilty at first when we found you'd been overhearing us."

"How funny," said Susan. "Papa never cared."

"Good for him!" exclaimed Maltby. "I didn't feel guilty, for one! I refuse to be convicted of so hypocritically squeamish a reaction."

"Oh!" Susan sighed, almost with rapture. "You know such a lot of words, Mr. Phar! You can say anything."

"Thanks," said Maltby; "I rather flatter myself that I can."

"And you do," grunted Phil. "But words," he took up the dropped threads awkwardly, "are nothing in themselves, Susan. You are too fond of mere words. It isn't words that matter; it's ideas."

"Yes, Phil," said Susan meekly, "but I love words—best of all when they're pictures."

Phil frowned, without visible effect upon Susan. I saw that her mind had gone elsewhere.

"Ambo?"

"Yes, dear?"

"You mustn't ever worry about me, Ambo. My hearing or knowing things—or saying them. I—I guess I'm different."

Maltby's face was a study in suppressed amazement; Phil was still frowning. It was all too much for me, and I laughed—laughed from the lower ribs!

Susan laughed with me, springing from her chair to throw her arms tightly round my neck in one big joyous suffocating hug.

"Oh, Ambo!" she cried, breathless. "Isn't it going to be fun—all of us—together—now we can talk!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ALADDIN
Cooking Utensils

For Every Kitchen Need

EVERY size—every shape—in bright, gleaming Aluminum, or pure-white Enameled Steel—Aladdin Cooking Utensils satisfy every kitchen need.

Long service and durability are guaranteed by the big red Aladdin label on Enameled Steel and by the Aladdin quality mark on Aluminum utensils.

The pleasing, practical shapes insure kitchen convenience, time saving and better cooking—and a bright, attractive kitchen.

Progressive hardware, house-furnishing and department stores sell Aladdin.

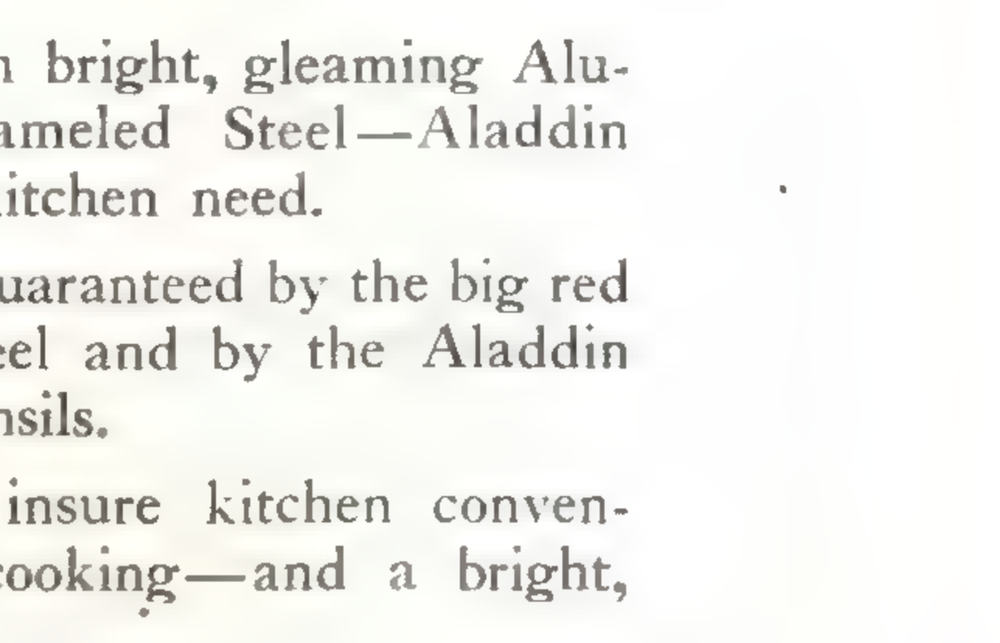
See your dealer or write for Aladdin Aluminum Catalogue E-719 and Aladdin Enameled Steel Catalogue F-719

Made by

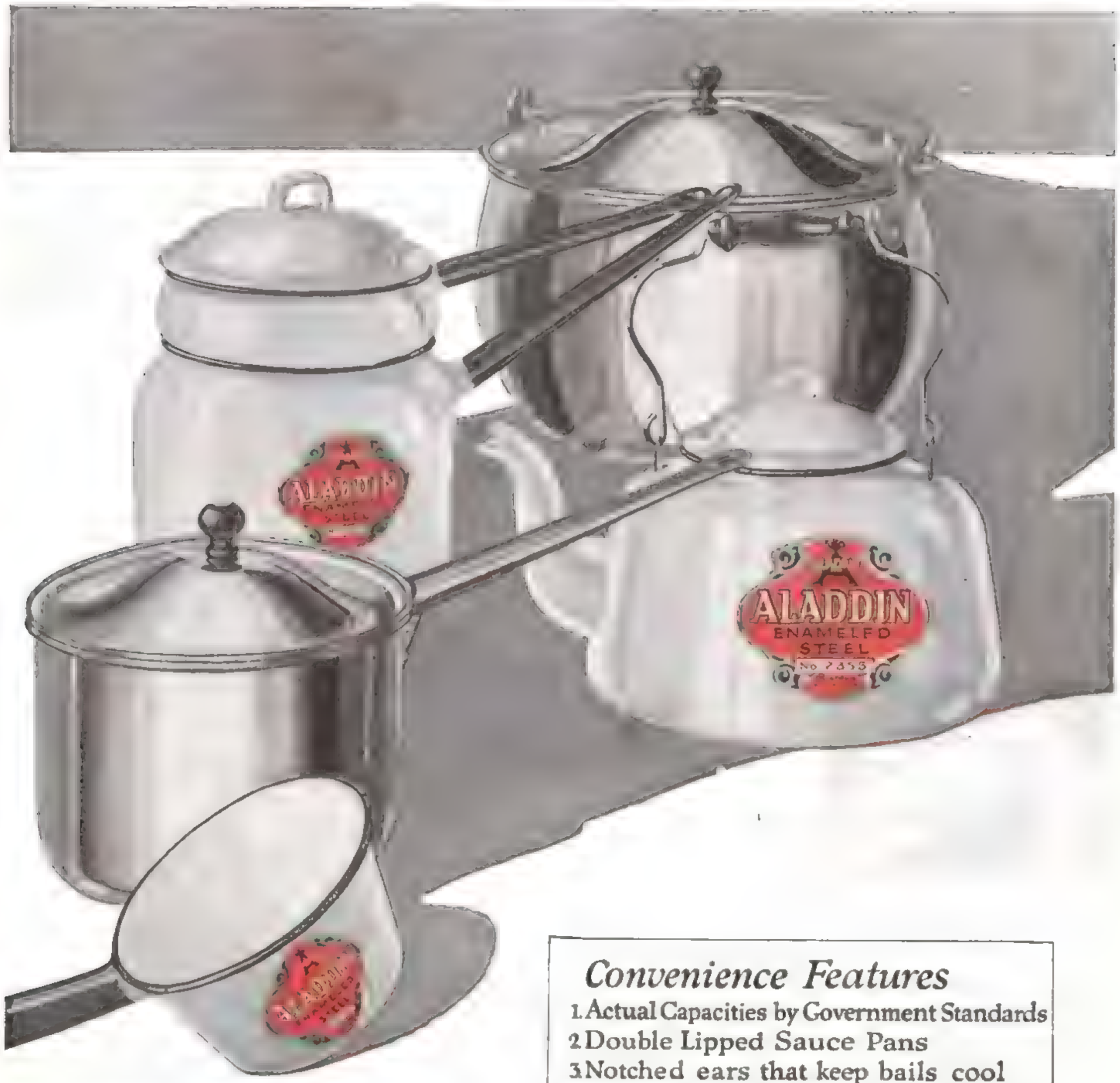
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.

Also makers of New Perfection and Puritan Oil Cook Stoves and Perfection Oil Heaters.

7604 Platt Avenue **Cleveland, Ohio**



Aluminum and



Aladdin Cooking Utensils pictured on this page are——

Aluminum Convex Kettle
Enameled Steel Double Boiler
Enameled Steel Tea Kettle
Aluminum Straight Sauce Pan
Enameled Steel Windsor Dipper

Convenience Features

1. Actual Capacities by Government Standards
2. Double Lipped Sauce Pans
3. Notched ears that keep bails cool
4. Smooth comfortable handles
5. Round easy-to-clean corners
6. More pleasing & practical shapes

Enameled Steel

The Brown Shaping Lasts insure perfect freedom of action for the foot, while giving needed support at every point.

Style No. F-88
For Girls

Where comfort and health combine

THE growing feet must be comfortably shod, or the child will not take the daily exercise necessary to health.

Buster Brown Shoes are the most comfortable shoes a boy or girl can wear—because the Brown Shaping Lasts provide the correct space at every point inside the shoes, without cramping, pinching or binding the feet.

The Brown Shaping Lasts insure the natural growth and development of the feet, and thus prevent corns, bunions, twisted toes, weak ankles and broken arches.

Good stores everywhere sell them for $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to style and size—in button, lace and blucher models, in all fashionable leathers. Always ask for Buster Brown Shoes.

To learn the truth about children's shoes, read "Training the Growing Feet"—the free book that explains why children need special shoes and tells how and where to secure them. Write for it today.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16

FRENZIED FARM FINANCE

(Continued from Page 19

But let's do a little figuring. The 1915 Iowa census shows that there are 199,755 farms in Iowa averaging 164 acres in size. Now 8.9 per cent of this applied to the whole state would mean about 17,779 farms were sold. If 1400 farms sold for $60,296,906, one farm sold for $43,069 and 17,779 sold at the same rate would mean a total of $765,723,751! Now my best judgment is that you could double this and still not exceed the amount involved in the farm real-estate transactions in Iowa in 1919.

Here's another way to figure it: Prof. O. G. Lloyd, farm-management expert at the Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station, at Ames, has estimated from the data collected by the government men, along with information from other sources, that the average Iowa farm increased in value about $16,000 in 1919 because of the land boom, or approximately $100 an acre. Multiply $16,000 by the total number of farms in the state and you have a sum of $3,196,080,000 as the total increased value of Iowa lands because of the boom.

This is an increase of fifty per cent for 1919 and an increase of one hundred per cent since 1915.

The stories that real-estate men tell of the amount of farm-sale business done sound like fairy tales. One firm in Dallas County, Iowa, sold fifty-six farms the first six months of the year. The May business of this firm totaled more than $1,000,000. A lawyer in Grundy County told me that he had written contracts for about 150 sales. In another county one firm figures that it did $9,000,000 worth of business. In Warren County an average of twenty farms to each of the sixteen townships was sold. In Cass County, on one day, June twenty-sixth, twenty-three farms aggregating 4000 acres and valued at $1,000,000, changed hands in the town of Anita. In Worth County there was sold round $3,000,000 worth in three months.

What the Agents Said

A firm at Madrid, Boone County, had sold—a member told me—up to September first fifty-two farms that totaled round 7600 acres and at an average price of approximately $300 an acre. This made a business of $2,280,000 for them, or perhaps $3,000,000 for the year. One agent in Clinton County cleared $210 a day on commissions during one month at the height of the boom. I have it from an intimate friend as authentic that one real-estate agent in the state had to pay an income tax on his earnings the past year of nearly $25,000—tax, this sum is, mind you, not the total amount of his earnings.

This has been a heyday year for real-estate agents in Iowa and elsewhere. These examples are but a few picked out from a great lot I have heard, some authentic, some hearsay, but all relatively true. These agents have made more money in 1919 than they would have made in five ordinary years or in a lifetime. But their stories are no more interesting than some of the tales men tell of the sale of the farms.

In July, 1918, a banker at Hartley, Iowa, bought an eighty-acre farm for $300 an acre. His friends told him that he had bought a lemon at such a high price. In May, 1919—in less than a year—he sold the farm for exactly $500 an acre. He had cleared $16,000 on an investment of $24,000.

At Humboldt, Iowa, a farmer bought a 320-acre farm on May 1, 1919, for $225 an acre. He sold it in November for $285 an acre. His profit was $19,200 on the deal.

A farmer at Armstrong, Iowa, bought 160 acres of land four years ago at $100 an acre. In May, 1919, he bought another 160 acres for $250 an acre. He sold the entire farm six weeks after making the second purchase for $100,000, or about $312 an acre. His profit was $44,000 for his investment in Iowa dirt.

Some Sales in Iowa

A man at Dinsdale, Iowa, bought a quarter section of land in March at the rate of $285 an acre and sold it in July for $425, an increase of $140 an acre, or a total profit of $22,400. How long would it have taken him to make the same profit by plowing corn and feeding hogs? Just make a guess.

Twelve years ago a man at Armstrong paid $24,000 for a half section of land. He sold this July 15, 1919, for $108,000. His investment had grown nearly 400 per cent in those twelve years. It pays these modern days to hide one's talents in the cornfield.

In 1864 a man came to Tama County and bought 160 acres for four dollars an acre. Recently he refused to take $400 an acre for this same farm. Jack's beanstalk has nothing on his four dollars when it comes to growing.

A 175-acre farm at Glidden, bought two years ago for $300 an acre, was sold in November, 1919, for $450 an acre. A profit of $26,250 is not so bad for two years of ownership. It beats feeding steers—or being a bank president.

Do these stories sound fishy? Well, they are just some conservative ones. I could tell of farms bought one day and sold overnight for a small fortune more than was paid; of men racing by train and autos to get hold of land first; of men speculating on a shoe string almost and getting rich overnight; of deeds and actions of land-crazed men that equal an oil strike in an Oklahoma oil-boom town. I have here on my desk hundreds of stories like these I have told. Give me two weeks and a flivver in Iowa or Illinois and I could have ten thousand of them to tell.

But interesting as these stories are—modern fairy tales of wealth that put to shame the stories of Aladdin or Sindbad the Sailor—there is a still more interesting angle. This is of the farms that have changed hands several times. Many and many of these sold three, four and even six times within the last six months or a year. In a certain Iowa bank I have been told that there are held nine contracts for one farm sold that many times in one year.

In Jasper County, Iowa, a 160-acre farm was sold to a real-estate firm in 1917 for $200 an acre. Within a few weeks it sold for $212. About August, 1918, it sold a third time for $265 an acre and then late in the fall it sold for $281. In June, 1919, it was bought by a man in Newton for $325 an acre. Along in August this man again sold the farm for $400 an acre. His own modest profit for a three months' fly on the land market was a measly $12,000. The present owner now wants to sell the farm again. Heaven only knows how much it will bring. What's the use of trying to turn lead into gold? You can do it easier with Iowa corn dirt.

Here are four typical sales in Tama County, where the Iowa boom was fiercest. A 240-acre farm sold in 1918 for $265 an acre, was resold along in March, 1919, for $275 and in July once more for $325—an increase of $14,400 over the 1918 price. A second farm of 160 acres was bought along in June for $285 an acre, sold in early July for $426 and within a week was turned again for $455. A third farm of 120 acres was bought in July for $278 and in a few days was sold for $430. A fourth farm that was bought for $100 an acre twelve years ago was sold for $275 an acre early in 1919. It was resold for $300 in September and turned again in mid-October for $322. The man who bought it turned down an offer of $400 an acre and about $16,000 profit late in October.

Quick as a Gunshot

At Clearfield a farm that was sold for $200 an acre in March has since been resold respectively for $210, $230 and $405 an acre. At Lamoni a 220-acre farm was bought for $155 an acre along in July and the same day resold for $200 an acre. This is in the southern part of the state, where land is worth a good bit less. But $9900 is not bad pin money to pick up in one day's speculation.

I could tell stories like this by the score. But there is no need. The ones I have given illustrate just what the land boom has meant in actual figures to the landowners and land speculators of Iowa. It is Corn Belt frenzied finance in good working order.

Just how this land boom began no one seems to know. Why it began is a mooted question, though there are reasons aplenty, as I shall presently relate. It just seemed to come at once like the shot of a gun. It was like a toy balloon held in leash, that accidentally cut loose suddenly soared to the skies. No one seems to have started the boom. But once it came, real-estate men and speculators were quick to take hold of it, particularly men with the gambling instinct in their veins. Once it was in motion, these men saw to it that the boom continued.

A number of big real-estate firms saw the advantage of proper advertising. Local papers and the Des Moines papers as well all through the summer were filled with hundreds of ads, some big display ads taking up quarter and half pages, thousands of them in the classified columns. This was more and more true as the summer wore on. As fuel is added to a fire, so was money put in advertising to keep the boom going.

Farm Advertising

On Wednesday, August twentieth, a Des Moines morning paper carried 310 Iowa farm ads, 371 Minnesota ads and 50 more from other states. These included actual farms listed or of a firm stating the actual number of farms it had listed for sale. On August twenty-fourth a Des Moines Sunday paper carried a total of 774 ads. These included 180 of Iowa farms, 378 Minnesota, 11 Missouri, 5 Nebraska, 84 Wisconsin and 116 from other states. This same issue carried in addition general ads of seventy-nine other real-estate firms.

A Des Moines evening newspaper of October fifteenth carried a total of 183 farm ads, of which eighty-nine were from Iowa and the rest from other states. This issue carried ads of forty-seven real-estate firms. A Sunday paper of November twenty-third had a total of 620 farms listed.

Examination of country weeklies over the state showed an astounding number of farms advertised or listed for sale. An August fifteenth issue of a Storm Lake paper recorded the sale of seven farms and listed 303 for sale. An August first issue of a Tama County paper reported twenty-five farms sold and seventy-seven for sale. These two are typical of hundreds of Iowa weeklies during the time from April to August and September.

When the boom began to die down, when people began to get wary of too-high prices and when advertising failed to stir up the suckers to bite, the real-estate men hit upon the idea of auction sales. A farm would be advertised to sell at auction. This would bring a crowd of people. The farm would be cried and sold to the highest bidder.

I have records of any number of such sales, with prices paid as high as $425 an acre. But the chief value from an auction

(Continued on Page 137)

Alfalfa and Cornfields in the Western Corn Belt

Three Hack Saw Tests

In your search for the better hack saw blade that will reduce your cutting costs make these three tests.

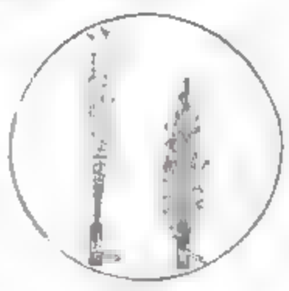
STAR HACK

1st—Compare the teeth

Saw teeth are little chisels and like chisels can't cut unless they have acute cutting edges. Blunt angled teeth that scrape instead of cut are usually so made because the maker can't get the right steel and heat treatment to "hold the points". Star Saws have acute angled teeth.

2nd—Test for Tungsten steel

The best saws are made of expensive tungsten steel for quick cutting and long wear. Hold the blade on the side of a grinding wheel and if made of tungsten steel it will



send off a few dark red sparks that scarcely "explode" or branch off at all. If carbon steel it will give off a plentiful shower of bright yellow sparks all exploding or branching off. Tests of Star Saws show that they are made of tungsten steel.

3rd—Try the blades on your hardest work

Teeth may be acute angled and not hold their points—of tungsten steel and so brittle the blade breaks or the teeth strip off. But a blade that stands up with the first two tests can then be tried out in the final test of all—a trial in your hardest work. Our booklet on "Hack Saw Efficiency" gives helpful suggestions on how to do this.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

made of Tungsten steel

Machine and Hand ***Flexible and All Hard***

Star Saws show their real worth best under the pressure of hard working conditions. Crowd on weight and speed to the limit of endurance and prove to your own satisfaction that the Star will stand a little more punishment and cut a little longer and a little faster than any blade you can compare it with.

When you have made this discovery you have found the Star road to lower cutting costs and a higher profit. Which is a worth-while discovery in any plant that cuts metal.

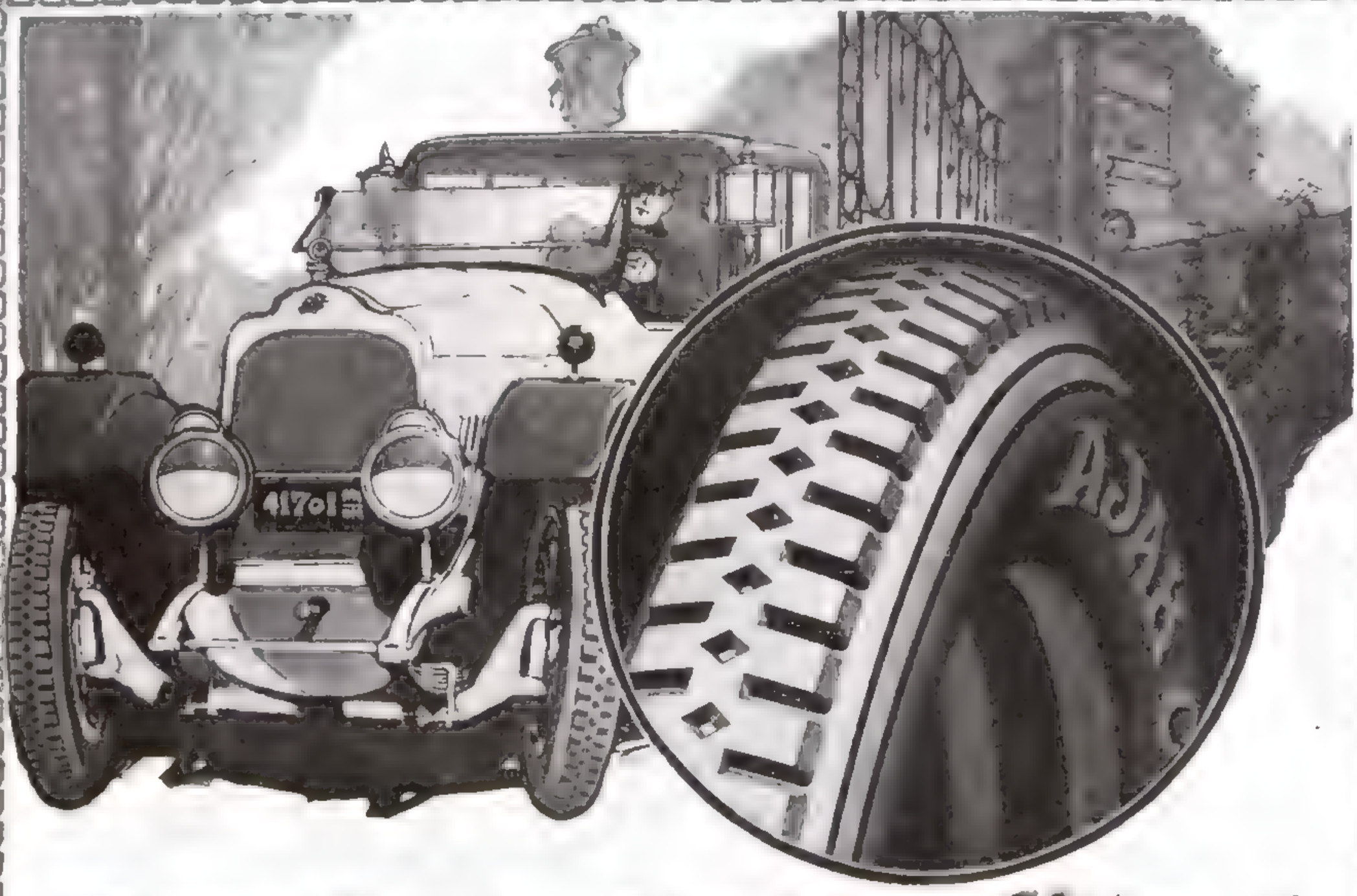
Star Hack Saw Service men in all chief cities are at your service. Address our distributors the Millers Falls Co., Millers Falls, Mass.

Manufactured by

CLEMSON BROS. INC.

MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.

SAW BLADES



Cleated Tread—Shoulders of Strength

OUTSTANDING quality more than anything else, is the reason for the generous measure of success which has come to Ajax, and to dealers selling Ajax tires.

We wish you could see the painstaking care with which Ajax materials are selected and made into tires for you. Men who make Ajax tires are chosen just as carefully. You may be sure, too, that Ajax quality will be steadfastly maintained—even improved, if science finds a way.

Ajax Cord Tires embody all the proved essentials in quality tire building, plus the service advantages imparted by two points of excellence which belong exclusively to Ajax.

Note that *Cleated Tread.* It holds—with a firm, sure grip, like the cleats on the soles of athletes' shoes. And those *Shoulders of Strength*—they are buttresses of rubber which reinforce the wearing surface. They strengthen the tire where strain is most severe.

The Ajax Sales and Service Depot nearest you is headquarters for Ajax Cord Tires, Ajax Road King (fabric) Tires, Ajax Inner Tubes and Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories.

AJAX RUBBER CO., INC.
NEW YORK

Branches in leading cities *Factories in Trenton, N. J.*

AJAX CORD

(Continued from Page 133)

was in the stimulation to other sales. Getting the crowd together, getting them stirred up, generating excitement, getting men to bid against each other, giving the farmers and other buyers a chance to swap experiences—all this would bring on a renewed activity in buying.

The auction game is still being worked in some places.

To tell the story of Illinois is to tell the Iowa story over again. The boom began in the central strip of corn land in the state, mainly in McLean, Champaign, Livingston, Woodford and Douglas counties, but it spread all over the state and raged just as fiercely in the north as it did in the central portions.

There was the same sudden jump in prices, anywhere from $50 to $150 an acre increase and a probable average increase for the state of $100 an acre. There was the same buying and selling and reselling of farms. A 150-acre farm in McLean County that was bought in July for $466 an acre sold in August for $566. A Champaign County farm that sold in May for $375 an acre resold in July for $425.

Some representative sales in McLean County are $330, $400, $500, $577. In Woodford I know of farm sales at $615, $687 and $700; in Sangamon at $540, in Lee at $386 and so on. Taking fifteen representative sales ranging in price from $200 to $700 an acre, I find that they averaged 190 acres in size and $414 an acre in price. This is higher, of course, than the average of the bulk of sales even for the best portions of the state. But it shows the general tendency toward high prices. This tendency had been foreshadowed, however, more than in Iowa during the last two or three years by isolated high-priced sales here and there.

I stopped one day at Belvidere, county seat of Boone County, in the extreme northern part of the state. This is out of the best corn region and in the heart of the dairy section. Here the boom had been just as bad as a hundred miles south. I went into one of the banks there to ask for information.

"Well, I should say we have had a land boom here," replied the banker to my question. "We have been land crazy round here. Everyone is selling land or buying it. A dry-goods merchant is just as likely to be out selling farms as he is selling dry goods. I went out on the street the other day, walked up and down, and there must have been thirty-five men standing round on the corners, each the middle of a knot of men or buttonholing a prospect off to one side—and all selling land. Right round here I know of fifty farms that have changed hands in the last sixty days."

Good Roads and Poor Poets

"Our $200-an-acre land is now selling at $300. I would say that the average increase for all land round here has been fifty dollars an acre. A little farther south the price has increased anywhere from $100 to $175 an acre. Lots of it is bought by speculators. They pay just a few hundred dollars down and expect to sell soon. I know of a man over in the next county who has bought fifty-three farms in this manner. But many of the farms too are being bought by renters."

This is but typical of almost any town in central and northern Illinois. The total number of farms sold in the state, the increase in price, the total profits are all matters of conjecture. You can figure it out for yourself or wait until reports are published in about steen years from now. But the money involved figures up into hundreds of millions of dollars and the total increase in value, as in Iowa, will reach into billions.

Go to Indiana, where there are more good roads to the square mile and poor poets to the cubic yard than in any other state in the land, and all over the state you find there has been a land boom. The first town of any size I visited was Crawfordsville, county seat of Montgomery County. Here the boom did not strike until the latter part of June and it was all over by the middle of August.

But round Crawfordsville land in that time increased anywhere from twenty-five dollars an acre to $100. One real-estate firm in the town told me that it had handled 125 sales. A bank that deals in land had made seventy-five sales. Another real-estate firm informed me that it had made sixty-five sales. A small firm gave me twenty as the number of farms it had sold. And there were three or four other established firms in town whom I did not visit. I had heard enough to give me some idea of the vast farm-sale business that had been done here. These were not wild guesses either, but actual figures. In some instances before my eyes the real-estate man took out his records and counted the contracts on file.

These men gave me any number of actual instances of farms being sold over and over again, each time at a substantial increase. One 180-acre farm that sold in December, 1918, for $220 an acre, sold in August, 1919, for $300. A farm that sold for $150 in August was resold in September for $225 an acre. One farm had been sold four times respectively for $90, $100, $110 and $150 an acre. One of 600 acres changed hands in September for $250 after it had sold in August for $190 and in March for $175. An eighty-acre place that brought $200 one day in July was sold three days later for $225 and in September for $250. A farm near New Richmond, some miles north, sold respectively for $175, $178, $195 and $200 an acre.

In the Maumee Valley

These prices do not go so high as in Illinois and Iowa. But the percentage of increase, the boom of them, the speculation in them is just the same.

The reasons for this Indiana boom are different, however, from those in the other two states mentioned, as I'll tell about presently.

Over round Ft. Wayne, clear across the state, I found conditions just about as at Crawfordsville. Land that three or four years ago was selling at $100 and $150 an acre went like hot cakes—and with no more concern than one would order hot cakes for breakfast—for $300 an acre this past summer. One large real-estate firm operating in this region and also extensively in Ohio and Illinois and with a dozen branch offices or more has sold several hundred farms. The Ft. Wayne branch alone had sold almost a hundred farms up to the first of October. The top price paid was round $350 an acre. The increase in price was anywhere from $50 up to $150 an acre.

I have figures from a number of other sections of Indiana, but it is useless to give them. They are so similar that it would just be a useless mass of details.

I went on into Ohio and during several weeks of travel over the western, northwestern and central portions of the state I found land boom and land talk wherever I went. From Dayton to Mt. Stirling and Columbus, north through Sidney, Wapakoneta, Lima, Van Wert, Paulding and Bryan—everywhere there had been buying and selling of farms to a degree never seen in the state before.

One real-estate man at Marion sold fifteen farms in two weeks. A firm at Sidney sold $118,000 worth of farms in a few months. Since these were smaller, anywhere from ten acres up to eighty acres, in a region where farms are scarcely half the size of Illinois farms, this record compares favorably with other records that look on the face much bigger. One man at Wapakoneta told me that he had sold fifteen farms himself within a few months.

At Lima, county seat of Allen County, one real-estate firm sold fifty farms from March to September, 1919, totaling $1,500,000 worth of business. I saw the contracts counted and the sum added. This firm had sold six more in September in addition to this. Another Lima firm told me it had sold more than fifty farms. A third firm had sold about fifty.

"I believe that at least thirty-five per cent of the farms in Allen County have changed hands in 1919," one of the best-known real-estate men in Lima told me. "Land has increased here anywhere from fifty to seventy-five dollars an acre all over the county. It is still going up. There is a lot of speculation, but also a lot of buying for homes. There has been a lot of buying, selling and reselling.

"One farm of a hundred acres that sold four years ago for seventy dollars an acre sold early this year for $140 and last week for $165. A farm that a man bought for $185 this last spring he sold for $225 recently and just now it has sold once more for $250 an acre. A large farm that brought $150 early in the year sold again for $175 and then a third time for $235 an acre. And that's the way land has been going all round."

From Lima I drove over to Delphos, a smaller town in the extreme western part of Allen County. Here one firm had sold eighteen farms that totaled nearly $325,000. There were four other men in town selling farms. There was the same increase in price of fifty or seventy-five dollars an acre. Farms that early in the year sold for $150 to $200 sold in July, August and September for $200 and $275. I was told of sales at $315, $333 and of one man who has his farm listed at $400 an acre. There was the same selling and reselling. One 120-acre farm that sold late in 1918 for $200 had changed hands since for $225, then for $240 and a fourth time at $260 an acre. This is a typical example

When I came to northwestern Ohio I found a land boom that in wide extent, in the energy with which things boomed and in the results rivaled anything any place I had been. As I traveled through Williams, Defiance, Paulding and Van Wert counties I found conditions that rivaled Iowa at its most frenzied time. To understand this boom here it is necessary to explain something of the conditions.

The Maumee River is formed at Ft. Wayne by the union of two smaller streams. The Maumee Valley, running away and ever widening out from Ft. Wayne to the northeast, is one of the richest farming regions in America. Here is corn land so fertile and rich in mineral elements that addition of commercial or farm fertilizer actually seems to retard crop growth instead of aiding it. The valley is some 150 miles long and seventy miles wide at the end.

Running out from Ft. Wayne are two ridges anywhere from a hundred to several hundred feet wide on top and from a few feet to twenty or thirty feet high. One goes to the southeast and along its top line lies the Lincoln Highway. The other goes to the northeast toward Hicksville and Bryan and on its ridge for a way runs the Yellowstone Trail. Between these two natural ridges, constructed countless ages ago by Nature, lies the Maumee Valley. It is a land of rich, black, alluvial loam with a clay subsoil that holds moisture. This land is corn land, almost exactly the same in chemical composition as the gray loam of Illinois or the black loam of Iowa.

Twenty-five years ago this whole region was largely a vast swamp and covered with virgin hardwood trees. So thick were the trees and so much of the land was under water that it was scarcely habitable by man.

For long years, while the Iowa and Illinois farms had been mined and exploited to grow bumper crops of corn, this land was the home of wild animals and hunters came in great numbers to paddle round in boats and hunt, much as the Indians of an earlier day had hunted here.

The Preacher's Bargain

Men thought that this land would always be thus. But timber became scarcer and more valuable. So about twenty-five years ago timber companies came here, entered the valley and in just a few years cleared the timber off the whole space. A banker at Paulding told me that twenty-four years ago in Paulding County there were twenty-four stave factories running at one time and sawmills by the hundred.

The timber gone, it was seen that all this land could be drained. So the timber companies divided the land up into small tracts and sold it to men for a song. The best land could be bought for from fifteen to eighteen dollars an acre and on almost any terms a man wanted. These men who came in were of the pioneer type. They worked long and hard to clear out the stumps, dig drainage ditches, build roads and fences. In barely ten years this whole region was conquered in forty and eighty acre tracts and turned into high-producing farm land.

About fifteen years ago, just after the land had been fairly cleared up, a boom struck the region and land jumped from thirty and forty dollars an acre to round seventy-five and eighty. Many of the men who had done the pioneer work sold out at this time, satisfied with their profits. Folks in Paulding tell of the first man who about that time had nerve enough to declare that he would not sell until he received $100 an acre.

"You'll have that farm until you die," said his friends.

But along came a preacher who actually paid that amount—the first farm in the county that ever sold for such an enormous sum.

"He's stung," said everyone.

But some time later the preacher sold it for $115 an acre. A few years ago it sold for $225 an acre. In 1919 it changed hands at $300.

To-day this land is ninety per cent drained. The swamps and the stumps are gone. There are fences and fine farmsteads. All over the valley there are hundreds of miles of hard-surfaced roads and even concrete ones. Where twenty-five years ago was a vast swamp there are today nine trunk-line railroads and a network of electric interurbans. Here it was, the garden spot of the Corn Belt—and all ready to be boomed.

Well, this year the boom came and it came with a bang as well as with a boom. It does not matter where you go, from one end to the other, you can hear the same story. All over the valley land has gone up an average of nearly seventy-five dollars an acre. In many places of course there are instances of its going up a good bit more. Any number of farms are selling round $300 and I heard of men asking $400 an acre.

At Bryan in Williams County one real-estate firm had sold fifty-two farms up to the day in September when I visited them. The head of the firm told me that two or three other firms in town had sold about as many. He estimated that 300 farms had been sold in the surrounding country in the five months previous. He had sold a total of about 12,000 acres of land, on which he had made a commission of five dollars an acre, or $60,000. This was three times as much as he had ever sold in any similar period in his life. The day I was there he had three hundred farms listed for sale, totaling 30,000 acres.

A Well-Spent Dollar

At Paulding, as nearly as I could determine, there were about 200 farms sold during the boom. One of the smaller real-estate firms told me it had sold forty. Another firm was reported to have sold round a hundred. Land had advanced on some farms $100 and $150 an acre above what it would have sold for at the beginning of the year. The top price was about $300 an acre.

Over at Payne, a smaller town in the county, I found one firm that had sold forty farms during the year. These men here placed the number of farms sold in the county during the summer at 400. Land had been bringing $350 here, with the bulk of the sales close to $300 an acre.

At Hicksville in Defiance County the boom struck the town like a cyclone strikes a town in Kansas. It came all on a summer's day, early in August, burned like a fierce fire and then in two weeks or so died down suddenly. But in those two weeks land advanced $100 an acre in price and thirty farms changed hands right round within a few miles of the town.

A lot of the sales were speculation. One man bought three farms in one day. A real-estate man took an option on a farm a while before the boom and paid just one dollar to secure the option at $150 an acre. During those two weeks in August he sold the farm for $225 an acre. From an investment of one dollar he had cleaned up $12,000. I was told a number of stories similar to this one in the two hours I was in the town.

A recording of all these details grows monotonous. But before trying to interpret them I want to say a word about how the land boom spread to other states. I was in southern Minnesota in August and there I found men buying land as frantically as in Iowa.

Far out in Kansas lands were boomed and boosted and sold.

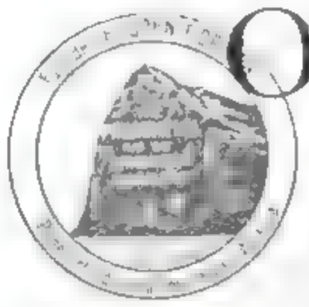
Missouri had a boom all its own. At Brookfield for a short time in July farms were sold at the rate of twenty a day. In Livingston County prices rose fifty and a hundred dollars an acre and one farm near town was reported sold for $500. The average price was round $200 an acre. In Boone County one week in July a half million dollars' worth of land changed hands and a newspaper report was to the effect that in a few months a total of $8,000,000 worth was sold.

All over eastern Nebraska there was a great advance in the price of farms. Prices went up twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five dollars an acre overnight. A real-estate man told me of one farm that was bought

Continued on Page 141

"Have a Demonstration"

Dalton helps
The PRUDENTIAL
Life Insurance Company of America
to keep its 19,000,000 Accounts



ONE HUNDRED Daltons were purchased recently by The Prudential Life Insurance Company of America—one of the largest orders for adding-calculating machines ever recorded.

Minute-losing methods have no place in The Prudential system. The Prudential needed a machine for branch office use throughout the country that would render the broadest possible service.

For this service the Dalton was chosen, being two machines in one; a simpler, faster adding machine which multiplies as easily as it adds and lists each operation.

Large corporations standardize on the Dalton because it is instantly operable by anyone. It has 10 keys *only*—one for each figure.

It revolutionizes the usual method of adding and listing. Ordinarily, an operator looks at an item, then turns to the machine. The Dalton eliminates this extra eye motion. Column selection is unnecessary.

"Eyes on the work—fingers on the keys" is the slogan of the speedy Dalton *Touch Operator*. The simple keyboard is covered by one hand. The operator's eyes do not swing back and forth from copy to keyboard—with little practice the adding and listing of figures becomes automatic, requiring no eye-help.

This Dalton method of operation is a distinct advantage, and of vital interest to employers and employees. Not only does the Dalton effect great economies in time and increase the amount of work done, but what is of equal importance, it eliminates the eye-strain and mental fatigue invariably experienced by the operator who has much figure work to do.

And the Dalton calculates—and the Dalton is also a versatile calculating machine. It multiplies as easily as it adds. It adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, figures fractions, percentage, computes interest, discounts, cross-foots, tabulates and makes out statements.

It figures payrolls, printing the employee's number, computes amounts due and renders a physical audit. It verifies invoices, making every multiplication and addition, figures the discounts, prints the net total.

Let us bring a Dalton to your office or store. Operate it yourself. There is a Dalton Sales and Service agency near you. Look for "Dalton" in the 'phone book of the hundred leading cities and ask for a demonstration.

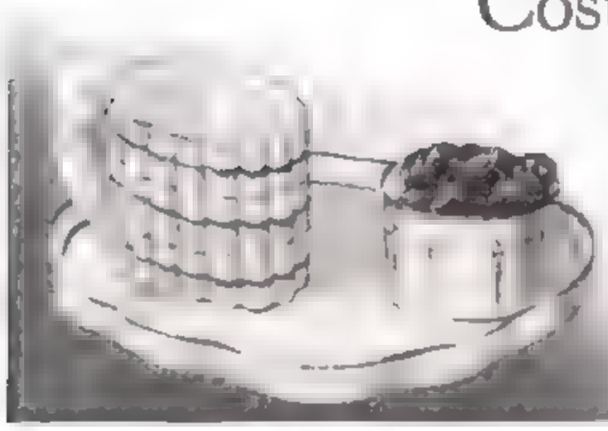
Write us for address of the nearest Dalton Agent or for Dalton literature.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
430 Beech Street, *Norwood*, Cincinnati, Ohio
Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Company, *Toronto and branches*

Dalton
ADDING
CALCULATING
MACHINE

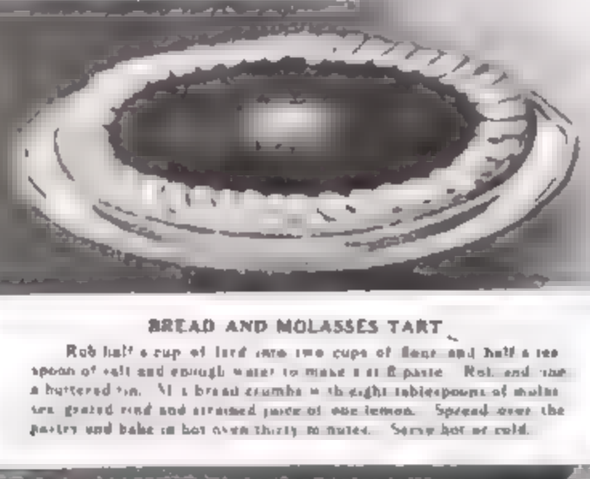
BREAD

Will reduce the High Cost of Eating



PRUNE AND NUT SANDWICH

Slice the bread and cut out with a fancy cutter. Rub half a pound of stewed prunes through a sieve; add a cup of chopped nut meats and juice of a lemon. Spread on the bread and press two slices together.



BREAD AND MOLASSES TART

Rub half a cup of lard into two cups of flour and half a teaspoon of salt and enough water to make a stiff paste. Roll and line a buttered tin. Fill with bread crumbs to the eight tablespoons of molasses, grated rind and strained juice of one lemon. Spread over the pastry and bake in hot oven thirty minutes. Serve hot or cold.

STEAMED BREAD PUDDING

Grease a mold and decorate it with almonds. Pour cup of hot water over two cups of bread crumbs. Add half a cup of chopped suet, cup each of molasses, flour, currants, teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, teaspoonfuls of ginger and one egg well beaten. Turn into mold and steam for two and a half hours.

EGGS AND PEAS WITH BREAD

Butter a thick piece of bread. Brown in hot fat. Melt two tablespoons of butter, stir in four tablespoons of flour, add two cups of milk and stir until it boils. Lay on the bread six hard boiled eggs and heat gently. Put layer of stewed peas in bottom of bread case, fill with eggs and sauce and lay on hot dish. Arrange border of peas and serve.

THE food-bill of the American people is Twelve Billion Dollars a year. More than two-thirds of this enormous sum is spent for meat, eggs, fish, butter, lard, etc.

Only one-seventh goes for Bread.

Yet that one-seventh for Bread represents about the same food-value as the two-thirds. This because Bread is the most nutritious of all foods and contains no waste. Every bit of it goes to nourishment.

There is a wide difference between Food Values and Food Costs, as this proves. Housewives who wish to reduce their food-bills should plan to use much more Bread and less of higher-priced but less nutritious foods.

The six recipes presented on this page suggest a few of the ways in which Bread will contribute to tempting, nourishing meals at little cost.

Many other recipes of a similar character are given in a delightful little book, "65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread", to be had, free, from your baker, grocer or the Fleischmann office in your city.

Bread is your Best Food and your true economy food today.
Buy an extra loaf of Bread today and save on your food-bill.

BREAD CROQUETTES WITH PEACHES

To two cups of stale bread crumbs add half a cup of chopped almonds, teaspoon of grated lemon rind, tablespoon of lemon juice, tablespoon of melted butter, quarter teaspoon of salt and one cup of milk. Heat and stir hot and mix mixture. Remove from fire and add yolks of two eggs. When cool form into croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in smoking fat. Serve with peaches.

A SAVORY NUT ROAST

Slice and toast a loaf of bread. Grind fine and add one pound of chopped nut meats, two cups chopped celery, one pound of tomatoes, half cup chopped onions, two tablespoons of melted butter, teaspoon of salt, teaspoon of pepper and two eggs well beaten. Bake in moderate oven one hour. Decorate with lemon and serve with tomato sauce.

(Continued from Page 137)

for $38,000 and a week later sold for $48,000. One farmer in Central Nebraska paid but thirty-five dollars for a whole 160 acres about thirty years ago. Eight years ago this was sold for thirty dollars an acre. Six years ago it sold again for eighty dollars an acre. Three years ago it was turned for eighty again and a year ago it brought $100. In 1919 it sold for $125 an acre.

Up round Wayne in the northeastern part there was pretty much of a boom too. Here it broke forth in an epidemic of auction sales that extended on into winter. In one week near Wayne three large farms totaling 2160 acres sold at auction for an average of $293 an acre. Some of these auctions were advertised by half-page and even full-page spreads in the local newspapers and attracted a lot of attention. Also they doubtless stimulated a lot of buying.

Far out in the sand hills of Northwestern Nebraska, where it is still wild and unsettled, land that a year ago was selling for five dollars an acre has been boosted to $12.50, twenty and twenty-five dollars an acre.

The sagebrush and the sand hills are not immune from frenzied finance, it seems.

The total amount of land sales over the Corn Belt and regions touched by this boom is so high that no man can estimate just how high it is as yet. The total value added to all farm lands, whether sold or not, is so stupendous as to stagger the imagination, running into billions of dollars. The results from it are likely to be just as vast and far-reaching.

The most significant thing out of all of this buying and selling is the interdependence of the boom in one state and the boom in another. It was the farmers leaving the high-priced land and going to the regions of lower-priced land that kept the boom moving. The Iowa farmers who sold their land for $400 and $500 an acre are moving to Minnesota, to North Dakota, to Missouri and even to Kansas. The Illinois farmers are moving to Indiana and more to Ohio. The Minnesota farmers, having sold out to Iowa farmers, are moving on to the north. The Ohio farmers who are selling are moving on to Michigan and are going south to Mississippi.

A farmer walked into a real-estate office in Lima, Ohio, one day last September and held out a piece of gray clod to the real-estate agent.

"See that dirt?" he said. "That came from a farm out in Illinois that I sold last week for $625 an acre. Now I want you to find me one round here that has dirt just as good and I'll pay $300 an acre for it."

New Farms for Old

And the agent went out and found the man a farm that had been worth but $200 an acre before. But to the Illinois man it was worth $300 and cheap at that. It was because this land at a much higher price is still cheap to the man who has left the still higher priced lands of Illinois such as he had sold. Thus one farm sells for $300 an acre and promptly all the farms round advance to $300 an acre too.

In the town of Bryan, Ohio, in one day last September there were forty-three Illinois farmers wanting to buy Williams County farms. For day after day this past summer this same condition has continued all up and down the Maumee Valley. As a matter of fact it has been going on for several years now. Anywhere from fifty to eighty per cent of the farms sold in Northwestern Ohio last summer were sold to men from Illinois. They know corn land when they see it, do these men. They will have no other. It is just as good as they sold back home; it costs but half as much and it is new virgin soil. Besides it lies along much better roads.

So then the boom in one place drives farmers on to cheaper land at another. Arriving there with higher-price standards behind them they are willing to pay a premium and so force up the land in the place where they go. They force out men who in turn go on to still cheaper land. It is a process that is never ended. It explains why a boom once set in motion can go on and on. It explains too the frantic advertising of Minnesota lands in Iowa newspapers imploring Iowa farmers to come to the country of cheaper land.

The second significant thing that stands out is that everywhere it was the corn land, good black or gray corn dirt, that men were so eager to get hold of, for corn dirt is gold out in the Middle West. Take it in Northwestern Ohio. The corn land is the drained swamp land that lies between the two ridges running out of Fort Wayne. On the one side of the ridge it was corn land. On the other side it was not—and there might be a difference of fifty dollars an acre in the price. In Clinton County, Iowa, where the soils department from Iowa State College has made a soil survey, men procured soil maps from the county and the boom followed the lines of soil demarcation on the map.

The whole world wants corn. The land on which it can be grown is limited. It can be stretched but little. There is no more. And so with a world crying for corn and more corn the land it grows on is more and more valuable. That is why men fought for and begged for and bought corn land.

A third significant thing that stands out is the part that the real-estate men have played.

I have long since come to the opinion that there are about three or four times as many such as we need in the country anyhow and that all the extra ones are but parasites upon the farmer and city landowner. But here came this boom and with it such a swarm of agents sprang up that they covered the Corn Belt as the grasshoppers sometimes cover Kansas. They had no offices, so they used their autos, parked on the shady side. They may have had other businesses, but they gave them up.

Mushroom Real-Estate Agents

One class of legitimate though sometimes pestiferous real-estate firm is one that with plenty of capital makes a business of buying and selling farms outright. One firm has done more to boost the price of land in Ohio than any other one thing.

Another type of agent, who is the most reliable of all, is the established agent who sells on a commission. Of course he has to get out and hustle. He rides the country over looking for farms that might be for sale. Once he procures one he lists it and then proceeds to find a buyer. For his work in bringing the buyer and seller together the universal commission is round five dollars an acre, or a small percentage of the purchase price.

It was not this type of agent who handled a big share of the land boom, though of course he did his best to help it along, but it was the newly sprung-up agents of the curbstone. In one Ohio town, besides three legitimate agents, there were one ex-postmaster, one stock dealer and race-horse driver, one jeweler, one butcher, two lawyers, one painter, one hardware man, one farmer and one retired farmer—all of whom had lately blossomed out as dealers in real estate.

In another town in the Corn Belt I found, in addition to three regular firms, a jeweler, a garage man and a farmer, who had set themselves up to sell farms. In another small town, besides one regular firm, there were a reformed drunkard, a former farmer who has been lately in a garage, a night policeman, a man who had been bartender before the town went dry—all real-estate agents.

It would take a separate story to tell of the activities of these fungous agents. Many of them used questionable methods to induce men to buy farms. I found ample evidences of this as I traveled round.

Many city men, business and professional, rode the country buying and selling farms. One good deal would net more in a week than their ordinary business would bring in a year or several years. Farmers by the hundred neglected their crops to sell land, getting options and selling to others. Many farmers were content with selling their own farms themselves, saving the paying of any commission to real-estate men.

Throughout the whole boom, in the hands of this sort of agents, there was a large element of speculation. This varied in different places and it depended upon those with whom I talked. The bankers almost without exception looked upon the boom with some alarm or serious concern. They were inclined to call a lot of the buying and selling speculation and gambling. But the real-estate agents were as a rule loud in declaring that it was not speculation. "Investment" was the word they used overtime. Yet one of them told me of a young fellow, twenty-two years old, with scarcely any capital, who had made $60,000 by buying and selling. No, that's not speculation. It's gambling.

Speculation as such was strongly condemned at a meeting of the American Farm Economics Association, held at Chicago in November, when the land boom took up a big share of the program and discussion.

As nearly as I can determine, about half of the farms bought and sold were pure speculation—gambling, if you want to call it that. We apply the latter term when a man plunges in Wall Street and it fits just as well to a land plunge in Iowa. The other half of the farms were bought or sold by men who wanted larger farms or more land as a safe-and-sure investment. Some were bought by or for returned soldiers. They were bought in large share by men formerly tenants who had accumulated enough to make a first payment on a place of their own. Some of these farms were sold by men who wanted to retire, but the most of them were sold just because the owners could get the price. Some men sold who were sorry afterward that they did.

These farms were almost all bought on long-time payments. Not five per cent of the sales anywhere were for cash. A man would buy a farm, pay down, say, $1000 or $2000 to bind the contract and agree to pay about thirty to fifty per cent on March 1, 1920. For the rest a mortgage running anywhere from five to ten years at five and a half or six per cent would be given.

Thus the man who had $2000 could invest it in an option on a farm, keep it a week or a month, sell the farm at a big profit and turn over to the next man the burden of meeting the big March first payment and paying interest on the mortgage. If he did not sell and could not make the first payment he could lose his $2000 and back down on his contract.

Along in the summer, following an epidemic of stories of high-price sales in the newspapers, there began to appear here and there a different sort of news story. Here is a typical one:

John Williams, living in Jefferson County, is not going to move this fall, even if he did sell his 320-acre farm in the spring. When a man came along and offered him $265 an acre he thought it was time to sell while the market was so good, and so he did.

Recently Mr. Williams began casting about for a place to buy and move on, but he could not find any for anything like what he had taken for his place. So getting into his car he made a trip to see the man who had purchased the farm. After a very earnest conversation with the man he got out his check book, wrote out a check for the purchase price he had received, added $10,000 to it and the deed was returned to him. Mr. Williams considers himself very lucky indeed.

I know of any number of instances of men who sold their farms at what they thought were boom prices, expecting to buy another cheaper, but found that while they stopped to get in a load of hay or feed the hogs prices had gone up so that they could not find any farm suitable to their needs or pocketbooks. Sadder but wiser, they were only too glad to pay a good-sized premium to get the buyer of their old home place to back down on the deal.

To Sell or Not to Sell?

I did not quite realize just what it meant to be offered a big price for a farm until one night I was visiting with an Iowa farm family with whom I am well acquainted. Someone knocked at the door and the man of the family, who owns the farm, went to the door. Two strangers were there. He stepped outside and I heard a murmur of voices for some time. Then the men went away and the farmer returned, smiling.

"Those men just offered me $500 an acre cash for the farm, Mary," he said to his wife. "What about it? Shall we take the $80,000 and let them have it?"

"Well, I should say not!" replied the wife.

"Why should I sell?" the farmer said, turning to me. "I have lived on this farm thirty years all told. I know it from end to end. I have built me this good home here. Here are my friends and relatives. I am near to town and a shipping station. I am a farmer and expect to farm all the rest of my days. So why in the world should I sell this farm and move away to a strange neighborhood at my time of life?"

The tragedy of many a man without wisdom such as my friend had is that having sold his farm he cannot buy it back. It is in the hands of one who will not sell, or else it is held so high that he cannot afford to buy it back. I know of a man in Paulding County, Ohio, who sold his farm for $225 an acre. When he offered $300 to get it back the buyer just laughed at him.

The causes of all this land boom are easy to find and yet a deep mystery. During the war all land was at a standstill and practically no farms changed hands. Particularly the speculators were not in the business. Though land stood still, the price of hogs rose to twenty-three dollars a hundred. Cattle sold for more than ever before. Corn, wheat and other farm products went to dizzy heights. Yet the land on which all these were produced remained the same in value.

Then the war came to an end. Suddenly land began to boom. That it should rise some was natural—it was due to come. But when land reached the legitimate rise it did not stop. The boom became a panic. Men became mad—that's the only term that can describe it—and under mob influence land was pushed to dizzy heights. Pretty much all over the Corn Belt a rise of twenty-five dollars or so an acre was legitimate. The rest of the advance was boom—forced, speculative increase. This increase too was bound to come in time, but it would have taken five or maybe ten years under normal circumstances. The Corn Belt shot forward five or ten years in three months as it were.

Inflated prices for farm products, cheap money, enormous bank deposits, the influence of the Federal Farm Loan, tenant-farmer prosperity, soldiers back from the war, an actual shortage of farm land and consequent congestion so that men were willing to bid against each other, plus a frenzied state of public mind—these were the things that seemed to bring the rise in prices. Added to these was the stimulation given the mob mind through newspaper publicity and the pulling power of paid advertising and the artificial boosting by real-estate agents and auction sales.

The World's Biggest Moving Day

But even all this does not explain the panic, the frenzied part of the boom. Well, that's the question that is shrouded in mystery. There was a time when I thought the thing was artificial, planned by real-estate agents. I found out that it was natural and that it surprised the agents as much as anybody. Now I say I don't know.

But the thing has been done. The land has gone up. The farms have been sold: now they must be paid for. Of far more importance now is to face the consequences and if possible determine in advance what they are likely to be and to prepare for them.

First of all, we face this spring the world's most gigantic moving day. With all of these farms sold, it means that the man now on each one will have to move. Ordinarily nearly half of the tenant farmers of the country move every spring as it is. Now comes all of the moving from these boom sales.

I do not believe I exaggerate when I say that in many a community in the Corn Belt where tenantry is high from forty to fifty per cent of all farm families will have to move this year. Not only will there be a vast migration from one state to another but there will be smaller ones from one community to another. The sale of one farm often sets in motion forces that cause a dozen families to move.

March first is proverbially set as moving day in the country, but it will be a physical impossibility for all to move on that day. All through the months of March and April there will be caravans of wagons and trucks along the public highways. Just think of the rare damage that will be done to the muddy roads! There will be freight cars loaded and shipped and families on the railroads on the way to their new homes. I do not exaggerate at all when I say that this vast moving day in its entirety will make the exodus from Egypt or the migration of our fathers to the West look like mere trifles.

That folks are preparing for this moving has been made manifest during the recent winter months by a most unusual phenomenon out in the Middle West. This is the vast number of farm auction sales that are being held everywhere—the sales where the household goods, the implements and the stock are cried and sold. Usually sales are held late in the winter. But this last fall they began in numbers late in October.

(Concluded on Page 145)

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

Dissect this ¾-ton Stewart—

Fast, smart, durable, inexpensive—

Equipped with electric lights, electric starter, magneto ignition and pneumatic tires, Chassis price, $1275

This ¾-ton Stewart has the speed and flexibility of a passenger-car truck but none of its lighter construction. And as to heavy trucks—why do some merchants put them on ¾-ton work? Compared with them, this Stewart darts about and covers ground like a destroyer in a naval convoy and gets the job done easily, quickly and at little cost.

It's the right truck to start with and every fleet needs one, for Model 11, the ¾-ton size Stewart, hustles the loads, puts in full days, and is a business getter—a smart-looking salesman—an advertisement—a model of service. A real truck, without a passenger-car part in it, designed by experienced truck designers, ready for all the bumps and strains and demands of the worst kinds of roads or weather.

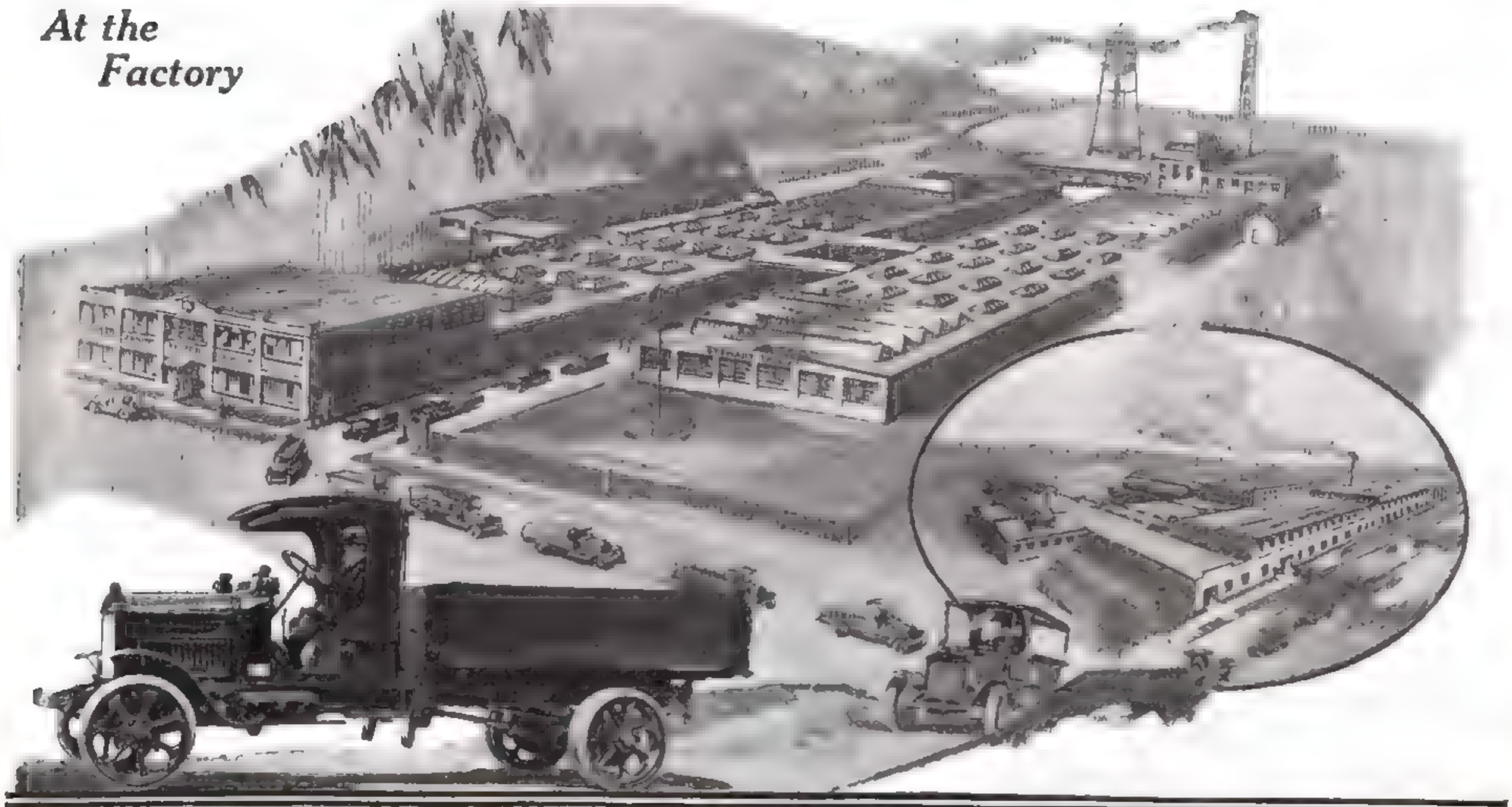
This truck is not only inexpensive to buy—but economical to run. Any Stewart is a money-saver, for none is too light for its work and none carries needless weight. Stewart simplified design has eliminated hundreds of useless parts, hundreds of pounds of unnecessary weight—the result of seven years of wise, experienced, progressive truck building.

The Stewart is a 100% truck. Every dollar invested in it is a live, working, producing dollar. It is easy to handle, easy to keep up, simple to operate. Simplicity means less time lost for repairs and replacements—less dead weight to move—hence, less expense for tires, gasoline and oil.

But best of all, you get an attractive, well-balanced quality truck—all truck from the ground up—built to last—built for real day-in, day-out service—a truck that does more, rather than less, than it promises.

Quality trucks since 1912

STEWART-MOTOR-CORPORATION-BUFFALO-N-Y-



Here's the proof:

Fleets that grew from one

It isn't the *size* of a truck fleet that tells the real story. A big industry that decides to motorize may buy 20 to 50 trucks at once—may make a mistake of judgment that will never be discovered. But the business man who buys one truck, finds it pays big, has to buy another and still others to keep up with expansion—his experience is a valuable guide.

Stewart dealers can tell you of numerous cases, right in your own vicinity, where the first Stewart expanded gradually into a large fleet, and every truck that was added was another Stewart.

Each Stewart fleet tells a complete story of the service, efficiency and economy of Stewart trucks—a story that has gone round the world—for Stewarts are giving everyday satisfaction in 600 American cities, on hundreds of farms and in 27 foreign countries. And only through this satisfaction of owners could the Stewart Corporation have become one of the world's leaders in truck building in only 7 years.

Read what these fleet owners say:

HENRY J. BALL
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

We are using at the present time twenty-six Stewart trucks from one ton to three-and-one-half ton capacity. This explains how we like them We are more than satisfied and we expect to buy more in the near future. When we began buying trucks we had several different makes, but are so well satisfied with the Stewart trucks that we are now standardizing on them.

(*Signed*) HENRY J. BALL

ROTHENBERG & CO.
W. 14th St., New York City

We have thirteen Stewart trucks and operate them an average of 40 to 50 miles every day. Three of these trucks in a year's time have not cost us more than $100 for repairs. Upon this splendid performance, we decided to buy ten more Stewarts, and find we have made no mistake. The trucks give us perfect satisfaction, and with the service you render us nothing more can be asked.

(*Signed*) LEO A. PRICE, Pres.
(Have bought more since writing above)

Model 12—2000 lb.—Chassis $1595, with electric starter, electric lights, magneto ignition, 5-in. cord tires

Model 9—1½-ton—Chassis $2095

Model 7—2 ton—Chassis $2695

Model 10—3½-ton—Chassis $3650

All prices f. o. b. Buffalo

STEWART-MOTOR-CORPORATION-BUFFALO-N-Y-

What you see in the window is not all the G-E motor dealer has to offer—look beyond the window and the store!

This Store Window's Real Meaning

YOUR choice of electric motors and accessories is not limited by the G-E motor dealer's stock and *his service* facilities but only by the great designing, engineering and manufacturing resources of the General Electric Company.

Only six standard types of G-E motors and control are displayed. By means of slight electrical or mechanical variations each motor equipment can be adapted to the differing requirements of an endless variety of machines.

Throughout the United States G-E motor dealers and this Company stand ready to aid you in selecting *just the right motor* and control for your purpose.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

65-101

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 141)

By November they were being held everywhere. December saw sales by the score in every county in the land-boom country. Veteran auctioneers say it surpasses anything ever known in the history of the Middle West.

One day in early January I walked into an Iowa newspaper office, picked up copies of ten representative Iowa country weeklies from the exchange table and counted the sales advertised in them. These ten papers had a total of eighty-six display ads for sales and a total of 164 listed in the classified columns. This one week's record is typical of the whole Corn Belt. On one road ten miles long in Boone County, Iowa, there are eighteen farmers who are having sales.

"Having sold my farm I am moving to town," "I am moving to Minnesota," "Having sold my farm I am leaving the community," "Since I am retiring"—these are some of the typical explanations for the sales given in the ads.

All of this moving, coming as it is at one time, is bound to have a widespread influence on the rural and city life of America in ways so vast that it can scarcely be realized or measured now. History is being made in this March first moving day. It means that communities will be torn apart and broken up. Farmers' organizations will lose part of their members. Farm women's clubs will be disintegrated. School-teachers will face a new lot of pupils next fall, with different textbooks and different preparation.

The blow will fall hardest on rural churches, already in desperate straits. Church congregations will be broken up; new families will be moving in and strangers will not attend or support a church as did the old members who moved away. It will mean the death of more than one struggling congregation. One of Iowa's best-known rural pastors told me that it would take six or more of the best families right away from his church and community.

The settlement for these farms and making the first big payment on them on March first, when most of the settlements are due to be made, will result in just about the biggest business transaction the country ever saw. The way the banks are handling all this, how money is being procured for payments, the incidents humorous and tragic, will make a story in themselves. So also will the payment of income taxes on all of those big profits made last summer.

Farm Rents Boosted

The boom is already meaning that rents will be higher on farm lands. I have data gathered from dozens of sources in several states to show that cash rent has been raised anywhere from fifty to one hundred per cent for this year's leasing over rents last year. I found Ohio owners in the northwestern part of the state asking as high as twenty dollars an acre for beet land. In Belvidere, Illinois, rent has advanced from ten dollars up to fifteen dollars an acre. In northern Iowa land that rented a year ago for eight and nine dollars an acre is being held for twelve and fourteen dollars this year. In Grundy County farms that rented for twelve dollars an acre last year are being held for twenty-five dollars this year. One farm near West Liberty, Iowa, rented for thirty dollars an acre.

The man who had a farm valued at $200 an acre and who rented it for ten dollars an acre last year feels that with its value raised to $400 an acre now he ought to get twenty dollars an acre. The farm is worth twice as much, so he must have twice as much interest. Or say a man has bought this farm for $400 an acre that rented for ten dollars an acre last year. He must have his interest, so he boosts the rent. This rent boosting is well-nigh universal over the Corn Belt.

Now what is happening is of importance and mighty significant. The tenant farmers have been refusing to pay these high rents in many places. Instead they are moving out and going on to communities or states where land is cheaper. They may have saved enough to buy a cheaper farm, or at any rate enough to go where rents are cheaper.

Usually Corn Belt farms are rented along in July and August for the next year. With all of the buying and selling and raising of rents farms were not rented last summer. A county agricultural agent told me in September that he knew of 160 tenants in his county who had not located for the coming year. I know of another county where in December not half of the farms offered for rent had been taken.

All this means that the enterprising tenant farmer will be taken out of the community and the farms will be turned over to younger or more inexperienced men. It will mean that many owners who cannot get tenants on a cash basis at all will have to supply the capital and put men on their farms on some sort of a joint-partnership basis. All this on a widespread scale over a number of states will have a marked effect on agriculture and community life.

The land boom will mean ultimately an increase in the number of tenants. Of course many tenants have bought farms and in so buying are graduated to the landowner class. But many men bought who live in town. They do not expect to farm. They want a tenant on the place. Higher prices, too, will mean that it will take a tenant longer to get ahead and that he must remain a tenant longer.

Will Land Prices Tumble?

There will be more retired farmers in the future. All over the Corn Belt reports are that men who sold their farms are moving to town. Having made enough on speculation or on the increased value of land to keep them the rest of their days, why buy another farm and slave on? Looking on the land boom that enables them to do it, they move to town with rejoicing. And pretty nearly everywhere the retired farmer as a rule is a detriment to a community rather than an asset.

Another thing is that the land has been getting into the hands of the men who do not do the actual farming. During the past few years there has been a steadily decreasing number of farms over the Corn Belt. I know of any number of counties where there are two or three men getting control over a large number of farms or of large acreages of land thrown together into one large farm. I know of men who have as high as 125 farms under their control.

Now it has been this class of men who have been buying more farms. These men have been taking advantage of the present speculation to add to their holdings. All this is a dangerous tendency. It means still more tenantry. It means that the time will come when large landholdings must be discouraged.

But after all, these things I mention are but incidental. The big questions are yet to be viewed. First of all, since there seems little doubt but that the price of land was forced abnormally high last summer, will the price stay up or will it come down? The universal testimony is that it will stay up. The testimony is that Iowa and Illinois land is high because it is worth it—worth $500 an acre and more for the best. The same applies to the higher land prices elsewhere.

Even more, prices will keep on rising—not by another boom but by a steady, substantial rise each year. High authorities believe that the best Iowa land will average $600 and $700 an acre in the next few years. I could quote men by the dozen in Iowa, Illinois and Ohio who predict that land will go anywhere from $50 to $200 higher than it sold for this last year before it stops. I know of one Iowa farmer who is willing to bet $5000 that land in his county will sell for $1000 an acre within ten years.

I grant you that at present prices of farm products, with hogs at fifteen cents a pound or more, wheat selling at $1.75 a bushel and other things in proportion, these farms are worth all that men paid for them last summer. But suppose prices drop, will the farms still be worth as much?

Look back to the terms I mentioned under which these farms were sold. Or better yet, here are some actual figures which I copied from an actual contract as I found it on file in an Iowa bank:

A Grundy County farm of 160 acres was bought April 2, 1919, for $52,000. A first payment of $1000 was made when the contract was signed. The conditions call for $29,000 to be paid March 1, 1920. In addition a $22,000 mortgage for five years at five and a half per cent is to be taken over. On May sixteenth this farm was resold for $56,000. The terms called for $1000 down, $1000 on November first, $32,000 on March 1, 1920, and assumption of the $22,000 mortgage.

Now this man who bought last owns 320 acres of land on which he has not paid out. He has it mortgaged for all that it will stand. This extra quarter section he bought on speculation in the hope of selling it for more than $56,000 before March 1, 1920, comes round.

Now suppose he does not sell. He has no money. His banker told me that he cannot borrow, because he has already borrowed the limit.

All that he can do is to sell the other farm—if he can. If he cannot he must go back on his contract, lose his $2000 paid and throw the farm back into the hands of the man he bought it from. But maybe that man had bought it on speculation too. He does not have the money to make that March first payment, having counted on getting it from the man to whom he sold. He, too, must go back on his bargain.

Now as a matter of fact most of the men who have bought farms have enough money in sight to pay the first big payment this spring. Either they have it in hand or they can arrange to borrow it from a bank or a loan company or from private sources. Not more than five per cent of the farms bought last summer will be thrown back on the men who sold them. For the rest the initial payment will be made.

But the big question is, Will these men be able to pay the next big installment at the end of five years? At the old value of land a landlord was making barely four per cent on his money invested, and many made less than that. Under the present values a man who rents a farm for cash is going to have a hard time to get more than two or three per cent at best as interest. If he expects to raise $22,000 in five years he has another think coming—as farm management experts at the state agricultural colleges can show from ample data from farm surveys.

Conflicting Views of the Boom

The man who bought a farm for a home and who has approximately forty to fifty per cent of the purchase price to pay down is pretty safe. Even if he cannot raise enough in five years to pay the full amount due his credit will be good; he can get the mortgage renewed and go on in good shape. But for the fellow who has bought on ten or twenty or even thirty per cent—as many did buy, with no higher initial payments than these—there is danger ahead.

If prices stay up on farm products all is well. But let hogs and corn and wheat drop to prewar levels and a third or a half of the men who have bought farms will be in hard luck. They will have a hard row to hoe.

Many will be unable to meet interest, let alone payments. They will fail. The farms will have to be sold perhaps at a sacrifice. The whole boom is pretty much of a bubble. If it can just hold long enough it will solidify. But let prices come down any time within the next five years before the money has been earned for the second big payment and the bubble's pricked. Then there will be a panic of a different sort from last summer—and the deuce to pay.

It's queer how men look at this boom in such different lights. Real-estate men are enthusiastic and optimistic, bankers conservative and pessimistic, county agricultural agents pretty much divided. But farmers are pretty generally of the opinion that since for forty years their profits have been mainly what had come from the unpaid work of their wives and children, they are entitled to the profit that came from the increased value in land. He believes, does the average farmer, that the present high prices of farm products as well as land are justified and that they are going to remain high, that never will prices go back to prewar levels.

I talked one day last fall to a county agent from northern Iowa and in a few minutes after with one from the other end of the state.

"The land boom has been the worst thing that has ever struck the country," said the man from the north. "Seventy-five per cent of the present sales have been from speculation. It will raise the rent about a hundred per cent. Our best tenants are moving out. Owners won't be able to get men to go on their farms.

"Farms were hardly earning good interest on their investment at former land prices. Now they must grow twice as much or take less interest. A dollar, too, is worth only half as much."

"I am an optimist," said the other man. "Ninety-nine out of every hundred who have bought farms will be able to pay out. The few speculators who bought are now unloading their farms at a small profit and on good terms to men who can do the paying out."

A College Man's Opinion

"Money is bound to be cheaper. Farms at $400 and low interest are no harder to pay for than at $200 and high interest. Production can be increased fifty per cent without much expense.

"Right in my county there will be hundreds of carloads of lime put on the soil this year that will essentially increase the crops grown."

There you are!

Here is another county agent who takes a dark view.

"Farmers will never be able to pay out on the farms they have bought," said he. "This land boom will set the country back fifty years from the standpoint of progressive agriculture.

"Yet some men are saying that it will stimulate agriculture. In thirty years Iowa has not increased corn production one bushel. It is foolish to hope that you can raise the level of farm produce in a year to meet this crisis. You can't change the farmers of a whole state overnight."

Of the hundreds of men with whom I talked concerning the land boom and speculation, none has a better grasp of the situation than has Dean C. F. Curtiss, of Iowa State College, at Ames. Nor do I know of any man whose opinion ought to carry more weight.

"This land boom resulted mainly from the inflated price of farm products," Dean Curtiss said. "At the same time land had not responded in proportion to the increase in the price of these products and increase in other prices. All at once people discovered this, woke up to the fact and began to take advantage of it.

"How permanent will be the present inflated prices for farm products is a question. It remains to be seen, but it is a consensus of opinion that though they will remain high for a year or two they will not remain permanently as high as now. They are due for a drop in values after a period of adjustment.

"Another fact equally clear is that the price of agricultural products will come down before the price of agricultural labor. The price of corn and wheat and cattle and hogs will drop before the cost of production decreases. This means that for a period farms will have to be operated on a smaller margin of profit.

"Agriculture is first to feel a reduction of prices. With respect to reacting on the future value of the land the man who owns or nearly owns his own farm can take this decreased margin of profit and continue to operate his farm during such a transition period. The man who does not own his farm so, or the speculator, is likely to be caught. After the period of readjustment there will come cheaper labor and cheaper machinery.

"The ultimate value of farm lands will be governed largely by the standards of value that may be established for money. Whether we shall continue to have inflated value no one knows. Some say this inflation is permanent and others say it is but for a short time. It will not be until we have the reaction of agricultural production and industrial conditions in the countries involved in the war that we can tell But I believe that land prices will continue to move slowly upward."

And they're still "The

ELEVEN years ago we amazed the publicity world by buying a double-page advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post.

Hardly a novel expenditure today! But then, it was the first two-page men's-clothes ad that had ever appeared in the Post.

We bought the biggest magazine space we could get because we felt we had the biggest clothes-message to deliver.

To wit:

That *discerning men do not have to be rich men in order to afford the best made-to-order clothes.*

T·R·T

Before that ad appeared eleven years ago, genuine custom-tailoring was considered the wearing apparel of the extravagant or wealthy.

But long since then Royal Publicity has knocked that notion into a cocked hat.

It has pointed out how the mammoth Royal Sunshine Tailor-Shops—centralizing under one roof the combined buying power, skill and resourcefulness of two thousand local tailors—produce and deliver the best made-to-order clothes at the price of ready-mades.

And indeed, often *for less* than the price of ready-mades!

ROYAL TAILORED-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

Copyright, 1920, The Royal Tailors, Chicago New York

Clothes that Real Men Wear"

Given a worthy service, fundamentally sound, and your Old Father Time is the greatest business builder extant.

Look what he did for the Royal Tiger these eleven years.

Multiplied our number of dealers by five—from 2,000 to 10,000. And multiplied our sales volume in even larger proportion.

T·R·T

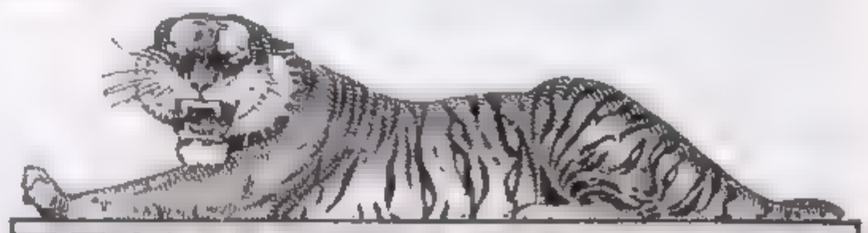
But there are still some men who are wronging their wardrobes by the delusion that good made-to-order clothes are expensive.

For these men we continue the Royal propaganda.

There never was a better time than this time of critical prices, to prove that the Royal way is the logical way—the soundly economic way to get the best clothes-values for the least cost.

Genuine made-to-your-measure clothes—with nearly 500 woolens and worsteds and 83 new Spring styles to choose from—at the price of ready-mades!

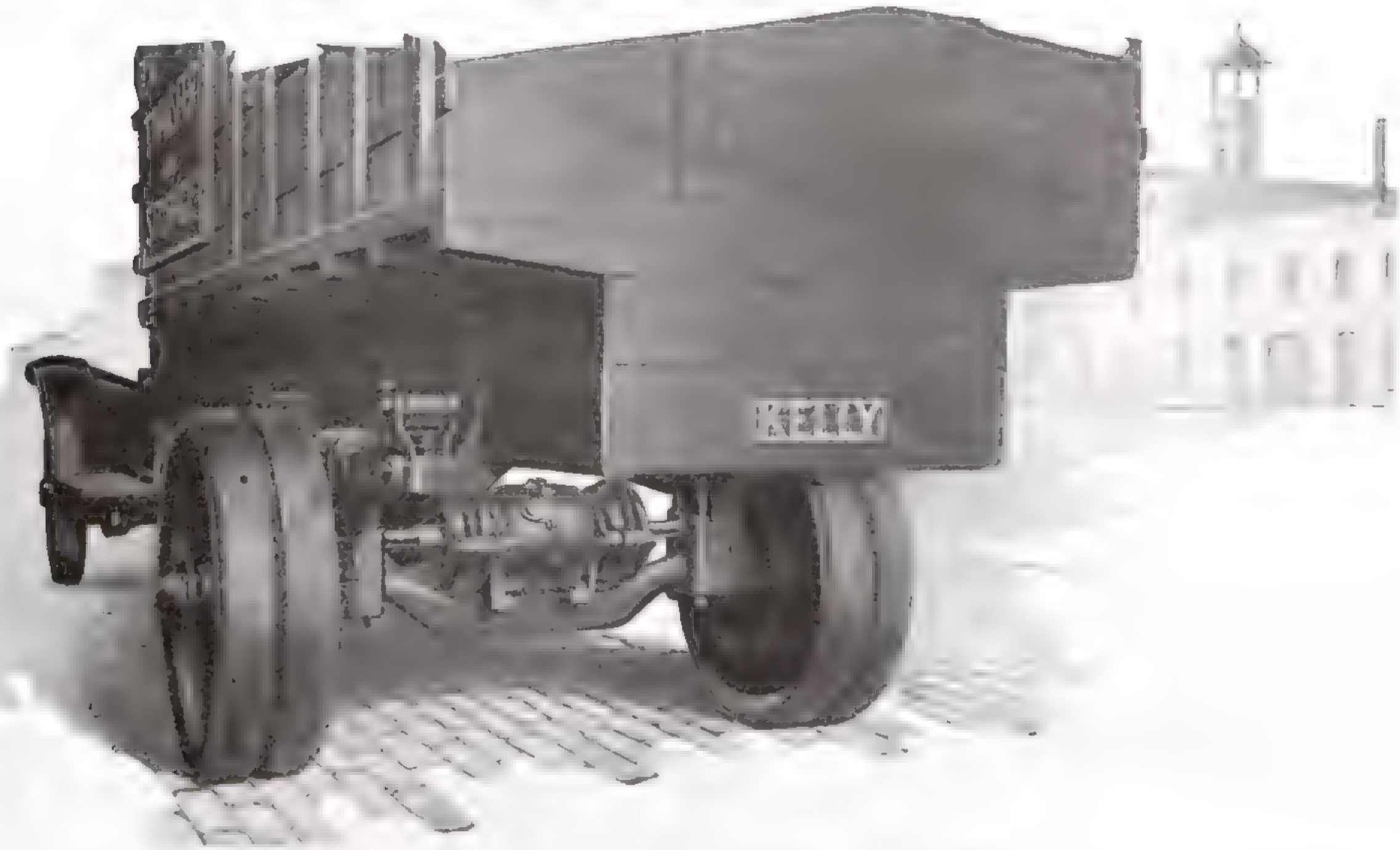
There is a Royal dealer—a master of the tape line—in your town. His Spring 1920 woolen line is ready. Royal prices—$40, $45, $50 and $60 to $80 the suit or overcoat.



—10,000 AUTHORIZED LOCAL DEALERS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Cutting the Overhead



ANY business man who knows the meaning of business overhead and how to analyze it knows that increased efficiency means decreased overhead.

There is no finer parallel than that for the Kelly truck with this overhead drive—the latest achievement of Kelly engineers.

It combines the efficiency and flexibility of the chain drive with the convenient enclosure of the worm drive.

It economizes fuel by delivering full power direct to the load without waste in side thrusts.

It doesn't hammer out tires, empty or under load.

It saves on repairs, due to the flexible construction, location of the radiator, and ease of routine care.

It has disc type steel wheels and four selections of wheel base.

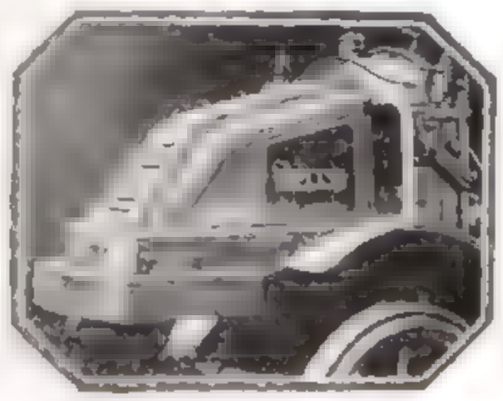
It means longer life, more active life, slower depreciation, hence bigger return on the investment.

Our sole business is to build trucks, build every vital part of them and build them good enough to more than earn their way for the investor. We have had fourteen years' experience and growth, with a past record to preserve and a future ambition to fulfill.

Our experience and financial resources are back of the entire Kelly-Springfield line, and are devoted to the building of a product so good that business overhead is materially reduced. There is a Kelly equipment for every motor truck need. 1½ to 6-ton models.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCKS

Springfield Ohio.



Quality always costs more

THE ASHES OF HELL

(Continued from Page 10

The business men of the town came, looking shabby but well brushed, for an *apéritif* and a game of chess or piquet or checkers before dinner. Family parties, the women still in the styles of 1914, chatted and drank weak beer. French soldiers of the latest mobilized class, very young, callow and spruce beside one's memory of the wartime poilu, arranged seats for their girls, whose old clothes were always pathetically relieved by some touch of new finery, as a fresh ribbon, a knot of tulle. British soldiers, resting from their gruesome day's work of finding, burying and identifying the old remains of the dead in that slaughter pen just to the north, sat apart drawing invidious comparisons between French beer and the British product. Their officers, still farther apart, looked as though they would like to make the acquaintance of someone or other, but were too shy. Everyone with the price seemed to try to make the Café de l'Univers at some time between five and seven of an evening. It was the bright spot in Arras, the one place, except for a small cinema, where one could vary the monotony of living and of grubbing among ruins.

Next day the place appeared in the misty daylight of late November for what it was—a city faintly convalescent from a sickness almost fatal. I propose in this article to describe ruin and the effects of ruin as little as possible.

Water Carried by Hand

The splintered walls of Northern France have been scintillated upon us from cinemas; they have bombarded us from illustrated newspapers: they have been shouted at us by propagandists for a year and a half. Nearly every writing man in America, England, France and Italy has taken his whack at describing them, if only for the challenge to his art, since this three or four hundred miles of unmitigated, depressing mess and old horror cannot be described; every writer who has tackled the job knows that now. It is enough to recall that Arras stood for more than four years with hell at its very gates—the line was never more than five or six miles away. Between fifty and sixty per cent of its buildings were leveled or so damaged that they could not be restored; of the rest not one escaped damage, varying from deroofing and gutting to mere loss of windows and holes in the walls or plaster.

But I had only to wander from my hotel into the street in order to perceive that a modern city under bombardment loses more than buildings. The first reminder came when I stumbled over a pile of extremely disgusting garbage. The city had a system of sewers, their main lines dating almost before the Middle Ages. During the war the British used those sewers for military purposes, together with that strange system of deep interlocking cellars which lay under the town. The Germans replied with burrowing shells. The sewage system is still clogged up or caved in, as I discovered when later in the day I investigated a little and found even the dunnage of war, a smashed field-telephone switchboard, still in place. The city must needs take to the garbage-disposal system of the Middle Ages. Down the street moved a procession of women, each carrying two pails of water; later a water cart came bumping over the worn pavement. In the bombardment water pipes were smashed; the system literally went all to pieces. There has been no time to replace that either. The best that could be done was to establish certain public taps, like the old town pump. Every drop of water used in Arras has to be transported by water tank or by hand from the public tap.

The Schoolhouse at Bouchoir

The ruins, or at least those of buildings most immediately needed for human habitation or for business, have been very largely cleaned up; but squads of German prisoners, working at the easy pace of involuntary labor, were still here and there heaving down walls or desultorily tapping the mortar off of bricks. Indeed, so far is Arras in advance of many other cities in the same class that twenty or thirty brand-new buildings—mostly made of that same recovered brick—have been completed. The less immediately necessary buildings still raise their ragged walls.

The great pretentious cathedral is a picturesque ruin growing from a trash heap. A wall ten or twelve feet high confines the heap, prevents broken stone from falling onto sidewalk or pavement. The famous town hall is, of course, a stump; of its antique Gothic glories only one carved pillar remains. The Petite Place about it has been enlarged by the clearing up of the completely ruined buildings which surrounded it on one side. Here, even in midwinter, innumerable wide pushcarts roofed with canopies stand all day long offering for sale articles which range from sides of meat and complete men's suits to souvenirs of the war and post cards. The proprietors of these booths are mostly merchants of the town whose old locations have been neither rebuilt nor repaired; they are starting life anew, with a pushcart and a little stock.

The shopkeepers, more fortunate in that they have been able to raise the sum necessary for repairs to slightly damaged buildings or to rent new locations, offer us as a rule only basic necessities in the way of food and clothing—and often very little of them. Shop a little through Arras and you begin to sense that transportation problem which is the basis of much of the trouble in the devastated region of Northern France and indeed in all France. Gentlemen's collars? Not this week. An order was sent in to a jobber at Paris three weeks ago, but when they will come in is a secret of God. Shirts? Yes, some very fine and durable shirts. Unhappily only the very large and very small sizes remain.

The hundreds of buildings still standing but deroofed, gutted, requiring not patching up but extensive repairs show least progress of all. Here and there an owner has put on a temporary roof to keep out the ravages of the elements, or the eternal squads of German prisoners have fitted up a framework to prevent a loose wall from tottering over into the street. Partly as a matter of local pride, partly doubtless to draw tourist traffic when the rush comes, the local and governmental authorities have done a curious piece of patching on the Grande Place.

Old Spanish Carvings

This, it may be necessary to recall, was an attraction for the antiquarian. During the days of their occupation in French Flanders the Spanish surrounded this large plaza with a series of curious, tall, high-peaked houses bearing odd carvings. Until the war these Spanish buildings remained unbroken by a single modern structure. All were damaged more or less by the bombardment, but only two or three went down

(Continued on Page 153)

Above—Rouvroys, a Typical Farming Town, Coming Back

Albert. The Eternal Beehive Huts

Poulières, Somme Battlefield, December, 1919

GUARDEN
PAINTS
INSECTICIDES
3400

GLIDDEN

PAINTS - VARNISHES - COLORS - INSECTICIDES

Everywhere on Everything
-where lasting protection is needed

Protecting railroad rolling stock is responsibility of a very high order. It involves tons of paint, and hours of labor. It is probably the greatest opportunity that Glidden products have to make worthwhile savings.

Locomotive Paint that lasts even a few months longer than ordinary kinds multiplies the savings by thousands of locomotives. Car paint that puts off repainting for any part of a year performs worthwhile service to the railway and to the public. Thus the Glidden development of new qualities in paints, varnishes and all kindred materials is a matter of great economic significance.

Glidden paint shop experience is available to industry in general through the good offices of a thorough going Service Department.

Phone, wire or write for a conference.

The Glidden result is just as easily available to the man about to finish his car as to the railroad with its vast equipment. Glidden Auto Finish is made for the busy business man who wants his car finished without laying it up for a week. Forty-eight hours will see him driving again in a car that looks like new.

This is just one example of Glidden usefulness everywhere on everything. Glidden dealers will gladly offer decorative suggestions and give you color cards.

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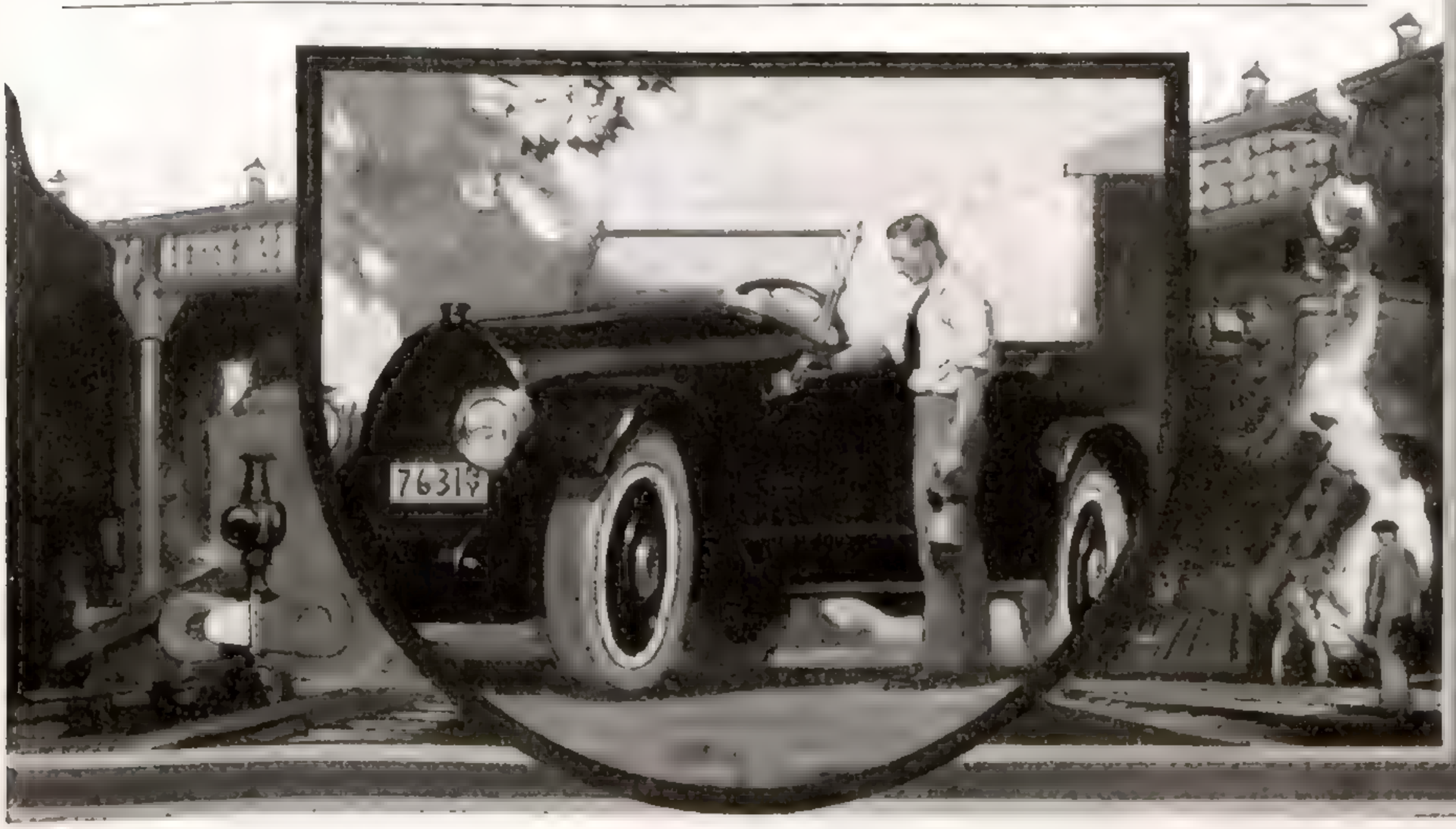

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
EDUCATOR SHOE®
Unless stamped thus on the sole, it is not an Educator.
Active women like the trim neatness of Educators.

Shop-Window Feet *vs.* Shoe-Unconscious Feet

SHOES made for shop windows—pointed, narrow, bone-bending, "stylish"—or shoes shaped like *feet*—natural, neat, conservative—which are really *sensible?*

Every day, more men and women are letting their eyes be opened to the folly, the absurdity, of enduring corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, twisted toes, which come from buying shoes that looked good in the shop window.

Every day more and more men and women are learning the absolute *foot-unconsciousness* that comes from wearing Educators—the shoes that let the feet grow as they should.

Educators are shoes made to give the necessary space for a foot with five toes—not two-and-a-half toes. But they have no ugly looseness. They are well made, with the high-class look that any conservative article of dress is bound to have.

Stop now and decide whether you want a lifetime of bent bones, corns, bunions, and other foot ills—or a lifetime of absolute comfort—feet that do not "go back" on you.

Get the whole family into Educators—they are made for men, women and children of all ages. In buying, always make sure that you see EDUCATOR stamped on the sole. Without this famous trademark it is not an Educator.

A Book That Will Help You

Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." It tells the interesting story of both kinds of feet and contains surprising pictures. Free. Write for it today.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Men, Women, Children

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 149)

completely. However, the shell fire on the square, gathering force from its contact with the hard cobblestones, blew off perhaps a third of the peaked cornices which rendered this place so distinctive. The French, showing the same spirit which made them stretch the anti-aircraft strips of paper on the Parisian windows in pretty little designs, have replaced the cornices with peaks of building paper, the laths on their surface arranged in artistic patterns, harmonious with the old Spanish plan.

The pavement and sidewalks are restored on the main streets and boulevards; wander away from these and you are in a sticky, clayey mud, which when it dries seems to defy the brush. However, winter in the devastated region brings this compensation—it is mud now, not dust.

The veterans of the San Francisco disaster remember most vividly that choking dust of ruins which worked its way through every crack of a home. That same dust—only infinitely more filthy, since it is usually scented with the old garbage of armies—plagued the whole devastated region last summer.

Wandering through the streets of Arras produces a continuous succession of depressions, lighted here and there by a glint of hope. The people look dingy, sober, discouraged. The faces of the women as they carry their water pails through the streets seem to express impatience that they who once had a fine modern water system have been reduced to this. I was to know in a fortnight of wandering through the devastated zone a disgust of ruin, so that when I returned to Paris I wanted never to see a broken wall again. But these people will not or cannot go to Paris; they must live with it all for half a generation. The gloom lightens when you come round a corner and behold a gang of French workmen in blouses and wooden shoes laying brick, hammering, plastering. To the American spirit, at least, there is nothing so cheering as to see people making something.

An Eight Years' Job

When I, an adopted son of San Francisco, returned home a year and a half after the disaster I approached the city in the proper sentimental mood, ready to shed tears for the glory that had departed. I landed at the ferry, walked up Market Street, then all in process of reconstruction. By the time I reached Lotta's Fountain I was never more enthusiastic in my life. I had forgotten the tragedy in the glory of a big job.

I felt a ghost of the same reaction when I stood on the heap of ruins which used to be a great church and surveyed Lens. To jog the reader's memory again, Lens was for France the greatest industrial tragedy of the war. In a district covering a few square miles of this city was produced more than a third of the French coal. Every building in Lens proper, most of the buildings in its immediate suburbs, went down before intensive artillery fire—completely leveled or damaged beyond repair. The Germans made the job complete by flooding all the mines. Just after the British took the town in 1918 I stood on this same eminence and saw grotesque, ghastly, smoking, gas-yellowed ruins of home and shop, mine house and factory, running to the mists of the horizon; and my depression at the moment was equaled only by my disgust for war as an institution.

But now—the ruins were virtually gone. Of shattered walls and incoherent heaps there remained only two or three short streets surrounding the town hall, and even these were in process of cleaning up. What stretched to the horizon now resembled a huge and very busy junk yard and lumber yard. Fields of brick neatly stacked or loosely piled, other fields of illmatched timber stacked as best it might be, showed what had become of the ruins. Interspersed with these fields and with other piles of unrelated material such as rolled-up barbed wire, steel girders, damaged boilers, old iron, ran a crazy pattern of temporary houses. Near by were three or four rows of huts made—as closer inspection was to show—of cleaned-up brick from the ruins. Beyond were stone huts of the same uniform, entirely unornamented pattern.

Everywhere between wooden sheds followed roughly the conformation of the former streets. Unpainted, frail, uniform, they housed the officers directing the business of reconstruction, the new necessary shops and private citizens. One area was dotted with semicylindrical sheet-iron huts of the beehive pattern—relics of the armies. Here more plain citizens lived. From my elevated position I looked down upon a tiled floor, still in place though the house above it was gone. I noted a stovepipe just beginning to smoke—someone installed in the cellar under the tiles was getting luncheon. Inspecting the confused landscape below through my glasses I picked up everywhere the smoking stovepipes of still other cellar homes.

The Lille road had now become Main Street for Lens. Down its wide-paved length hurried, at a pace almost excited, heavy trucks carrying still more material, gangs of workmen bearing planks, housewives returning with full baskets from their marketing, and at a more leisurely pace squads of German prisoners—a violent green splash in the landscape. That was not the only note of high color. Along the streets where the ruins still stood, venders of souvenir post cards—getting established against the tourist rush—and proprietors of small workingmen's cafés had knocked together board shacks and had painted them in loud blues, reds and greens, as though striving to relieve the universal ruin by a little note of gayety.

I was hailed from the base of the stone pile below me. A very dusty, middle-aged man in overalls was standing at the mouth of a hole hugging an eight-day clock. About his feet stood boxes full of plates, cups, knives, forks and miscellaneous table fixtures.

"If monsieur wishes the time I can give it to him," he said.

I descended and interviewed him on the spot. His house and shop had stood before the war backed up against the cathedral. Before he went away in 1914 he had packed all his movable household belongings into the cellar. The clean-up of the ruins had only just now reached the point where he could burrow into his storehouse.

"And they're all there—quite untouched!" he exclaimed. "The house caved in before the boche found them."

He laughed; he was like a man who had discovered buried treasure.

Nevertheless, Lens appeared sad enough when a few days later I interviewed the mining engineers in charge of reconstruction and was permitted to see for myself. The French official statement that it might take ten years to put these mines into full production seemed to me, when I went to Lens, a probable exaggeration. I came away convinced that it was plausible—if not absolutely true. Let me state the problem in terms of the layman. I am not a practical mining man. Perhaps for that very reason the untechnical reader will better understand.

These narrow-veined and deep but rich mines lie under a very wet topsoil. For the first few hundred feet of their depth the shafts must be not timbered, but heavily cemented. The Germans blew up this cement with high explosive. The natural leakage and seepage of a marshy soil did the rest. Gradually it filled the lower drifts and levels, rising steadily in the shaft until in some cases it overflowed the shaft mouths. There it lay for years, reducing workings which meant the painful labor of a century to pulp and slush.

The Courrière district has probably advanced farthest toward reconstruction. Lens itself lay on the steadily maintained battle line of 1914-1918. The town was leveled and the Germans did their work early. Courrière, some four or five miles from the line, was only half destroyed by shell fire; and the Germans did not get round to blowing up cement bulwarks, the shaft houses and the surface machinery until 1916.

The engineers in Courrière had houses for their workers. Starting with that, they cleared up the wreckage. Now the Courrière mines lie in what appear to be somewhat broken open fields, the location of the shafts designated by steel plates. The engineer who escorted me pulled one of these plates aside; I saw a shattered iron ladder running down into blackness. He tossed in a stone. I heard it splash.

"The water begins thirty or forty feet, English, down there," he said. "Under that is four hundred meters—say thirteen hundred feet—of water and most dreadful slush."

It was the same everywhere, mine after mine, except that here and there a steam engine puffed in a tiny engine house, showing where a mine was in process of being pumped out.

Just after the rescue of Northern France certain engineers registered the opinion that it would pay better to abandon the old shafts and sink new ones. A little exploration showed the error of this opinion. These reservoirs have soaked all the surrounding upper soil. New shafts would have to be sunk by the freezing process or painfully cemented in mushy soil as the work proceeded. That would not, either, evade the task of pumping out the old shafts. The water from these reservoirs would still run into veins and workings. It was better to pump out these drowned mines at once and to patch up the old cement bulwarks before tackling the nasty, dangerous task of reopening, cleaning out and retimbering the old workings.

Pumping machinery had been ordered—from strictly French firms—even before the Armistice. There was some delay, there will probably be further delay in delivery. This is one of the things about French governmental policy that strike the alien observer as shortsighted. By last summer the pumps were at work in Courrière. The mines on which they began are drying out. By next April the second stage—patching up the cement bulwarks—will begin. By the end of 1920 the workings of one or two of the most favorably situated and least damaged mines may be in condition for work—and again they may not.

"It's all guessing after all," said one of the engineers. "The condition is almost unprecedented. We don't know what we shall find down there."

What with cave-ins, fire damp and gases, it will all be extremely dangerous. One and all, the engineers impressed upon me the impossibility of crowding the work.

"It isn't like a surface job where you speed up by multiplying men and machines. In some mine galleries only two or three men can work abreast, and the same applies to machinery."

If all goes well Courrière will get out a little coal, a very little, in 1921. The most optimistic of the engineers thought that if surface machinery came through fast enough the district might almost reach full production by the end of 1922. Courrière before the war yielded about 3,500,000 tons a year against a total production of 14,000,000 for the Lens district.

It all goes more slowly at Lens proper. The ground was more marshy, the mines had nearly two years longer to soak; there was no housing for the workers; the ruins of the city lay over everything. As I have shown in describing the present state of Lens, the clean-up was practically finished by last December. Lens is just now getting to pumping. That and all other processes must go more slowly than at Courrière; and the final work of getting the galleries into shape will be both more difficult and more dangerous. About the time necessary for complete restoration of the whole district expert opinion differed—all admitted that they were guessing.

Two-Cylinder Touring

One optimist said: "Leaving out two or three mines in especially bad shape, five years."

A pessimist said: "Ten years."

The man whose opinion is perhaps most worthy of respect said: "My guess is seven to nine years."

Valenciennes, farther to the north, produced 6,000,000 tons of coal a year. The Germans worked these mines until just before the forced retreat of 1918. It was reported then that they merely blew up the shaft houses and surface workings. Further investigation showed that they had applied here the same drowning process as at Lens. But the French came in so soon that the shafts did not fill up; only the lower workings were flooded. I did not visit Valenciennes on this trip, but some of the Lens engineers had done so. They reported that Valenciennes would get out some coal in 1920 and might restore full production by 1922.

I went to Courrière from Lille in a taxicab, which I believe was impressed into service by the Germans all during the war. Not until we struck the broad highway did I know the full iniquity of that machine. It preceded itself with a cloud of steam, causing peasants here and there to run out to see if we were on fire. Every five miles it had to be watered from a large can which the driver carried beside his seat. Its best running time by the watch was fourteen kilometers—or, say, nine miles—an hour. On every little slope I had a fear that its own power would never drag it off. Once, indeed, it struck a stretch of road under repair and stopped entirely on loose cobblestones. I got out and pushed it off, slightly aided by the engine. At this point I insisted on opening the hood for a look.

"Why, it has only two cylinders!" said I.

"True, monsieur, she has two cylinders, that machine," replied the driver, "but one of them does not always function."

I had planned to go first to Lens, where there is a restaurant, and get luncheon there. But this plan seemed impracticable. A workman whom I interviewed at a crossroad falsely assured me that déjeuner could be purchased from an estaminet at Courrière. On arrival in the town we found that the mine which we were seeking was still a mile and a half away.

"And," we were assured by a pleasant middle-aged townsman, "there are no restaurants or estaminets either here or there. But," he added, "I travel much myself, monsieur, and know the hardships of travel. Will you be my guests?"

Five minutes later we sat in his kitchen—parlor—living room watching his wife and sister-in-law pour long white slices of potato into sizzling fat.

They had erected a kind of a dwelling from cleaned-up bricks. The room in which we sat was bare of plaster, paint or

Postieres

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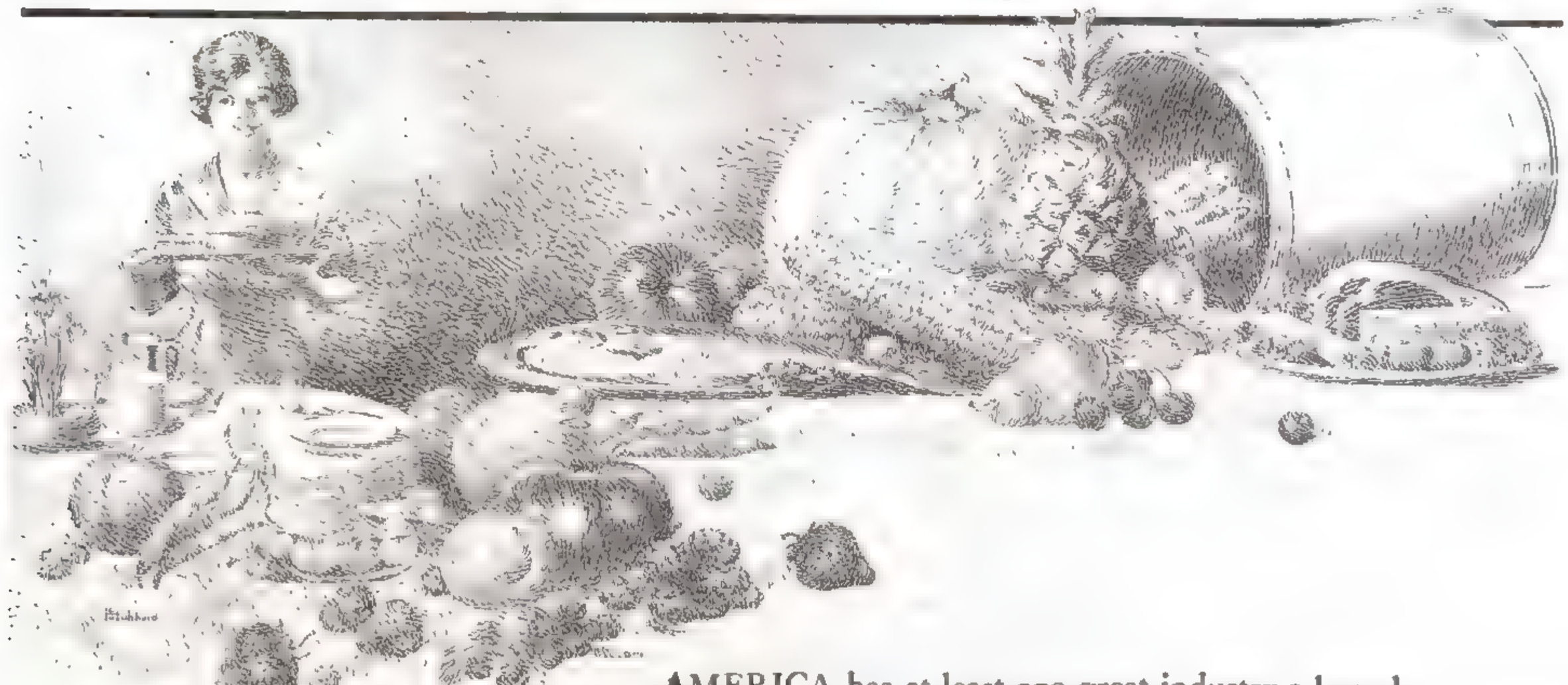
A Canned Food Message -especially to Women



AMERICA has at least one great industry a knowledge of which will warm the hearts of all woman-kind.

Salute the canned food on your pantry shelf. The Pure Food Laws—commendable and necessary though they are—are yet far exceeded in the requirements which the great organized food canning industry of the United States lays down for itself.

Think what such protection means to our tables!

You whose important duty is the selection of the food that goes on the family table, remember this:

All over the United States there stretch the great organizations of the Pure Food Laws, Federal and State, working hand in hand.

© 1920 National Canners Association

All over these same United States there stretches from Washington—from the headquarters there of the National Canners Association—another great pure food organization—the voluntary Inspection Service of the National Canners Association.

Not how Little it Must do—but how Much it Can do

This is not an arm representing force or compulsion. Rather, it represents a united ambition on the part of a vast industry to keep itself in spirit and in practice above any necessity of laws of regulation.

Little wonder, then, that the canning industry has been called "the industry which legislates for itself"! Never does this industry forget that it is dealing with *food*—with food, the thing of such vast consequence to the little family circle of the American home. In a very real way it realizes its responsibility and in a very real way it faces its responsibility.

If only you could See it all for Yourself

Every American housewife should have the privilege of following through some of the great canneries of fruit, vegetables, soup, meat, sea food, milk and other products. Follow the Inspector of the Association as he passes, on one of his visits, from the supply of fresh foods to the sorting, cleaning, preparing; follow the Inspector all the way through to the sealing of the cans, the final cooking, cooling and storing away.

The Inspector represents a system which constantly, and at great expense, searches out the latest scientific facts of importance to this vital work of supplying the family table. He is a symbol of the painstaking care with which the canning business is conducted. He represents the earnest determination of the industry to supply our families with the best of food, clean, wholesome, nourishing and safe.

Canned Food—
"The Miracle on Your Table"

And so may American housewives, mentally at least, salute the most self-respecting of objects, the can of food. You are standing before a very wonderful thing—a product which knows the limitations of neither climate nor season, coming to you at any time and from any place. Richly it deserves its title—"The Miracle on Your Table."

National Canners Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.

(Continued from Page 153)

paper—just four brick walls. It contained the following objects: Four chairs, one small table with tablecloth, a cupboard holding barely enough dishes and accessories for four persons, a stove with a few iron kettles and pans. Nothing else. Attached to this room, they told me, were two small chambers, doubtless just as barely furnished. While madame cooked our simple but delicious luncheon we divided attention in her chatter with an ailing chicken, huddled up, its eyes closed, under the stove. Madame was one of those women who has the motherly touch for men, animals and all other foolish, helpless creatures.

No, this wasn't really their house. Monsieur had been the leading butcher of the town, but their particular ruin was too large to clear away for the present. They had bought this place and rebuilt. There was nothing doing in the butcher business just now. Everyone was eating refrigerated meat. Thereupon monsieur, smoking his pipe in the corner, snorted out loud and said, "Refrigerated meat!" with a gesture of deep scorn.

Would we like some butter? Yes, indeed, they had butter! They had saved four cows from the war. Last summer before it arrived that the children needed all the milk she had churned some butter. Behold it! Madame showed a roll, whose light color proved the honesty of its manufacture, with the air of a queen parading her jewels.

"Butter is rare," put in monsieur—"even that margarine stuff. A sort of refrigerated meat!"

And he made that same gesture of a scorn which wiped refrigerated meat from the list of decent things.

From Ruin to Ruin

Madame sketched her own experiences of the war. Monsieur was gone with the artillery. She had been obliged to keep house during three years for a German officers' mess—she ate well then at any rate. Then they deported her to Belgium. Finally she was repatriated to France through Switzerland and awaited in Gascony the end of the war.

"Always packing—packing my trunk to travel," she said. "That is done at any rate. One is so glad to be settled at home!"

Another picture:

We are in Rouveroye now, a village of the old devastated region from which the Germans fell back in 1917, to return in April, 1918, to be beaten back in October, 1918. It held some twelve hundred souls. Now a bare hundred and fifty shiver through a damp winter in wooden shacks or in those eternal corrugated iron beehive huts. All about stretch fields in various stages of recovery. On some lie even the old trench systems, still guarded by barbed-wire entanglements. Some lie plowed and sowed with winter wheat. Some lie fallow; and they are spotted with circles, big and little, of a different color, showing where the shell holes have been filled up. The energy of the people and of the German prisoners has all been needed to level the fields and put them under cultivation.

Through the center of Rouveroye runs an old firing trench. It has caved in here and there; its firing step and duck boards have been taken away for firewood; but its dugouts still gape. Tumbled about in the wreck of its parapet still lies the broken dunnage of war—helmets, British, French and German, pierced with one single fatal hole or shivered to ribbons, shattered gun stocks, shell splinters, shriveled leather bandoliers, fragments of webbing, innumerable cartridge shells. Unexploded grenades, as dangerous as rattlesnakes, peep everywhere from the tumbled earth.

All about the town lie coils of barbed wire as high as a man's head. This and similar steel wreckage awaits the time when restored transportation will enable Northern France to realize on its millions of tons of iron junk. Here and there, too, are piles of unexploded ammunition, varying from grenades and three-inch shells to the great missiles of twelve-inch howitzers. The dull, familiar crump of exploding shells sounded at intervals from a field to the north. German prisoners were blowing up a dump of unexploded hardware. A squad of those same German prisoners worked methodically but languidly just beside the trench system at piling clean brick into a cart. Still others, in a cleared-up area just beyond, were laying with cleaned brick the foundations of a building. Rouveroye seemed to be just awakening to convalescence, but it was dreary.

Bouchoir, the next town, seemed to have gone a stage farther. Here were just ruins left; the wooden buildings had almost an air of permanence. The two largest of these bore, the one a cross, the other the sign "Ecole Communale." School was just letting out for recess when I entered the town, and the schoolmaster came out to greet visitors from civilization. Of course in the old days, he told us, the boys and girls were taught separately. There had been a hundred of each in the old communal schools. Now they had but thirty all told and Bouchoir had taken to co-education—only temporarily, he said.

The discerning feminine eyes of the women who had accompanied our party that day noted that the children looked a little undernourished, showing the gravity of the milk crisis, and that their clothing, though neat and well patched, was just about falling to pieces. And one of them saw a thing which would have been invisible to the eye of any mere man. It was the shocking condition of the ribbons in the well-brushed hair of the little girls. Little French girls, be it known, never braid their hair in pigtails like ours. They wear it down their backs tied up with a ribbon.

"Those ribbons look like old, greasy strings," said this discerning lady. "Poor little things—not a new hair ribbon since the Armistice!"

Albert in the cold drizzle of an afternoon in early December. I must jog memory again. Albert lay until 1916 just on the free side of the old trench line. From those trenches, in full view of the town, the British started the battle of the Somme. That old Somme battlefield, perhaps the ghastliest, most obscene wreckage of the war, comes down, therefore, to its very gates. The town was half destroyed before the British forced it temporarily out of the shell zone. After the Germans had taken it in the spring advance of 1918, after the British had retaken it in the battle of Liberation, it was with Pompeii.

Restoration was going on irregularly at Albert. Most of the ruins still stood, but there were several rows and squares of frame sheds covered with roofing paper, and beehive huts stood all among the ruins. I found the sub-préfet in charge of that district installed in an office as plain and primitive as a voting booth. At first sight the sub-préfet seemed quietly but neatly dressed. However, I noticed presently that he was wearing a celluloid collar and that his very wide cravat was put on over an undershirt—clean starched linen is a luxury which must be dispensed with in pioneer conditions. In the course of an hour's clear exposition concerning the desperate condition and crying needs of the district which was his life he dwelt especially on a peculiar problem of psychology.

"Figure to yourself," he said. "When the Germans retired beyond Bapaume the people came back very enthusiastic and got ready to get the factories to work. They collected the government allocution and began to rebuild—even to put in machinery. After a year that was all wiped out. Worse ruin than before—annihilation. It is hard to blow up the dead ashes of an enthusiasm."

Albert was a small but very prosperous manufacturing town, making among other things bicycles, automobile parts and sewing machines. I found only one factory in process of rebuilding.

As for the agricultural problem, the sub-préfet differed from other experts whom I have interviewed. As all the world should know by now, the Somme battlefield is one of those districts where day after day of rolling curtain fire blew away the topsoil or ground it into the clay subsoil. It is the largest and most important area of this character, though the districts about Vimy Ridge and Verdun are in such condition as greatly to gratify Satan.

This official believes that the Somme area can be restored to agriculture. He bases his opinion practically on the existing growth of weeds and theoretically on the well-known effect of explosive in loosening atoms of nitrogen.

"And after all," he said, "the fertility of France is more a matter of climate and scientific fertilization than of mere soil."

But when he considered the cost of restoration, he added, it all came to the same thing. Getting out the junk, leveling, fertilization, would cost between one thousand and two thousand francs an English acre. That on the original cost of the land made the thing a poor investment just now.

His office has been working overtime in restoring land titles. Of twenty-five farming villages in the district under his control eighteen have totally disappeared. Sometimes their sites can be located by the crossing of roads; sometimes by a reddish-brown stain in the earth which shows where pulverized bricks have been ground into the universal ruin of the earth; sometimes even this sign is lacking. Accurate restoration of land ownership is impossible. However, surveys of the communes, or townships, exist in the archives of the department at Amiens, together with records of the holdings. The field has been accurately resurveyed for commune boundaries and the owners arbitrarily assigned parcels equivalent to their original holdings.

From other sources I learn that this process has not gone without hitches. The French peasant is enormously conservative in his personal ways. The landholders want not six acres of land in the commune but the same old field, and sometimes having formed their own ideas on where their fields lay they are disposed to fight for them. An American woman, active in one of the societies for rebuilding the devastated zone, proposed to a village that they pool the bricks then in process of being cleaned by the Germans. The suggestion raised a storm of protest.

"What?" asked an old peasant. "Let someone else use the bricks which my great-grandfather himself built into our house?"

And, indeed, the problem is complicated by entire changes in the conformation of the country. For example, the train from Arras to Albert runs now for four or five miles past a lake perhaps half a mile in average width. Everywhere old snubbed-off trunks of dead trees stick up from its surface and its banks are foul with the garbage and dunnage of armies. The brooks of the region, turned from their natural course, made a lake of what was a fine forest as recently as 1915.

In and About Péronne

Albert has now even a hotel, resembling in every respect a Maison Riche or Eagle Hotel of an early-day mining camp. Leaving the town, I noted at the door of a mere board hut a woman whose plain dress had, nevertheless, a touch of smartness and whose fine-lined face looked odd in these surroundings. I learned later in Amiens that she was the wife of the richest man in Albert. They had before the war a mansion in town, a château in the country, a factory in the outskirts—all now dust and junk. They threw together that board shack last summer and came back with the pioneers to begin life anew.

A dozen miles across the desolation of the Somme lies Péronne, French objective in the great dual battle of 1916. One traverses the field by a good road; but leave it at any point for a visit to the subsidiary villages and you are on a highway which makes an automobile bump like a country buckboard. Much work has been done in cleaning up the Somme, as the enormous junk piles show; but much remains to be done.

By Courcelette, for example, lie miles and miles of ground strewn dangerously with unexploded grenades, bristling with wreckage; and farther toward Péronne are front trench lines with the ragged barbed-wire entanglements still in place. Here and there a solitary man or a wretched family lives miserably in a beehive hut; beside some of the roads are the wooden barracks of German prisoners or of British soldiers on grave identification service. Otherwise those areas have gone back to the rat, the field mouse and the partridge.

Those British soldiers conceal under their elaborate designation the business of undertaking. There is still work for them. On Vimy Ridge and equally here I came across human ribs and thigh bones. Still in places, they told me, they were finding the dead of the last battles lying about as though fallen yesterday; still they find skeletons on the barbed wire.

"In remote spots people will be coming on the dead for years," one of their officers told me.

I shall not try to describe Péronne except to say that it all went and that lodging for some 2000 of its 8000 inhabitants has been provided in wood or stone buildings. Here the sub-préfet and one of the merchants talked over with me the peculiar problem of their town.

It used to call itself the richest city of its size in France. It was a sugar-beet town; both land for sugar beets and refinery stock grew immensely valuable during the decade or so before the war. A great part of the inhabitants lived easily by their holdings in land or refinery stock.

"We had one automobile for every five inhabitants; no other town in France even approached that," said the sub-préfet.

In this district were twenty-one refineries—all gone. This year shaping the land for crops has used up all the energy of the inhabitants. Things have fallen so that little or nothing has been done toward restoring the refineries. In the meantime a big French company, almost a trust, has been buying up both land and refinery stocks. In the end, the merchant believed—the sub-préfet, keeping official silence, would give no opinion on this—the industry in that region would

(Continued on Page 159)

Pumping Plants Over "Drowned" Shafts, Lens

3-in-One
The Universal Oil

Wherever light mechanisms operate—in city, suburb, country, home, office, factory and in the sports—there is the need for 3-in-One to lubricate, clean, polish, prevent rust.

3-in-One is a pure oil compound, light enough to penetrate closest fitting bearings, viscous enough to stay in the bearing and lubricate perfectly.

Originally a bicycle oil, in twenty-five years 3-in-One has become "The Universal Oil" for firearms, sewing machines, tools, vacuum cleaners, talking machines, fishing reels, skates, auto springs, magnetos, Ford Commutators, electric fans and small motors, washing machines, cream separators, clocks, locks, bolts, hinges, typewriters, computing and duplicating machines, time clocks, office chairs and hundreds of other light mechanical devices. Also cleans and polishes fine furniture and prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces, indoors and out.

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Pancakes!

WE do not claim that finer pancakes than Pillsbury's may not be discovered *sometime*, but to date we've found none as good—and we've looked a long time.

There's a distinctly different flavor, a tender fluffiness, yet satisfying goodness about Pillsbury's Pancakes which ordinary pancakes lack. It takes only a few moments to make them. Every required ingredient, including milk, is in the flour—add only water.

Other members of Pillsbury's Family of Foods are: Pillsbury's Best Flour—Health Bran—Wheat Cereal—Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours. Ask your grocer for these guaranteed Pillsbury Products.

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's
Family of Foods

(Continued from Page 156)

pass into the hands of one or two great companies. The old town is no more thoroughly gone than the old easy life of comfortably well-to-do families.

"It will become like any other industrial town," said the sub-préfet.

Neither man believed it possible that any sugar refining could be resumed in the Péronne region before 1922—if then. Finally on the edge of Péronne was a glimpse of a small farming community, which is coming back after its own fashion.

Just before the armistice, and while the British guns were still booming in the distance, I accompanied through this region Captain de Warren of the French Army, an expert in farmers' coöperation. His mission was to form cooperatives among the peasants for the purpose of getting the land in shape as soon as possible. Temporarily the farmers surrounding one of the little towns were to pool their land, put into shape as soon as possible the least-damaged areas, cultivate them regardless of ownership and divide crops or profits on the basis of the effort and money employed. In the same way they were to hold in common the plows, implements and other machinery furnished by the government or by the American Red Cross. Captain de Warren explained that the arrangement was only temporary; as soon as normal conditions were restored everything would revert to individual control.

This arrangement was largely though not universally accepted. The suspicion of the French countryman and the same conservative spirit which made the old peasant refuse to pool his bricks stood in the way. But, in general, wherever there is a coöperative at work there is also a bright spot amid devastation.

This village, for example—I have forgotten its name—stood an oasis in an especially foul region. It had not sustained the steady hammering of curtain fire—lasting in some cases four days—by which the generals of 1916 overdid artillery preparation. It had, however, received the long-distance fire of that engagement and had since been twice fought over directly. I remember noticing this place in late October, 1918, just after the Germans left. Then the terrain about it looked to the casual eye as thoroughly ruined as those of the Somme battlefield. Now you approached the village through brown carpets of level fields, plowed, harrowed, seeded, soaking in the winter rain.

Praise for the Mayor

The village itself consisted merely of frail one-story board sheds or the eternal beehive huts, but they were arranged in order and pattern among the eternal ruins. Also, flower boxes tossed greenery from several windows. Between the huts were vegetable gardens. Sidewalks and pathways laid from duck boards of the old trenches mitigated the horror of the mud. Foundations for more substantial buildings were laid here and there, and in one of the bigger sheds German prisoners were unloading mortar for still further building operations.

The sergeant in charge of the German prisoners informed me in passable French that the mayor was away, but that he could take me to madame, the cousin of the mayor. This man, a tall businesslike Bavarian, seemed thoroughly to have accepted his position of head servitor to the community. When he took us into the presence of madame he bowed and saluted her stiffly. As for this handsome, pleasant, efficient-looking peasant woman, her air toward him as she ordered him round was that of a great lady to a rather respected family butler.

She received me in a beehive hut—remember, just a mathematical half cylinder of corrugated iron with a door, a window and plain clapboards finishing either end. It was, I estimate, about twenty-five feet long over all and ten feet in diameter. Someone had added a little piazza of rough lumber and the stalks of a flower garden stood at each side of the step.

Within, the hut was evenly bisected at right angles with its walls by a partition. The farther half was again bisected by a partition parallel with its walls. So was formed two tiny bedchambers—one for madame and her husband, the other for the two little boys. The third room served for all other purposes of a household. It was ceiled inside with miscellaneous boards, showing here and there a pattern of English or German lettering. A wood fire blazed in a small stove. Everything in the way of furniture was plain, skimpy, utilitarian, but exquisitely neat.

Madame said that all went well on the whole, thanks to the mayor, whom she praised immoderately. Doubtless she was right. I had noticed already that when any community up here seemed to be doing extraordinarily well it was the work of some able individual. There is not enough of anything quite to go round; the strong and persuasive win.

"Of course we've been worried about food at times," said madame. "But the mayor bought a condemned army truck last winter and when we can't get things at Péronne we send all the way to Amiens. There is not always petrol for the truck; then we must use wagons, which are slow. Once we were a long time without meat and had to kill some of our chickens and rabbits. But the things you must have and can't get—grand heaven, monsieur, you can't imagine! The time I had obtaining a broom! Little sickness, grace to God, and when anyone is ill we send the truck to Péronne for the doctor."

The two little boys, back from school, arrived at this point, their satchels over their shoulders. The elder paid his respects at once; the younger had to be reminded to salute the English gentleman and to hang up his cap. They looked plump and clean, but their little black smocks were much patched.

"But it's hard being a mayor in these times," concluded madame. "Figure to yourself! When anything goes wrong, even by act of God, it is all laid to him. If the Germans should come again I suppose there are people in this town who would say it was by neglect of the mayor!"

So much for pictures. I could multiply them indefinitely, though I ranged only between Braye and Lille—the sector which formed during the last two years of the war the right wing of the British Front. I chose that because it was the richest region of all before the war and because its reconstitution is most vital to France. The departments of the Nord, the Pas-de-Calais and the Somme, which cover this region, were in 1913 first, second and sixth among the eighty-seven departments of France for production. They represented the bulk of the cotton and wool-weaving industry, much if not most of the metal industry and the richest of French agricultural lands. The region from the Argonne to Pont-à-Mousson, over which the American Army did its heaviest fighting, stood comparatively low in the scale of production. But though I saw only three out of ten devastated departments I have information on the others, either from reliable American sources or from the central government in Paris.

To establish a basis of comparison in American minds let me put this disaster beside our greatest catastrophe—the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. Shortly after the armistice I calculated roughly that there were twenty or twenty-five San Francisco disasters in Northern France. An exact comparison would be difficult to make, even by an expert statistician, which I am not. Most people who know Northern France think that my figures are conservative.

We restored San Francisco in a great burst of energy. It disturbed the country a bit even at that; the rebuilding of San Francisco was given as a cause of the brief financial panic some two years later. We had in that period about two and a half times the population of France and a much greater proportion of resources. Moreover, we were in the full flush of prosperity based on long peace. We were not drained and wearied by four years of war on our own soil, fettered with debt, worried by an uncertain economic future.

No one need expect that this job could under any circumstances be accomplished with the speed and certainty of our job in San Francisco. It must resemble rather the gradual process by which we developed the old savage West. It is work not for a year or so, but for a generation.

It has gone so far on a regular plan. Transportation must first be established, for the tight mesh of railroads, canals and tramway lines which supplied this richly productive country was literally shot all to pieces.

Rebuilding damaged railroads had been during the war a military necessity; for that purpose the army had on hand large supplies. This helped. By last summer the railroad and tramway lines were all virtually restored. It went more slowly with those canals down which much of the slower freight necessary to Northern France moved in old times. Restoring a caved-in canal is infinitely more difficult than patching up a bombarded railway embankment. Everywhere the Germans had blown up locks, not only destroying machinery which it was hard to replace but sometimes producing floods which blended the channel with the fields in a common mush. The canals are not yet all running; perhaps a third of their mileage is still stagnant water and wreckage.

The demand for transportation in the north was great enough to tax all the French resources in rolling stock at any time. But now France is going through a crisis in transportation. As much rolling stock as the ordinary needs of the country could spare was assigned to the north. It has been jealously guarded. Even when in December last coal shortage forced a general reduction of French passenger traffic the Department of Railways kept strictly off the north.

Restoration of the Land

Simultaneously the Department of the Liberated Regions began the next three stages of the job—getting down the ruins, getting the agricultural land into shape and providing housing for the German prisoners and the French civilian workmen. Provision had to be made also for the people, some of them a drag rather than a help, who insisted on returning to their former homes. Those plain barracklike board sheds which I have mentioned so often in describing the renascent towns were built in standardized sections in the south, where there are great pine forests, shipped up by tens of thousands and thrown together on the chosen sites. During the whole armistice winter the returning refugees had burrowed into dugouts and vaulted cellars, or had patched up shattered military sheds. Most of them and most of the others who had arrived were moved into these frail but more sanitary dwellings as soon as the prisoner workmen had been provided for. But not all. I have described the stovepipes sticking out of tiled floors at Lens. These represent the dwellings of people who prefer the old home on any terms, or who maintain that a cellar is warmer if not drier than a shack.

On paper, at least, the work of restoring the land has gone at the most gratifying pace. The official reports show that three-quarters of it now stand in shape for cultivation. This is a case where accuracy is not quite accurate. Included in it are large areas on the fringe of battle that received only a comparatively light long-range bombardment. It was necessary in these fields only to dig up a little military junk, to make careful exploration for dud shells and to fill up a few shell holes—often as few as fifteen or twenty to the acre. Under such conditions the farmer himself, with the aid of an assistant, a shovel and a wheelbarrow, could do the work. When his field was crossed by reserve barbed-wire entanglements he had but to notify the authorities; presently German prisoners would come along with a tractor-drawn machine which pulled up the stakes and rolled them into big, ragged, insanitary looking spirals.

Still the work appears to have proceeded fast. For example, it is eighteen miles from Amiens north to Albert. In the spring drive of 1918 the Germans came across Albert to within about six miles of Amiens and stayed there through most intensive fighting until our autumn victories. That twelve-mile stretch on the Amiens-Albert road looked to me as I traversed it, just after the armistice, nearly as impossible as the Somme battlefield. Now the visitor would know only by the junk piled along the wayside or by an occasional shattered town that this was a recent battlefield; the farms are all restored. The remaining quarter of the devastated land consists largely of thoroughly blasted terrain like that of the Somme field. And it is still a question if that land can be recovered for agriculture in our time.

M. Le Brun was Minister of the Liberated Regions during most of the preliminary

(Concluded on Page 163)

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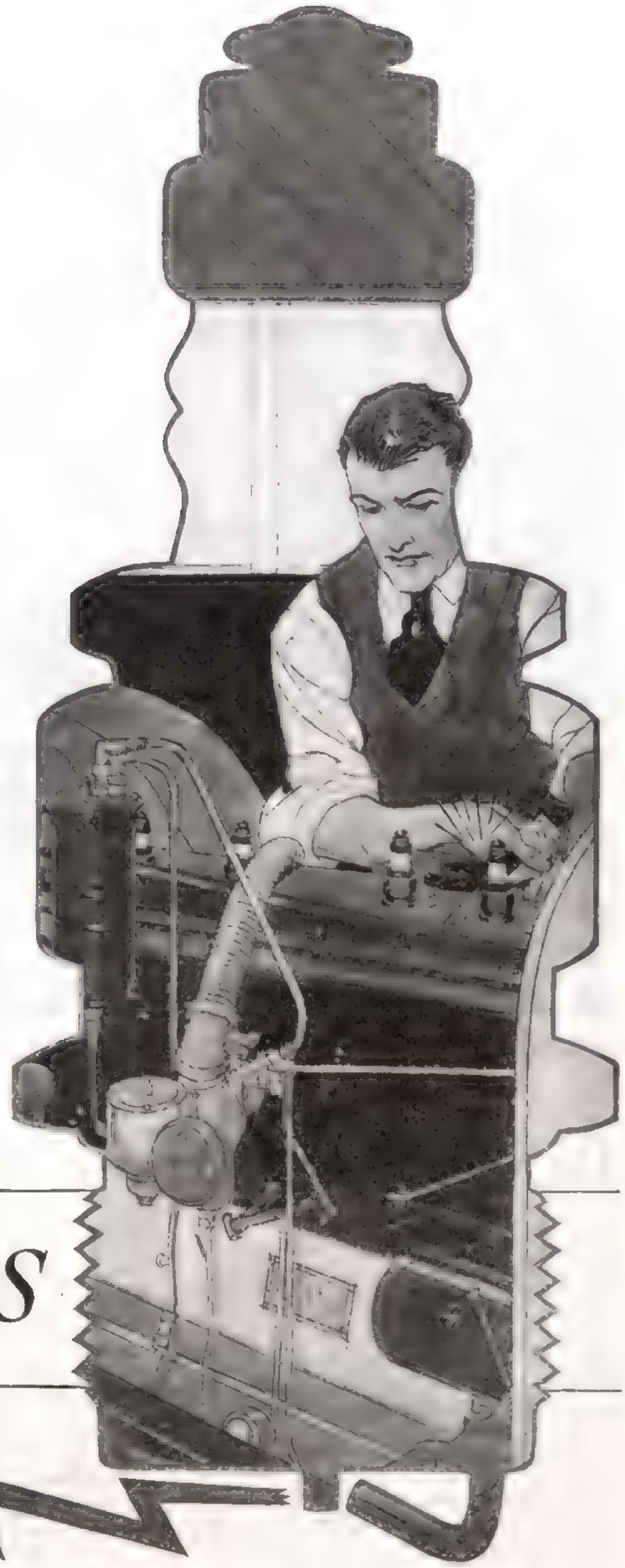

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(Concluded from Page 159)

stages of this work. Whether he drove the job and cut the red tape binding all bureaucratic operations in France with the greatest possible speed and energy it is not for a foreigner to say. The question is now academic. Visiting the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle during the autumn elections, M. Clemenceau found M. Le Brun running for the Chamber of Deputies on the same ticket with a man who had opposed the peace treaty.

"Get off the ticket of that man or get out of my cabinet," said M. Clemenceau in effect.

"Go to Hades!" said M. Le Brun, or its French equivalent. Clemenceau promptly dropped him and appointed André Tardieu, who so successfully ran the French High Commission in the United States. An outsider would say that of all prominent figures in French politics he is the man for the job. He has that talent for organization in which France usually is rather weak. He is, further, a foe of red tape and a scourge to dilatory bureaucrats. Under him the work seemed to take on new life.

Monsieur Tardieu's Task

He has announced his program: The work of temporary housing, of tearing down and salvaging the ruins, will go on until March. By that time, of course, not all the ruins, or indeed most of them, will be down; but enough to give elbow room. Then will begin the general work of permanent reconstruction, with the preference given to the buildings necessary to the economic life of the district and to the decent housing of human beings. It is probable that the tourist of next summer will notice about as much of construction as of ruin. Of course these three stages of the work will overlap; long after the building era has started they will still be setting up temporary huts; and there will doubtless be ruins here and there when the last soldier of the great war comes doddering up to look over the fields on which he fought as a boy.

Neither M. Tardieu nor anyone else looks forward to a miracle of restoration. M. Loucheur, Minister of Ravitaillement, announced just after the Armistice that it would take sixty-five billion francs to restore the north. The latest estimate from the Ministry of the Liberated Regions is one hundred and thirty billions. The increased estimate is at least partly due to the depreciation of the franc.

Whether or not this is exaggerated I cannot say. Even admitting that M. Loucheur's figures were nearer the truth, they prove how very long it must be before the north stands as it was. At that, full restoration will not be necessary in order to give back the district its former economic importance. A great deal of this bill of damages includes splendid châteaus, great cathedrals, massive town halls and costly furnishing of these—all not strictly necessary to economic existence. The unique town hall of Arras must have been valued at many millions. Yet the set of plainboard shacks at present housing the law in Arras will serve the purpose. Our pioneer Western cities got along for a generation without fine courthouses, cathedrals and expensive high schools. So it must be in Northern France; and the full task is not for one generation there, but for many.

That housing problem is the crux of everything. It will do no good to rebuild and restock the ruined factories of La Bassée, Armentières or Albert unless there are homes for the weavers and mechanics: no good to restore the soil unless there are homes for the farmers. The two or three American relief societies which still concern themselves with the needs of Northern France have done well to make first housing and then the care of the children their special concern.

That housing problem had queer angles. There is Amiens, for example, a great and prosperous town. It specialized on the manufacture of velvets. Silk, the main raw material of velvet, is easily obtainable now. The Germans banged up the factories a bit with long-range fire. They are in shape again, but they have achieved only one-half to two-thirds of their 1914 production. Above Amiens lies a wide belt of horribly devastated country, including the old Somme battlefield. Residents of this district have crowded into Amiens in order to be as near as possible to their properties. They fill every available house and room and they have bulled the rents to a price beyond the pocket of the average workingman. Amiens cannot reach full production until the factories find housing for their people.

As for the individual, life still resembles pioneering, but what with the conditions hitherto described it is like pioneering on a city dump. The government is eager to repopulate this district as soon as possible. To that end it offers an allocution of two francs a day per person to any resident of the devastated region who will go back and try it. Two francs a day is only the beginning of support, but in most districts the demand for workmen exceeds the supply. Common labor at pulling down walls, cleaning bricks and filling up shell holes commands fifteen francs a day and even more. My own inquiries confirmed what I heard from official sources in Paris—generally there is no great lack of money among the people of the stricken north. What they do need is certain necessities and comforts which money cannot buy.

Everyone has had to begin exactly like a pioneer on his quarter section in the old West—with the question of water. The wells almost universally were choked and defiled either with the garbage of armies or with dead bodies. Popular rumor has it further that the Germans poisoned the wells in their retreat. I did not take the trouble to run down this report; but filth-choked water and poisoned water come to the same thing. No one trusted the old wells; a new one must first be dug or driven. Next the pioneer had to assure himself of a food supply. In a general way the government ruled that in the north provisions had the right of way and the right to rolling stock over all other goods. Sometimes there has been a hitch at the source of supply, and then the north has trembled with the fear of impending famine.

M. Tardieu had no sooner taken office than he found it necessary to rush to Dunkirk and straighten out a traffic jam which threatened to starve the devastated districts of the Pas-de-Calais and the Somme. But when the provisions are dumped at railhead or at way stations the problem is only half solved. People in remote communities or upon isolated farms, often connected with the centers only by impossible roads, must find their own means of transportation. Often they manage this cooperatively, as in the case of the village near Péronne which I have cited. When they cannot do this—it is their problem.

"Food is plenty at Amiens, yes," said a peasant whom I found installed in an abandoned and shrapnel-peppered hut on the Somme battlefield. "But it is thirty-five kilometers to Amiens, and when one has traveled there and back what has it cost him?"

Some of the préfets of the departments keep flying squadrons of motor trucks to relieve communities and districts which run short of food and have no means of transport.

This refers only to the common necessities of life for a healthy adult. Two elements of the population offer a special problem to the authorities. When the inhabitants were invited to return, one class, most undesirable under present conditions, accepted with the greatest alacrity. It consisted of the old, eager with that pathetic universal trait in the old to assure themselves of dying at home. They need special foods, special care. Then come the children. Europe, owing to the slaughter of cattle, is universally short of milk. Young children must have milk if they are to resist disease and grow up strong.

Most of the public and private relief organizations at work in the north are specializing on milk or other special nourishment for the children. Clothing is in most districts very scarce, hence the universal shabbiness. At Bray, a town which many American flying men will especially remember, I found the women of a French relief society conducting an *ouvroir*, like those of wartime. They had managed to obtain odd lots of cloth, including canvas and duck from the army stores. Under them three hundred women were making overalls and jumpers from army duck, shirts and children's dresses from cotton remnants. The hundred and one articles and appliances which even the simplest household needs can be obtained only irregularly.

Especially in remote towns, people must make shift with junk. On every road I met trucks loaded with chairs, almost always of the simplest pattern. Nevertheless, in many huts and dugout homes I found the inhabitants sitting on stools or benches thrown together from the wooden remnants of the trenches. A family on the old field of Vimy, whose ménage I investigated, had one good kettle. Otherwise, their cooking utensils consisted of scrap iron from the salvage dumps. Halves of German grub cans, scoured and hammered into a new form, served for frying pans. Even stoves may be improvised from parts of smashed camp kitchens.

Life is wet up there amid the cold winter rains and piercing winds of the north; life is filthy amid those unspeakable dump heaps; life is gray and sad among the memories of millions of dead. Only one curse of hardship is lacking. In spite of the coal shortage they have fuel. Everywhere amid the wreckage is splintered wood, useless for any purpose except to burn.

Toughened by Hardship

And curiously the préfets and the health inspectors of the districts all report that the public health up to now has been astonishingly good. Considering the conditions of the battlefields, one would expect that the new wells would be breeders of typhoid. That danger has been met by an educational campaign. People have been taught to seek expert advice upon the location of wells, to boil and disinfect suspected water, to get themselves inoculated. Typhoid did break out last summer in the Aisne. That was the only general epidemic; it was checked by strong sanitary measures and by inoculation. Otherwise this out-of-doors pioneer life, this camping out even amid the filthy wreckage of war, has toughened the people to such a point that they resist disease. Of course the malnutrition of children, owing to lack of proper food, is quite another thing. That does not show as yet in the mortality statistics.

This summary of conditions in the devastated zone has ignored Lille. The great Lille triangle, the most important industrial center of France, suffered complete destruction only about the edges. Lille, Roubaix, Turcoing, angles of the triangle, and the busy towns between, were not much damaged by shell fire or by conflagration. But their machines to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars were generally either ruined in the search for copper parts, junked for scrap iron or carried away whole to Germany. However, the question of Lille is so closely interwoven with the whole financial and industrial question in France that its proper place for consideration is another article on the whole state of France.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

have been obliged to import nearly all of their nut meats from China, Spain, France and Italy. Fruit pulps have come from the Mediterranean and from England. The cocoa beans, of which there are sixteen kinds and grades, have come to us from countries in the tropical belt, but principally from West Africa. The United States neither owns nor controls any cocoa-producing countries, if we assume that the Philippines are not an important source of cocoa supply.

The cocoa beans, of course, are the base of chocolate. The importations of cocoa in 1919 established a new high record, totaling about 2,600,000 bags of approximately 160 pounds each. The greater part of this cocoa will go into home consumption, which bears out recent statements that Americans have become the greatest candy eaters in the world. The average increase in the price of cocoa since the United States entered the war has been something like fifty per cent.

The American people during recent years have been giving more attention to the principles of dietetics than ever before. Many physicians now give greater thought to means for controlling the character of the food their patients eat than they do to the administering of drugs. The candy people have been under fire for many years and it is only recently that the leaders of the industry commenced to hit back. I asked one of the leading authorities in the confectionery business to give me his point of view in the matter of the food value of candy and here is what he said:

"The principal ingredients of candy are sugar, chocolate and nuts, all of which possess high food value. Sugar is a highly concentrated food and is easily digested. Experiments show that 98.9 per cent of its total energy is available to the body. On account of the rapidity with which it is assimilated sugar quickly relieves fatigue. According to the United States Department of Agriculture, six ounces of sugar are equal in food value to one quart of milk or one and a quarter pounds of lean beef. It has a food value of 1810 calories.

"Chocolate is made from the beans of the cacao tree. The aborigines of Central America used cacao beans as currency, the value of the beans depending on their size. The ancient Aztecs prepared a beverage from the cacao beans which later was called Theobroma, or food of the gods. With the exception of prepared coconut, chocolate is higher in food value than any other ingredient used in the manufacture of confectionery, since it has a food value of 2860 calories per pound. The nut meats used in making candy will average approximately 1500 calories per pound. The glucose from which gumdrops, hard candies and taffies are principally made is a heavy sirup made from corn, and according to government chemists is readily and completely absorbed by human beings. The food value of glucose is 1599 calories per pound, which makes it one of the cheapest food fuels known.

"Taking a list of the various kinds of candy, we find that the food values range from 2498 calories per pound in chocolates with nut centers down to 1451 calories in caramels. Sugar-coated almonds show 2410 calories; chocolates with cream centers, 2092; cream filberts, 1913; stick candy, 1745; marshmallows, 1737; gumdrops, 1685; and fudge, 1587. These values compare with our common daily foods as follows: Whole eggs, 695 calories; beefsteak, 1090; rice, 1620; white bread, 1180; and corn bread, 1175 calories per pound.

"It is a demonstrated fact that during violent exercise or exhausting labor the sugar in the blood is heavily drawn on to supply the body with the necessary fuel, and it is this fact that is responsible for the individual's frequent craving for something sweet. Candy was a special article of diet furnished to the American soldiers during the war. One Marine Corps general said, 'Men fight like the devil on chocolate. It is particularly good in hot weather. Seasoned fighting men take it on the march with them.'"

The foregoing opinion concerning the food value of candies is, of course, the confectioner's favorable point of view regarding his own product. Practically all of the figures he has given were taken from food charts prepared by disinterested Federal chemists. There is no doubt, therefore, that candy has a substantial value when manufactured from pure materials and when eaten in moderation. Recent laws have largely eliminated from the business the use of coloring matters that are harmful. During the last eight or nine months the records show that more than 300 new candy-manufacturing concerns have entered the confectionery business here in the United States. This brings the total number of manufacturers in this industry up to something like 3000, with an invested capital estimated to be about $130,000,000. In the retail end there are something like 70,000 confectioners doing business in this country, while at the same time there are 2100 wholesale concerns and 8000 supply houses. Altogether, the candy industry is an enterprise of much importance in the nation's business life and if present prophecies come true the nation's sweet tooth will be well catered to in the dry days which are now upon us.

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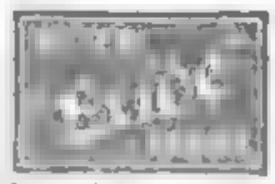

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SWEETIE PEACH

(Continued from Page 17)

servant, trim in black uniform and white apron, but she had a good-natured face, and she could cook, though her ideas of menus were very limited. She slapped down the soup plates and retired to the kitchen. After the soup came chops. Rodham raised his eyebrows at sight of them.

"That's the third time in a week. Really, Cora ——"

"I'm sick of them too," said Cora; "but Mary likes to get something that's easy to cook."

Hashed-brown potatoes, peas and a heart-of-lettuce salad followed the chops. Cora shook her head warningly at her husband.

"She simply won't serve the salad as a separate course—it makes her later getting off, you know. I can't say a word." She attacked her food with relish. "Frank, dear," she went on, "I saw the sweetest evening dress to-day ——"

"I thought you were at the movies," said Frank.

"Well, you see, Martie wanted to do some shopping, so we started early, about eleven, and then had a little luncheon at the Newcome Grill ——"

"Oh, Cora," said Rodham, "you know what the doctor said about supervising Babe's meals. She'll slip back into that nervous trouble again if you're not careful."

Cora arched carefully shaped and shaved eyebrows. "Really, Frank, you are so unreasonable! Do I have to stay home every day in the week and watch Babe eat her luncheon? But listen—I want to tell you about this dress. It was black net, with little edges of sequins, and the girdle was that soft blue that is so becoming to me.—What's the matter? Don't you like your dessert? I told Mary she might order some French pastry because she so hates making desserts."

"But I never eat pastry," said Frank. "Mary, bring me some fruit. Anything that's in the house—yes, an orange will do."

"It was only a hundred and thirty-five, reduced from a hundred and seventy-five, and the woman said she'd be willing to hold it if I'd telephone first thing to-morrow. Don't you think that your old Sweetie Peach has a new evening dress coming to her, Frank? I've worn that garnet chiffon almost a year."

There is a point when by the endless accumulation of petty annoyances, infinitesimal in themselves, the strongest man will suddenly go berserk. That point came to Frank Rodham when, with the echo of the garnet chiffon in his ears, Mary slouched in with an orange that had been hacked apart, heaped with granulated sugar, and placed unsteadily on a plate with a smear of egg on one side, dating back to breakfast. It was the wabble of the orange and the disgustingness of the smear that snapped the last link of Frank Rodham's self-control. He heard himself replying in a tone he had never before used to Cora, and did not know he could produce, saying:

"Sweetie Peach! The little foolish pet name I used to call you when we were married eight years ago! Sweetie Peach! You're a darn sight more of a dill pickle than a peach! Oh—I'm through!"

He flung down his napkin and went into the living room. Cora, round-eyed and awe-struck, followed him.

"Why, Frankie," she trembled, "you must be sick. What's the matter, dear? Where do you feel bad?"

"Cut it out," said Rodham. "Cut it out. Cora, how old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," she said gaspingly. Was he—oh, was he suddenly insane, she asked herself.

"And you weigh a hundred and seventy pounds, and you're five feet five inches tall," he went on musingly. He took a slip of paper out of his pocket and consulted it. "You ought to weigh, at the most, a hundred and thirty-eight. A hundred and thirty would be better. You're more than thirty pounds overweight. Most of it comes from laziness."

"Frank—what do you mean!" She hovered round him anxiously.

"Of course you eat too much, and you don't exercise," he went on, leaning over and opening a tinsel-and-satin box that sat on the table beside him. It disclosed a store of rich chocolates.

"There!" he said. "There's one of the worst enemies you and I and Babe have. I reckon we'll treat them like an enemy." He got up and opened one of the front windows and hurled the candy, box and all, into the street. "Now, Cora"—turning back to her—"go telephone Martie and Theodore not to come over to bridge to-night. You and I are due for an understanding. I've come to the jumping-off place."

She went away to the telephone with such a strange cowed look that Rodham's madness left him. When she came back he was his normal self again—only his determination was not gone.

Martie Accused Her of Going to the Far-Famed Specialist Who Had Done Such Wonders for Some of the Well-Known Actresses

"Cora, I'm sorry," he began gravely enough, "that I spoke to you as I did. But the time has come when we've got to see where we're going. And we've got to see whether we're going together—or apart."

The quietness of his tone reassured her. "Well, Frank," she said tartly, "I should think you would apologize! I never was so spoken to in my life. And as for thinking where we're going—and whether we're going together—I can't imagine what you mean. I've been a true and faithful wife. My conscience is clear."

"Yes, you've been true and faithful—in a way. But that way isn't enough. I want efficiency besides. I think I have a right to it."

"Efficiency! Frank, you are crazy!"

"No, I'm not crazy, and I'm not fooling. When we were married you were as trim and slender and pretty a girl as anyone would want to see. We had that little walk-up flat, and you did your own work, and even sometimes the washing and ironing. You took care of Babe when she came. Everything was spotlessly clean. Look at this place. It's thick with dust, and abominably overdecorated. You're forever buying some trashy gimcrack, like that bunch of tin flowers I found out in the hall to-night, until the house has come to look like a badly kept fancywork store. The furniture isn't polished, the rugs need cleaning, the lamp-shade fringe is hanging down, the sofa cushions are downright ragged, some of them—oh, the whole place is a mess! And look at that dinner to-night—perfectly good, perhaps, but just exactly what we had on Monday and Wednesday. You don't so much as do your own ordering any more, let alone the cooking."

"Frank Rodham, if you expect me to slave in the kitchen for you ——"

Cora's eyes were bright with tears of anger.

"I don't expect you to do it all, but it wouldn't hurt you to see that we have a little variety; or to make a salad or a pudding once in a while. But no—everything's planned to suit Mary's convenience and your laziness for laziness is the right word for it. You're a shirk, Cora, a thorough-going shirk. Look at yourself—fat and flabby and untidy. Your dress gaping in the back, a perfectly visible run in your stocking, your slipper buckle hanging by a thread. Your complexion isn't what it ought to be because you're always eating sweets and pastry, and you drench yourself with that sickening perfume when the only scent a decent woman needs is cleanliness and fresh air. No, you're not efficient, not as a housekeeper nor as a wife, nor even as a pretty woman. You value your appetite and your ease more than your looks."

"I didn't know I was so hideous as all that."

"Wait, I'm not through yet. You used to have a bright-enough mind. You read, you thought for yourself, you had interests that took you outside as much as you had time for them. You've dropped all that. Martie Anderson and Lillie Swain with their matinées and their everlasting bridge and their chatter about actresses and shows and the society columns are your patterns now."

"Why, you've always seemed to like Martie and Theodore," stammered Cora. "I can't imagine why you should turn on them too."

"I want my wife back," said Frank doggedly. "The pretty, slender girl who used to keep my house looking so clean and attractive, who used to read with me, and play the piano for me, and talk to me about the things we were going to do together. I don't want a fat silly doll, empty-headed, painted, a slacker in all the everyday things of life. Cora, don't you see? Won't you try to be fair? Look at me—I've kept myself fit, and there isn't a year I don't get on a little farther. Estabrook has in mind, I know, to give me something important very soon—maybe within six months. What's the good of it all if I've got to come home night after night, to—to this sort of thing?

"The Lord knows I don't want to be one of those men who look for what they want outside their own home."

"Are you threatening?" asked Cora with what she considered awful dignity.

"I might be, at that," said Frank Rodham grimly. "No jury would blame me if they saw you and saw this apartment, I assure you. Oh, Cora, that's an outrageous way for us both to talk. Don't, don't say things like that. It makes me feel as if we're a darn sight farther apart than I'd suspected."

His voice dropped hopelessly, and he sat in silence. Suddenly she began to cry, and his first impulse was to put his arms round her and comfort her. But there was something about the roll and bulge of flesh on her shoulders that stayed him. He did not want to touch her. He did not realize it, but his refusal to console gave him the advantage as nothing he had said had done.

"I—I think you're perfectly mean, Frank Rodham!" she sobbed. "P-perfectly mean. Coming home, and just because of a little—little d-dust, and éclairs for dessert, saying all these awful, cruel, horrible untrue things. I never, never was so treated in m-my life."

"That'll do," he said at last, and his voice had the ring of authority. "Now, Cora, stop crying. I'm going to offer you one more chance. I'm going to prove John Estabrook wrong or else—and I might just as well begin now."

He went out to the kitchen. Cora stifled her sobs and pricked up her ears.

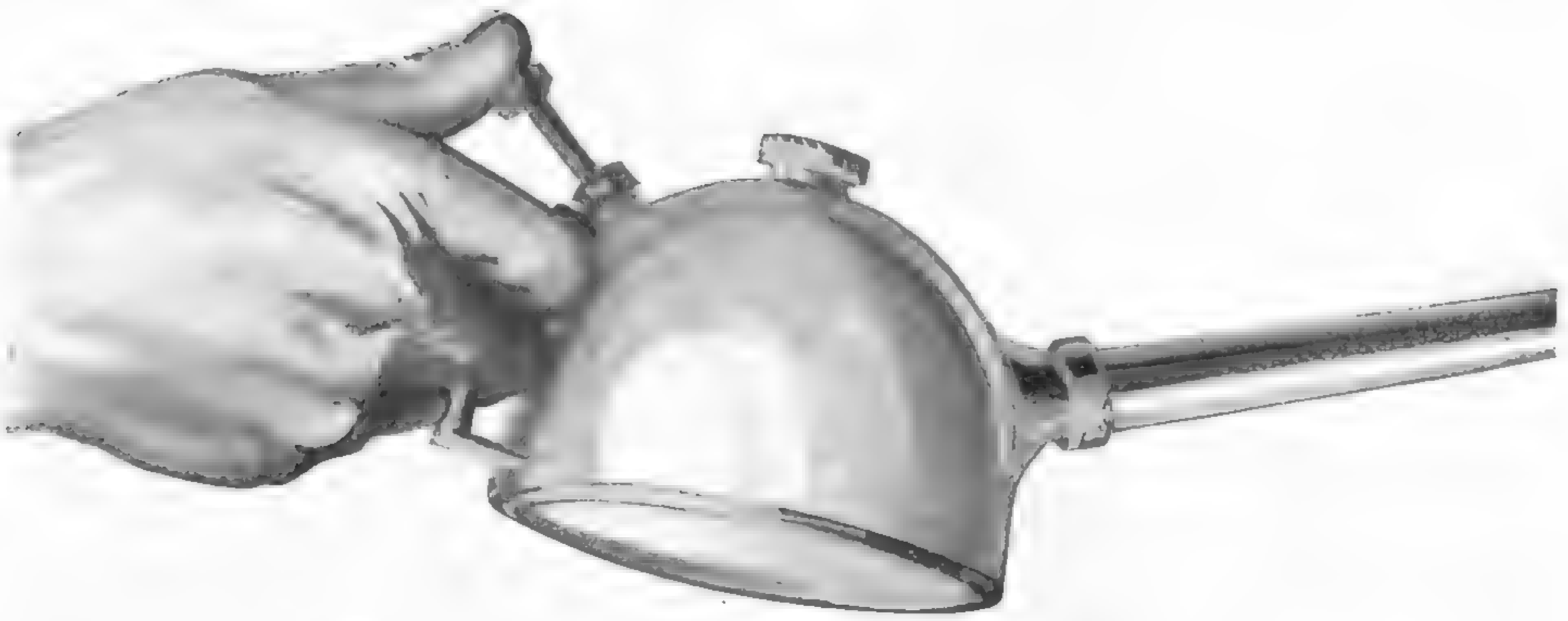
"Mary, we shan't need you after to-morrow," she heard him say. "I want you, to-morrow, to turn in and give this whole place a good cleaning from one end to the other—a real cleaning, no lick-and-promise stuff—and then you can go. Mrs. Rodham has decided to get along without a maid. You're a good cook and I'll give you a reference, saying so, and I'll pay you two weeks' wages in advance. You understand, Mary—a thorough cleaning of the whole apartment. If it's absolutely spotless when I get home to-morrow night I'll give you five dollars as a bonus besides the two weeks' wages."

Murmurs indicating comprehension on Mary's part followed, but when Frank came back to the living room Cora was sitting up with flashing eyes and cheeks as red as her nose.

"Do you think for one minute, Frank Rodham," she burst out, "that I'm going to slave doing housework for you when you make a salary that's ample to provide me two maids instead of one? Well, I'll soon show you. I'll go home to mother and father, that's where I'll go; and I'll take Babe with me!"

"Very well," said Frank, "that's your business. Only I warn you that you'll get no money from me if you do, and I don't

(Continued on Page 170)



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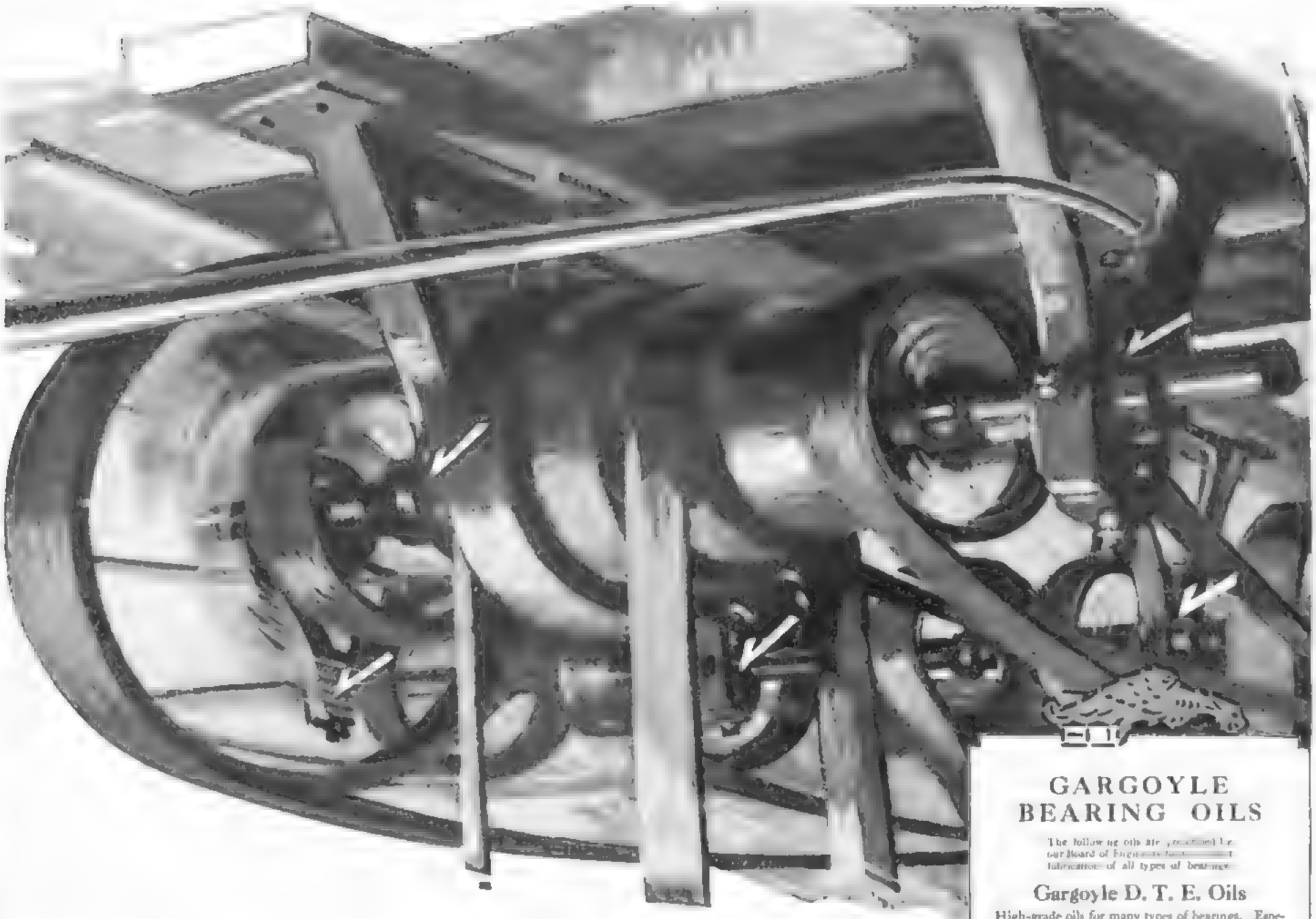

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(Continued from Page 167)

believe your father will be willing to support you."

Cora paused, and he could read her thoughts. Cornersville, the very dull little Western town where her father, a country doctor, lived, was a place she loathed. Moreover, she knew that her father was almost an invalid and that Frank had for three years been sending him a monthly check. The house was heated by stoves. The lights were kerosene lamps. There were no more than the most primitive bathing facilities. There were no shops of any account, and no amusements, save a movie house that showed old films on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Cora knew all these things, and very well. To think of making an indefinite stay with them was unendurable.

"Now, see here, Cora," went on Frank inexorably, "I know you don't want to go home and I don't want you to. But if you decide to you shall certainly do it, and I won't support you. That's the cold fact of it." He changed abruptly to pleading. "But won't you, won't you try to see things my way a little? Won't you do the things I want for a little while—say, three months; and then if it's no go, and you hate it all, we'll have to make some other arrangement. But for a while—oh, my dear, try it. You don't see yourself as others see you—you don't understand how you've changed—and deteriorated. I want you back as you were—my interesting, interested wife, my pretty girl, my—my Sweetie Peach."

His voice caught on the foolish fond little name. But he did not reach Cora. Her tears came again, a torrent now.

"I won't, I won't!" she stormed. "You're a brute and a tyrant, and a rude pig!"

She rushed back into the bedroom and he could hear her sobbing stormily. He took three steps after her, and then set his jaw.

"I'm going through with this," he told himself.

And forthwith, first shutting the doors so that he could not hear his wife's weeping, he sat down by the reading lamp and opened the evening paper, and looked at it steadily for an hour. To this day he does not know that he was holding it upside down all the time.

It would be hard to tell who slept the less that night, Frank or Cora, but at seven he rose with determination. The long wakeful hours had given him leisure to think out his plan in detail.

"Are you awake, Cora?" he said evenly.

A white and flabby face that showed strange crumplings and creasings from tears and sleeplessness turned toward him, and Cora's eyes opened.

"Get up," he said, in the same voice that he would have used to Babe in her fractious moods.

It was a ticklish moment. Would she obey him? If she did not, what would he do? He was taut and tense with suspense, but he relaxed as she crawled meekly out. During the dark watches of the night Cora had been meditating on Cornersville versus New York.

"Stand over here by the window," he commanded; and she again did as she was bid.

He stood before her, some five feet away.

"Now do exactly as I do, keeping time to my count."

And with snap and precision that would not have disgraced a veteran drill sergeant he put her through the setting-up exercises, which heretofore he had always done alone. Not that there was any snap and precision about Cora's part in these gymnastics. She panted and she puffed. Her mouth fell open unbecomingly. Her arms and legs made strange wavering motions instead of direct and controlled ones. Once or twice she emitted strange moaning sounds. Nevertheless, for fifteen minutes by the clock Cora Rodham did setting-up exercises, and at the end of that time, instead of being let fall limply back into bed, she was hustled into the bathroom and left with the injunction to take a cold bath and be quick about it.

The cry of anguish she emitted when the first gush of the icy shower struck her soft flesh woke Babe and was the sound that greeted Mary, entering the flat at that moment for her last day's work there. But when she at last tottered out she displayed a better color than she had had for five years.

"Now hustle into your clothes," advised Frank, "and make the coffee yourself, the way you used to. Mary's is always bad. You'll still have time to bathe and dress Babe before breakfast."

With which advice he retired to his own cold shower.

It was the first morning in many months that the entire Rodham family had met at the breakfast table. Cora had recently fallen into the habit of having a tray brought to her bedroom after Frank had gone. Babe either was fed with bits from her mother's repast or, if she wakened early and Mary had time to dress her, she sat in her high chair—not a real baby's high chair, but a slightly raised elevation which Miss Babe thought exactly like her elders', and gloried in accordingly—and had her cereal and her fruit juice and toast under father's eyes.

Yet it could not be said that this family breakfast was a great success. Cora was silent, obviously scared, but with a certain mulishness lurking about the corners of her mouth. Frank's chin was a rock of obstinacy. Babe alone was her usual cherubic self, and her conversation helped to fill the silence, though it was not exactly tactful.

"Why, muvver, don't you have a tway vis mornin'?" she asked sweetly. Her father answered her.

"No," he said, "mother's going to eat breakfast with us after this. And she's going to walk to kindergarten with you this morning."

"O-o-oh, nice muvver!" breathed Babe with joy. "Mawy pulls my awm," she added explainingly, but even that revelation did not change the expression of Cora's face.

After breakfast Frank Rodham addressed his spouse once more. "Mary's going to clean up this place to-day," he said, "and I want you to take out a lot of these gimcracks that you've got littering up everything, and either throw them away or pack them out of sight so you can get rid of them later. I'm tired of seeing this house look like a junk shop. In particular I want you to get rid of that dusty silk-dressed doll baby that you've hidden the telephone behind. You're to take Babe to kindergarten, and go after her. Miss Jones will take her out in the afternoon, as usual, while you help Mary and get dinner. And there's to be no chops for dinner, and no French pastry; I shall expect a dessert that you've made yourself—something not fattening too. To-night I shall outline my program a little further. Make no mistake about it, Cora, I'm going to be master in my own house for a while at least, until you're fit to run things again."

It was a magnificent ultimatum, though no one but those who have been in a similar case can understand with what a sinking heart Frank Rodham delivered it. He hadn't the least idea that he could make good or that Cora, pushed to extremes, would yield to it. But he had seen many a bluff go when all else had failed, and he was now profiting by that experience. In his heart he knew perfectly well that if Cora determined to defy him and keep on as she had been doing he would have no way to enforce his will—unless he beat her. And a man can be arrested for beating his wife, no matter how much she deserves it. As he went downtown Frank Rodham bethought him longingly of that dear child of Nature, the Russian peasant in one of Turgenieff's novels who, when asked if he beat his wife, replied: "Everything happens sometimes."

"If it wasn't for Martie Anderson and Lillian Swain and one or two others like 'em, with no ideas in their heads except dancing and bridge and spending money and grafting off their husbands—they're what have changed and spoiled Cora. She isn't that kind really. She couldn't be. Well, I've started this thing—and I'm going to see it through."

But he cannot be said to have felt very cheerful about it. He might, however, have had a gleam of hope had he been able to hear Cora talking over the telephone to Martie Anderson at that very moment. Martie had called up to plan something for the day. Cora had gritted her little white teeth and summoned her own self-control. She wasn't going to let Martie Anderson and her crowd know the truth—they'd never get done laughing about it.

"No, I don't believe I can do anything to-day, Martie dear. I want to take Babe to kindergarten and this afternoon I'm going to give this place a real clearing out. . . . Oh, I mean of ornaments, and trash like that. . . . I didn't realize until

(Continued on Page 173)

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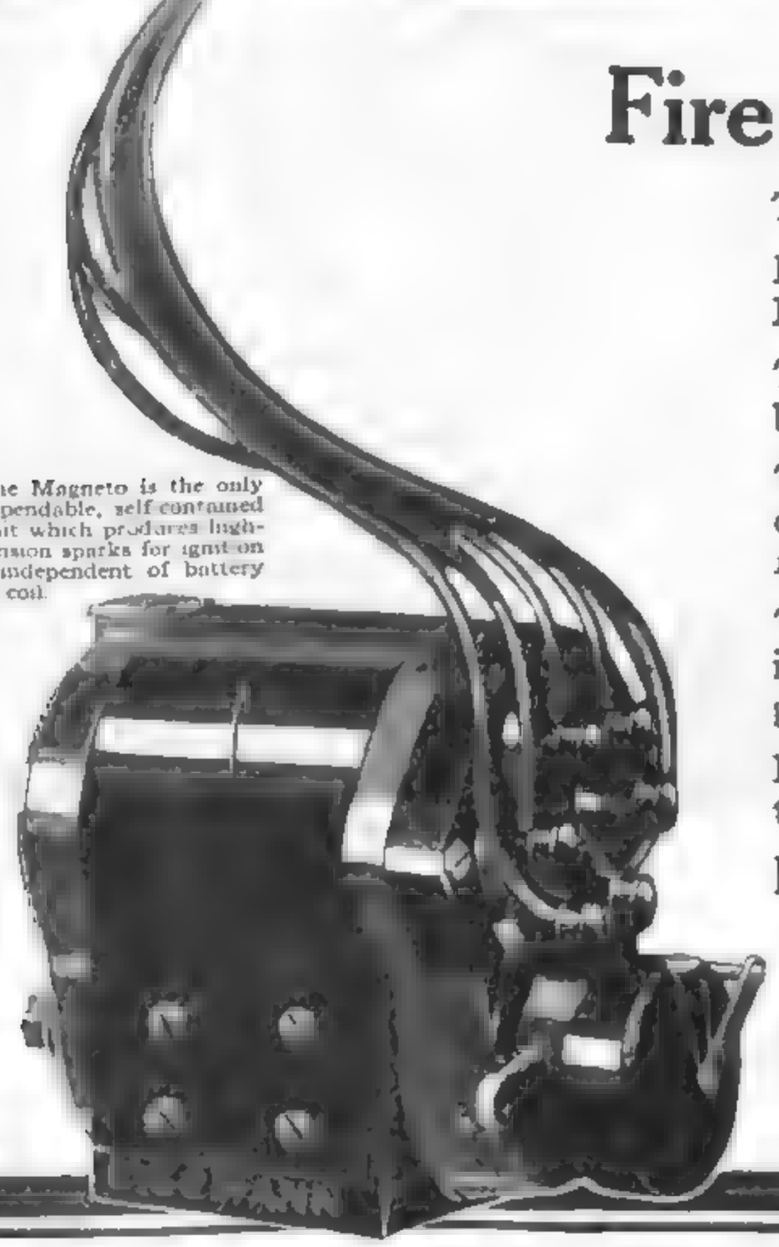

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(Continued from Page 170)

recently how dreadfully overdone it was getting to be, and, of course, simplicity in decoration is the note now. Remember that lovely room we saw at Stoane's the other day? And—you'll laugh at this—but I'm going to make my own dessert for dinner to-night. . . . No, this domestic fit isn't sudden, my dear. I don't think any woman ought to neglect her home too much, though of course Frank's an angel and never complains. . . . I've almost decided to let Mary go too. She's so incompetent and wasteful. I'm sure I could get someone better and train her in my own ways. . . . I don't believe we can play bridge to-night, dear. Frank's planning to bring a man home to dinner. By-by—call me up to-morrow."

She dropped the receiver on its hook, and tears rolled again down her cheeks.

"Anyway, Martie Anderson doesn't suspect anything, and I'll take good care she doesn't. I don't care how many lies I tell her. But if Frank imagines I'm going to stand this ——"

Yet, think as hard as she could and rack her brains in every possible way, Cora did not see any feasible way of escape. She took Babe to kindergarten and did her own marketing on the way back, thereby surprising and displeasing her grocer and butcher, to whom she had been up to this time a most convenient telephone patron. She stalked about their shops grimly and displayed all her old astuteness in selection and bargaining. It was some relief to her overburdened spirit to do this, and she enjoyed the outlet of her emotions.

"Really, Mr. Schwartz," she told the grocer, "the grapefruit and lettuce you've been sending me have been scandalously poor. If it's the best you can do I've got to take my account somewhere else. And those horrid little seedy oranges!" She picked out half a dozen with a carefully weighing hand. "Now these are something like oranges. No, I'll take them with me. And I'll take that nice hard head of lettuce too. Deliveries sometimes get mixed, you see." She looked at Mr. Schwartz's shifty eyes with perfect comprehension of his state of mind.

At the butcher's she showed similar captiousness, and no less than seven roasting chickens had to be brought from the ice box before she was satisfied. "I know a good chicken when I see one," said Cora, "and you've got 'em, though you haven't been sending any to me lately."

The butcher grinned sheepishly. "Well, there's never been any law against you coming right here in the shop and choosing for yourself, Mrs. Rodham," he suggested with heavy facetiousness. "I can see you're a lady who knows what's what."

"Hah," thought the victorious Cora, walking down the street toward home, "I guess there's still some people who think I've got some sense, even if Frank doesn't."

This thought armed her for the afternoon's exertions. With fierce and gloomy gestures she stripped the living room, hall and little library bare of all except essentials. Candlesticks, photographs, vases, cushions, fancy jars and boxes, a hundred gimcracks she disposed of without mercy, dividing them into what was perfectly useless—these went to Mary's delighted hands—and what might later be utilized as Christmas and birthday gifts. Some of the vases she put up on a shelf in the kitchen cupboard for occasional use, wishing fervently that she could bang them over Frank's head. She snatched down most of the pictures. At the end of her rampage, Mary's cleaning being also finished, she realized—though it did not lessen her anger—that the place not only looked larger but decidedly more attractive. It looked—why, it looked like the living room used to look when she and Frank started housekeeping.

But she steeled herself against that thought. Frank had become a tyrant and a brute, and she hated him. Still, she went to the telephone and ordered fresh flowers, and could not help but observe when they came that they gave just the one real grace that the bare room needed. She hadn't lost her touch for arranging a house, even if some people did think she was fat and useless; and she wagged her head defiantly at an imaginary Frank.

At that moment the back elevator bell rang, and there was a delivery boy handing in an ungainly heavy object, which resolved itself into a white and accurate bathroom scales. Frank must have ordered it. And Cora once more sizzled with burning rancor.

Yet when Frank himself came in just before dinner and exclaimed delightedly, "Well, this is something like home!" she could not help feeling a pleased thrill.

And when the dessert came on at dinner, a simple-enough fruit macédoine, but covered with grated coconut and garnished lightly with marshmallows and cherries, Cora could not help feeling another thrill of pleasure at his look of gratification, though she would not unbend enough even to smile when he said, "I haven't tasted anything so good in years."

However, she said nothing. What was the good of stirring Frank up to anything worse than he had already perpetrated? Maybe if she gave in for a while and let him think that he was a real home Bolshevist or thereabouts he'd get over his radical ideas the more quickly. But Cora made these good resolutions with a large mental reservation, which was caused by the aching of her muscles, quite unaccustomed to the sort of a day she had put in. She was just naturally too tired to argue and dispute with Frank Rodham to-night, but there was a time coming.

Mary had consented to wash the dishes on this the last evening of her reign, so Cora glumly followed Frank into the living room.

There was a constrained silence for several moments, but finally Frank broke it.

"It—it's very good of you, Cora," he began gravely, "to do what I ask you to do in this matter, and—and I'm sure—I'm sure after we get going a little you'll—feel better and—and—look better than you have for ever so long." He cleared his throat and went on with more confidence: "I've arranged a program for your days, and here it is."

He held out a neatly typed sheet of paper.

Cora reached a reluctant hand. This is what she read:

7.00: rise.
7.00 to 7.30: exercise, bathe, dress.
7.30 to 8.00: prepare breakfast.
8.00 to 8.30: eat breakfast and get Babe ready for kindergarten.
8.30 to 9.30: take Babe to kindergarten, marketing.
9.30 to 12.00: housework, prepare lunch.
12.00 to 12.30: bring Babe from kindergarten.
1.00: luncheon.
1 30 to 5 30: housework, lectures, walk.
5 30 to 6 30: prepare dinner.
6.30 to 7.00: give Babe her supper and put her to bed.
7.00: dinner.

Cora read this remarkable document over several times. At last, scowling darkly, she inquired: "What d'you mean—lectures?"

"I've subscribed for a course of lectures for you up at the university," said Frank, "on the art of home-making. It embraces domestic science, with such practical details as cooking, laundry work, budget making, marketing; and goes somewhat into the artistic side, I believe—interior decoration and all that sort of thing. Textiles, food products; oh, a lot of things I can't remember. It's considered very smart to take this course, I'm told. Young Mrs. John Estabrook is doing it."

Cora mentally filed that fact to be used on Martie Anderson, but continued to scowl at the program.

"What about my evenings?" she inquired with sarcasm. "Why haven't you planned something jolly for them too?"

"It isn't any use for you to take that tone," said Frank with emphasis. "No, I didn't arrange your evenings; but if you insist on it I will. I thought we could go to the theater or to concerts, and have our friends in, and go to see them, as usual. You'll probably have to do some sewing and mending in the evenings we're at home alone. Mending in particular. And I've something to say about several other things."

"Really?"—with unpleasant emphasis.

"You'll get the same housekeeping and personal allowance, minus the wages we paid to Mary. The laundress and cleaning woman will come as usual, and so will Miss Jones, for Babe. You'll do the rest of the work, including the cooking. But there's got to be a radical change in your diet. No more candy, no more sodas, no more heavy, rich or starchy foods for you. If under this new régime you don't lose at least two pounds every week you'll have to go to a gymnasium three afternoons, instead of to lectures. Of course going back and forth with Babe you'll get a mile-and-a-half walk each day, and in good weather you must

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When Shavaid is Used

As a free trial will convince

Men the nation over have welcomed this new way to shave—this quicker, easier, pleasanter way. Shavaid, the new beard-softener, ends old, harsh treatments.

MEN who use Shavaid are finding that shaving isn't so difficult as it used to be. This new and scientific beard-softener makes your daily shaving a pleasure. For it softens the beard instantly, soothes the skin.

No longer is it necessary to use hot towels nor to rub the lather in. Shavaid does away with all before-shaving preparations. Now you merely rub on a thin coat of Shavaid—then apply your favorite lather. (Shavaid is not a soap and does not lather.)

Stop using hot towels

Hot water applications before shaving can now be avoided. Hot water makes the face tender and it brings the blood to the surface at the wrong time.

Shavaid keeps the skin firm and smooth, the pores clean. You can shave closer without the usual abrasions. The razor does not pull. There is no scraping. Shavaid accomplishes instantly what old-time methods were thought to do.

You do not have to spend a lot of time rubbing the lather in. You do not need to rub the beard harshly with brush or fingers. Shavaid works better if the lather is merely spread over the face.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

A delightful sensation

The instant you apply Shavaid, note the cooling effect. Note that you can shave as closely as you like and there will be no drawn, burning sensation. Shavaid makes your face feel cool and comfortable.

The daily use of Shavaid keeps your skin smooth and firm, free from the tenderness and excessive dryness which are caused by hot water and rubbing in.

And best of all, when you use Shavaid, no after-shaving lotion is required. Shavaid is in itself a soothing emollient. Its use keeps the cuticle firm, smooth and in healthy condition.

Prove all this

By mailing us the coupon below we will send you at once a free trial tube of Shavaid. Thus you can find out for yourself the advantages of this easier, quicker, more comfortable way of shaving. You will join the thousands who would not do without it.

After you have proved to your own satisfaction that Shavaid is a real boon you can secure it from your druggist at 50c a tube. Or, if he cannot supply you, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists'—50c a Tube

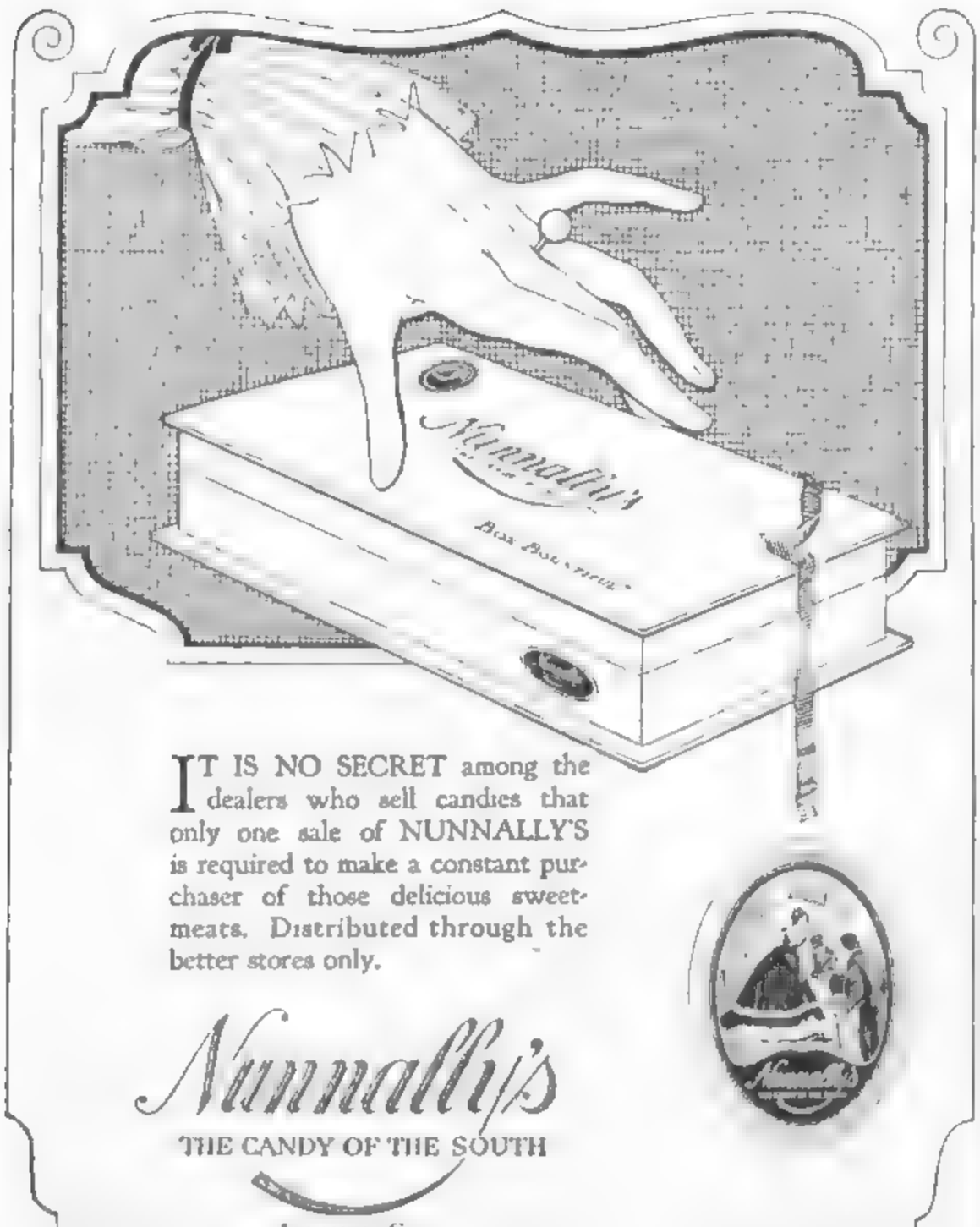
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(62)

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.
Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to
Name
Street Address
City State

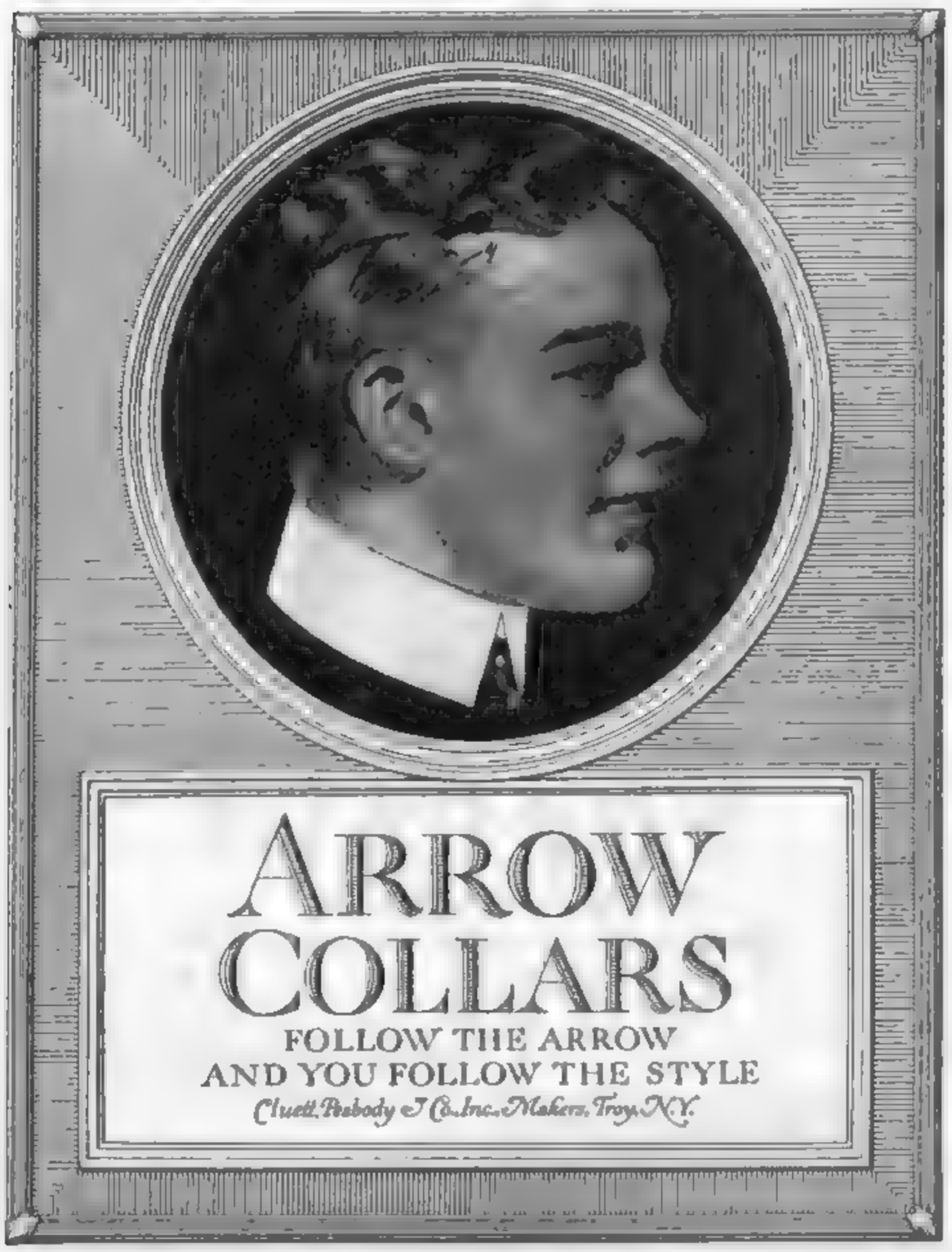


IT IS NO SECRET among the dealers who sell candies that only one sale of NUNNALLY'S is required to make a constant purchaser of those delicious sweetmeats. Distributed through the better stores only.

Nunnally's

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

ATLANTA, GA.



ARROW COLLARS

FOLLOW THE ARROW
AND YOU FOLLOW THE STYLE

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

walk one way from the university. With your diet corrected and the exercises you'll do night and morning, you'll get your figure back, and your complexion, I hope, in four or five months."

Cora stood up, quivering with anger.

"Frank Rodham, what do you think I am?" she demanded tragically. "A slave?"

"You're a slave, all right," quoth Frank sententiously; "but not to me. You're a slave to idleness, extravagance and laziness—two of which are, I believe, numbered among the seven deadly sins. Now cut the proud-rage stuff, Cora. You might just as well give in and try this thing first as last."

"I won't try it!" stormed Cora. "I won't, I won't, I won't! I'll go out and earn my own living, that's what I'll do. I'll leave your house to-morrow, Frank Rodham, and get a job."

"The thing that you and a lot of women like you don't realize," broke in Frank, "is that you've got a job, and one that you're not making good on. You're a wife, and a mother, and a housekeeper besides. But you're pretty poor, as all of them. You want to spend money, but you don't want to save it. You want to slide along through life and get a lot of easy things out of it, and give nothing in return. You and Martie Anderson and Lillie Swain and all that crowd—you're all alike. The only way you can earn your own living is by woman's easiest graft—called marriage. You couldn't go out and get a job that would pay for your nut sundaes unless you could find a cloak-and-suit manufacturer who wanted a model for a stylish stout, and I believe that profession is pretty well overcrowded at present. No, let that line of talk go, Cora. Sit down. I'm going to read you some entertaining bits out of the evening paper—all about the League of Nations, and the Nonpartisan League, and archy's latest, and the Dempsey-Carpentier match."

He reached out a masterful hand and gently forced her back into her chair, picked up the paper and began to read aloud. After half an hour or more he became aware of a certain somnolent stillness on the part of his auditor. He glanced up. Cora's head had dropped back, her lips were slightly parted, and she slept the deep sleep of one wearied with unusual physical exertion and strange emotions. Frank sat and looked at her for a long while.

"Well," he said to himself, "at last I know what it means to be a bitter-ender." Then he added aloud: "Wake up, Cora. You can go to bed if you like, after I've put you through a half dozen or so of exercises."

He half pulled, half pushed her back to the bedroom, and forced her unwilling muscles through more of the contortions they had done in the morning. When at last she did drop into the bed she was asleep before her head touched the pillow. And Frank himself slept almost as quickly and as soundly.

It cannot be said, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, that Frank Rodham's home was a pleasant place to live in during the weeks that followed. It was not. It was a decidedly unpleasant place. Yet it was clean—cleaner than it had been for many months; it was far more attractive in appearance, and the table Cora set, though simple, was extraordinarily good. There is something in the Bible, I believe, about the joy of a dinner of herbs where love is; but there is a singular reticence on how a dinner of herbs and hate withal may taste. Frank Rodham could have given some very pungent facts on that subject to the author of Proverbs. He had moments when he wanted to throw himself on Cora's mercy and beg her to return to her good old ways, call back Mary, have Martie Anderson and Theodore and their interminable bridge of evenings, as before, if it would also bring back her smiles, her easy laughter, her affection for him.

Something, something unbendable and imperishable in his will prevented Frank Rodham from doing this. Also he was influenced by the reading of the bathroom scales. It recorded in two weeks that Cora was down to one hundred and sixty-six. In three weeks it said that she weighed no more than a hundred and sixty-four, and at the end of the first month it unmistakably and triumphantly recorded her weight as a hundred and sixty-two. The bulge at the top of her corset showed an appreciable lessening, and her chin was beginning to reduce itself from two to one. Likewise her skin began to have the look of clean blood flowing under it, and not as if backed with layers of white impenetrable fat.

So far as he could tell Cora kept firmly to the rules he had laid down. She attended her classes at the university, and she took Babe back and forth to kindergarten; and she undoubtedly cooked and cleaned and mended. But she did not smile, and she never spoke to her husband save when it was absolutely necessary. Something unbendable and imperishable there was in Cora's will also, which would not permit her to submit tamely to what she considered her humiliation.

Yet when she was alone she could not help relaxing. She played with Babe and sang about her work. She bullied the grocer and the butcher shamefully and had the satisfaction of knowing that when she went into their shops respect and interest attended her orders.

She had a keen delight in the classes she was attending, though at first her atrophied mind found them bewildering and difficult. But she soon saw that much of what they presented was familiar ground to her. She had been a housekeeper, and a good one—and it amused and amazed her to see how far theory and science backed her practical knowledge gathered from experience, and it lent a peculiar piquancy to her becoming a good housekeeper again.

Moreover, there was another satisfaction. She had very early in her course found out that a certain little red-haired woman with wonderful furs was Mrs. John Estabrook, Jr. Cora had maneuvered a seat in class beside her, and from desultory words concerning notes and pencils an acquaintance that bade fair to ripen into friendship sprang up. This she would not tell Frank—she would not give him so much satisfaction.

But more agreeable than all these, it must be confessed, she found her decreasing waist measure, her vanishing hips. Only those who have been overstout know the supreme joy of getting back to their normal figure, and the feeling of delightful lightness and superiority it gives. On the rare occasions when she now saw Martie Anderson, Martie accused her of going to the far-famed specialist who had done such wonders for some of the well-known actresses.

Cora, with an enigmatic smile, did not deny it. She knew Martie well enough to be sure that a figure regained by such simple ways as diet and exercise, and not by the expenditure of vast sums of money, would be of slight interest to her.

To Frank, however, Cora was adamant. Partly she could not help it. Deep within her was that wholly human resentment that we feel toward those who are right when we are wrong and who know how to correct our way better than we ourselves. Also there was the grudge of her coercion. Forgive him that? Never—never—never!

She had not forgotten one of his insulting statements. She was fat, she was flabby, she was lazy. She couldn't earn a living except by a grafting marriage or as a model for a stylish stout. She was a poor wife, a poor mother, a poor housekeeper. She was a slacker. She was painted. And meanest and most cruel of all—he had called her a dill pickle in caricature of that dearest and fondest and silliest of silly and fond pet names. Never did she recall that one slur without a wave of primitive rage. The memory of it checked all impulse to be kind even when he brought home flowers and theater tickets, and, yes, even when he insisted on drying the dishes so that her evening's work might be lightened.

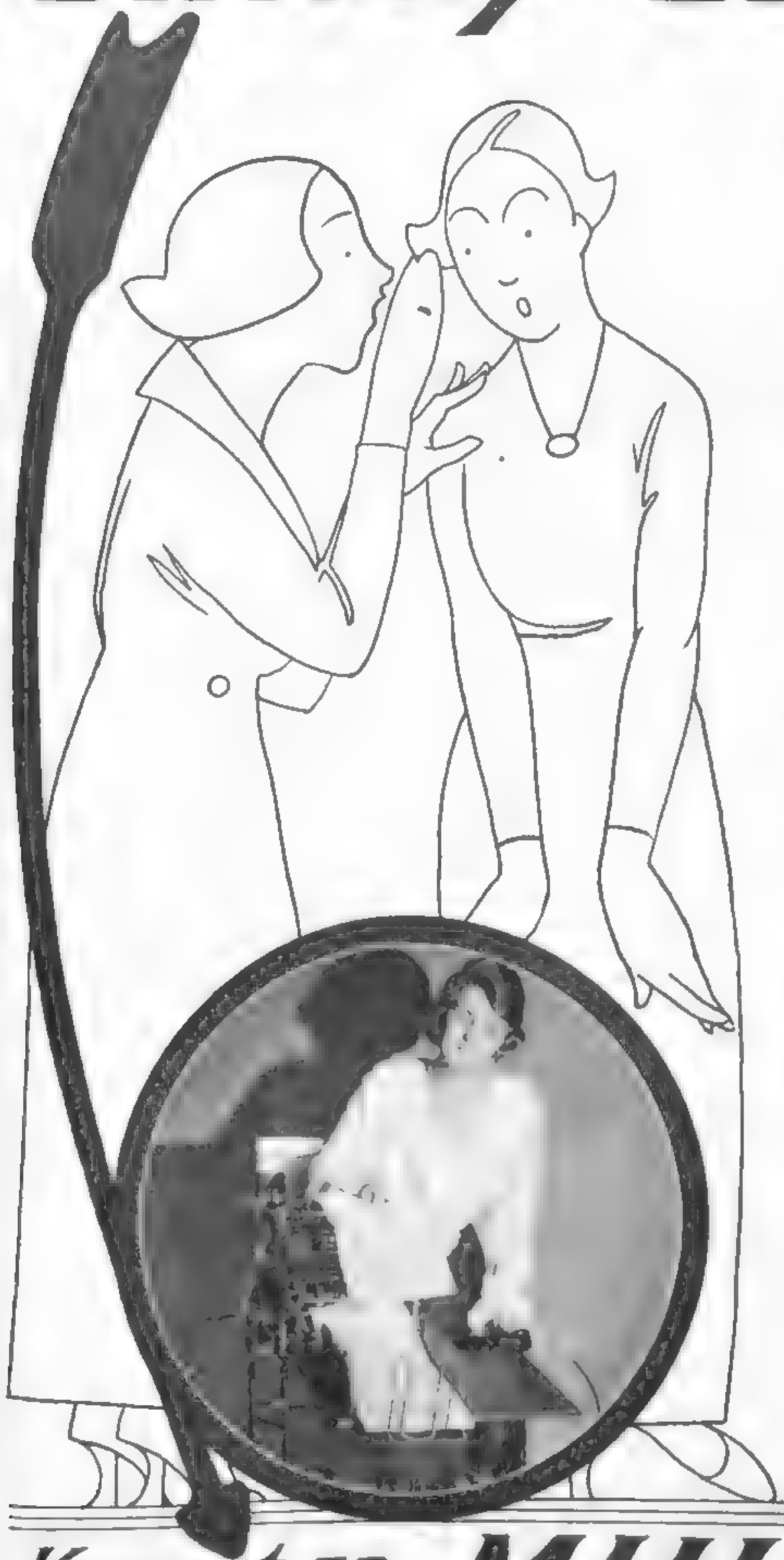
Some six weeks after Frank Rodham's revolt, when the scales were recording that Cora's weight was now one hundred and fifty-eight, but the thermometer of her demeanor was still recording some hundred and fifty-eight degrees below zero, old John Estabrook summoned his secretary for a private conference.

"It's about time for you to take a swing round the circle, Frank," he said. "Of course you know this is preliminary to a bigger job. You're going to get Haden's place—he's decided to retire. It'll mean that you'll be away for two or three months anyway. I want you to go over all the plants, but stay longest in Buffalo and size up the situation there very carefully. You know I've sort of planned to send Johnny out there. He's been doing all right here, hasn't he?"

Frank knew that the question was asked for confirmation, not for information. "He's doing fine," he said. "He's ready for the Buffalo job, and I'm sure that Pritchett will be glad to have him. And for myself—you know, Mr. Estabrook ——"

(Continued on Page 177)

Strictly Confidential



"My *DEE-ah!* Don't breathe a *word of this* to *anyone.* But I had it on the *best* of authority, *absoLUTEly* in confidence, that"_____ And in half a day it is the "strictly confidential" property of every one in town.

Ridiculous? Exaggerated? Perhaps,—yet you persist in doing much the same way with many of your most *vital business secrets.*

That private report of the last directors meeting—fine business to have it become public property! Yet *you* know and *we* know that in spite of every precaution *leaks will happen,* and it's *always just the one thing* you want to keep mum that gets out.

If it *IS* "strictly confidential," the Multigraph *in your own establishment keeps it so.*

INSIDE DOPE for the boys on the road—"A great little sales stunt—too long to put in a letter, too many copies needed—guess we'll have to print it." And *then* what may happen? *Your competitor may steal a march on you.* Get the *identical* scheme across to the trade FIRST, and make your boys feel *ridiculous* when they come hustling along with the GREAT IDEA.

How did it get out? Who knows? *But you DO know* it never would have happened if you'd *really* kept the scheme *STRICTLY Confidential* by printing it on the MULTIGRAPH under your own roof.

CONFIDENTIAL Price List. Of course everyone connected with handling it conscientiously tries to keep the job confidential *and you keep careful check on the work.* BUT—You soon find the "other fellow" *knows your inside figures* as well as you do.

Mebbe you'll decide some day that that price list *IS* going to be *STRICTLY Confidential*—printed on the MULTIGRAPH.

Money is no real object when it comes *to keeping business secrets,* so we won't say much about the *25% to 75% saving in printing bills* when you use the Multigraph—

But wouldn't you like to be SURE that when you wanted to get a message across to only the chosen few—you could simply put it up to Miss Private Secretary and the Multigraph—

AND KNOW that the job would be turned out in no time, and all *right inside your own four walls—inside* dope and *NO* mistake.

You're reaching for the phone to call in the Multigraph man—or for your pen to fill in the coupon—BUT—let us whisper—STRICTLY Confidential—

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Cleveland, Ohio
Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO.
London, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct *Paris,* 24 Boulevard des Capucines

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
84-88 Bay St., Toronto, Canada Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

Keep it so with a MULTIGRAPH

"MULTIGRAPH SENIOR

This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

"MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR

This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power automatic feed and signature device attachments as can the Senior. Easy payments if desired.

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

This "strictly confidential" idea interests me: Tell me more about the Multigraph and what it can do for me.

Firm _____ Our Line is _____

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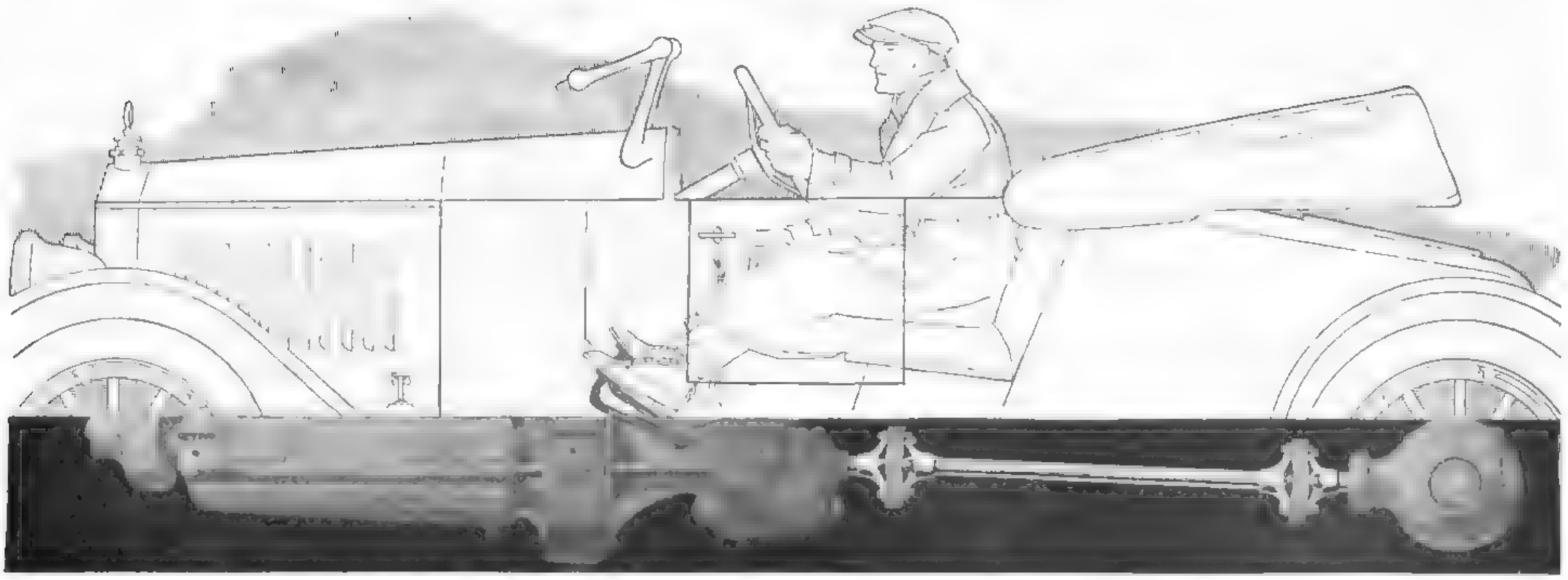


No jerks—no rattles—when you throw in the clutch

How the new flexible fabric universal joint absorbs the shocks that wear out your car

A RAPIDLY spinning fly wheel suddenly locked with a motionless rear axle—that's what happens when you start your car. A ton or more of dead weight must be moved the instant you throw in the clutch. The tremendous power from the engine is hurled along the drive shaft.

Metal universal joints transmit with no cushioning whatever the full impact of this terrific force. No matter how carefully you engage the clutch a violent blow racks the transmission and the whole rear axle assembly. As metal joints become worn the strain is intensified.

Cushioning the shocks in the drive shaft

There is now a way to absorb these blows. Constructed of flexible fabric discs, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint effectively cushions the shocks that rack your car.

You feel no jerks, no rattles when you throw in the clutch. With the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint your car starts smoothly—runs quietly with the minimum of jar and vibration.

Fanwise construction for strength

Enormous strength is given the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints by the patented fanwise construction of the fabric discs illustrated below. By this unique construction uniform strength and elasticity is obtained. Having no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces the Thermoid-Hardy Joint cannot wear loose. It requires no lubrication—no constant attention.

Adopted by leading manufacturers

Over fifty manufacturers have adopted the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint as standard equipment. It has stood severe endurance tests—in many cars running 60,000 miles without replacement or adjustment.

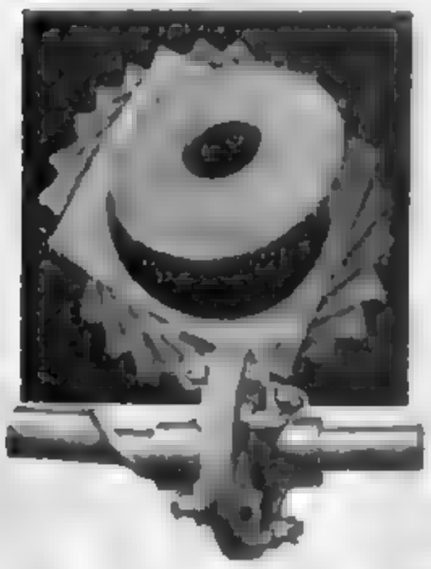
When you ride in a car equipped with Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints, notice the absence of backlash, jerks, and rattles that are so common with metal joints. Observe how smoothly the car starts—how much more quietly it runs—even over rough roads.

Send for our new book, "Universal Joints—Their Use and Misuse." It will give you in detail the construction of the Thermoid-Hardy Joint, records of performance, opinions of leading engineers and manufacturers who have adopted it.

Thermoid Rubber Company
Sole American Manufacturers
Factory and Offices: Trenton, N. J.

New York Chicago San Francisco Detroit
Cleveland Atlanta Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Boston London Paris Turin

In building up the flexible fabric discs the several layers of fabric are put together so that the strands in each piece run in a different direction. This patented fanwise construction provides the greatest tensile strength. In a laboratory test made recently at Purdue University the drive shaft, itself, was twisted at a total stress of 31,700 inch pounds without injury to the universal joint.



Makers of "Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining" and "Thermoid Cralide Compound Tires"

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Barley Motor Car Co. (Roamer)
Briscoe Motor Corp.
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Crow Elkhart Motor Co
Dart Truck & Tractor Corp.
The Dauch Mfg. Co
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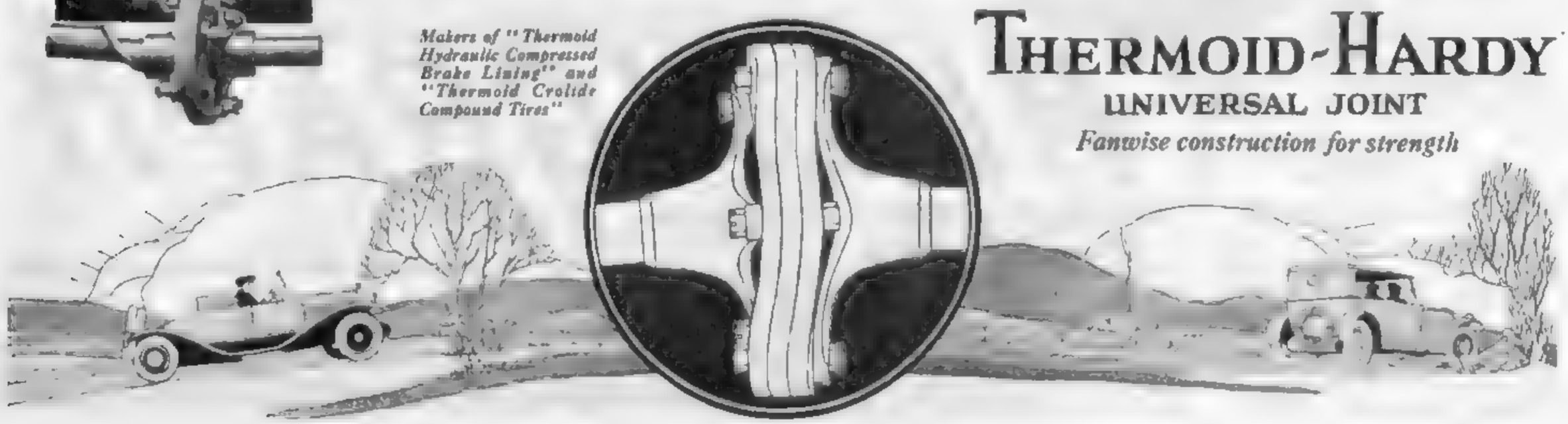
THERMOID-HARDY
UNIVERSAL JOINT
Fanwise construction for strength



(Continued from Page 174)

"Oh, cut all that," said Estabrook. "If you weren't the man for the job you'd not get it. You're just as much good to me as I'm to you, Frank. I'm going to miss you like thunder in here—with me, I mean. Who you got ready to take your place?" For it was part of the Estabrook plan that no man in an important job but had a subordinate in training to succeed him.

"Young Dowell. He'll be all ready after a few days' special coaching. When do you want me to start?"

"The sooner the better. And when you come back go directly into Haden's office. It'll be waiting for you."

The old man offered his hand to the younger. "I know you'll make good," he said. "Good luck, Frank. And say, by the way," he said, breaking a somewhat embarrassed moment after the handshake, "that wife of yours must be a wonder. Nina's been telling me about her. Met her up at the university, you know"

Frank Rodham hid his surprise. He wasn't going to let John Estabrook or anyone else know the state of his domestic affairs.

Estabrook went on: "Yes—these classes Nina's been going to—she says Mrs. Rodham puts it all over the rest of the bunch, and sometimes even on the teachers. Practical, you know. Knows what she's talking about. Nina's crazy about her. I tell you, a wife like that is a big help to a man, Frank. Well, I figure Nina's been the making of Johnny, and you can just bet I haven't forgotten the pearl necklace I promised myself I was going to get her when Johnny made good. I guess I can go pick that out now, hey?" He laughed with affection.

Frank Rodham came out of that interview with his head in something of a whirl. He was to have Haden's place—twenty-five thousand a year to begin. That was sufficiently splendid in itself. And Cora was astonishing young Mrs. Estabrook with her cleverness and ability. Cora—Cora! Oh, he knew she could if she only would. He knew she had it in her to do anything. He had been perfectly right in snatching her from the way she was going and setting her feet in other paths. But what did his perfect rightness avail him when she persisted in treating him as though he was an unwelcome guest in his own house? No, she treated him worse than that, he decided—rather like a criminal, guilty of something too detestable to name, but which it was beyond her power to punish. Set it down though to his credit that he did not waver. When he had called himself a bitter-ender he knew whereof he spake. So now, in this new situation, with this wonderful prospect before him, his first thought was: What should he tell Cora and how would she take it? Would it make any difference in her behavior to him? Would he be forgiven—and, if so, would she imagine that she could at once slide back into the life of ease from which he had so rudely haled her?

Not for nothing was Frank Rodham a coming power of the business world and canny old John Estabrook's right-hand man. Into his present coil he put thought as concentrated and as cautious as he had put into the most complicated deal his chief had ever intrusted to his hands. On his decision he felt sure rested all the happiness of his future life with Cora. At the end of his cogitation he had decided not to tell her of his succession to Haden's place until he had returned from what Estabrook called the swing round the circle. If when he came back she had gone on with the life he had laid out for her—then he would tell her.

If she had backslid and gone back to her old lazy ways—then he was through.

He announced his going as merely a business trip, and asked her for no promise, gave her no instructions.

"She's got a good start by this time," he told himself, "and if she's the girl I think she is she's realized that what I want is the best. If she hasn't got sense enough for that, and wants to go back to bridge and chocolate and avoirdupois, then ——"

But he did not finish the sentence. There were too many memories of Cora, the slim and pretty and sparkling girl of eight years before, tender and kind and true, for him to be utterly ruthless in his decision. Yet it was with a very heavy heart that he set forth.

Nor were Cora's frigid good-by and the twinkle of unmistakable malicious satisfaction in her eyes reassuring.

"I hope you have a pleasant trip," she had said calmly. "Let me know where you'll be, and I'll try to write now and then, at least to tell you how Babe is." And she presented a cool—albeit somewhat thinner—cheek for his farewell kiss.

No, it was not reassuring, and he started away in the calmness of an assured despair. "It's on the knees of the gods now," he told himself. "Nothing I can do will change it. I'm going to forget it and put my best licks into the job ahead of me. That, at least, I can do. But there's one thing—I'll never be so sure and certain that I've got a right to stick my fingers into someone else's life and change it about into a pattern more to my liking. And yet—I know that I was right."

It is a very disconcerting mixture of feeling—to be sure you have been right and yet to feel that you have made an awful mess of things. More than one person of excellent motives has experienced it, and for generations to come persons of excellent motives will still continue to experience it. The worst of it is the utter helplessness of the one who started it. He has rolled a pebble down the mountainside and unwittingly dislodged an avalanche. And by a curious paradox of fate, too often he is standing right in the path of the said avalanche, once it gets going hard.

And all you can do as you wait for the avalanche to dislodge you is to say grimly: "I wish I'd started that pebble more tactfully."

So with Frank Rodham. He wished several times a day, and any number of times in the still watches of the night that he had started Cora into a healthful sane plan of life with more tact in his method. Only it was a trifle late to say that now.

The longer he stayed away from her the farther into the background did the fat and indolent Cora of these later years recede, while nearer and ever nearer came the Cora of honeymoon days, the Cora of their first years of marriage. Cora stirring gingerbread and wishing that eggs were not so dear so that she could make angel cake; Cora making fun of him because he thought he could broil a steak better than she could; Cora in pink dusting cap and apron, an adorably pretty witch with her broomstick; Cora, hollow-eyed and white-faced, watching beside his bed as he came down with that long dreadful spell of typhoid; Cora beside him in the park on a Sunday morning, making fun of the people who rode on in motors, and telling him how much happier they were to walk. Oh, there were a hundred of these Coras, each dearer than the last.

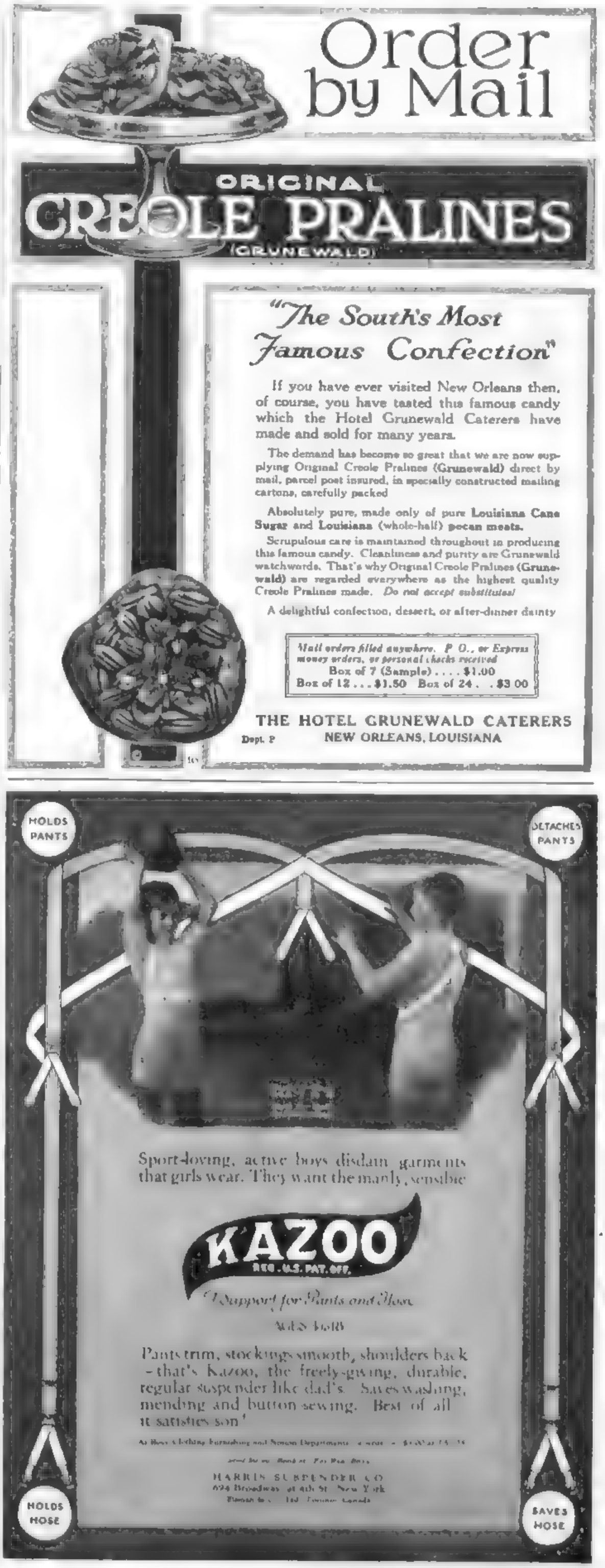
Where had she begun to turn away from him—where had he begun to lose her? He did not know clearly, but it seemed as if it had begun with his first substantial increase in salary. He had been so anxious that she should have everything she longed for that he had been recklessly generous. And their prosperity had been too much for her.

So it was, after all, a great deal his own fault. He could see that now. He should not have given everything into her hands; he should have stayed nearer to her, have helped her, have taken her into his world instead of letting her slip away into a meaningless world of her own that concerned itself mostly with shops and spending.

He could see all this now, and he could see, further, how it had been too sudden a resolution, and caused more by exasperation than by any real desire to help her, that had made him order her to leave that world of hers and come back into his. Oh, he could see all these things plainly enough now, to be sure.

The little notes that she wrote to him, as she had promised, told him absolutely nothing save that Babe was well and happy. A few casual words about the sort of weather they were having, and a few scraps of meaningless news put in to fill space—that the new janitor was better than the old one, that the hallboys changed more rapidly than the moon—down one page and across another—and the mockingly dutiful signature, "Your wife, Cora"—and that was all of it. She never included any bulletins from the bathroom scales.

It was the last of February when Frank Rodham went away, and it was the middle of May when he returned. He wanted unspeakably to get back, and yet he dreaded it unspeakably. He had moments when he wanted to get off the train and walk the rest of the way so that he could not arrive for days and days and days; and moments when he wanted to push the engine faster—and faster and faster. He did not think at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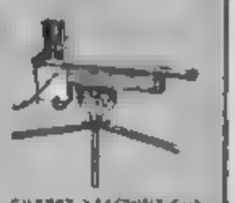
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all of the empty office of Haden's which was waiting for him. He only thought, with a great intentness, of his home, his wife. What would they be? How would he be received? His hours of uncertainty and unhappiness cut away the boyishness of his face, carved it into lines of care and wistfulness. He did not try to pretend to himself now that it did not matter what he should find. He only hoped that he might steady himself through the worst—if it was the worst that greeted him.

And so, in this mood of doubt and uncertainty, wondering, hardly daring to hope, Frank Rodham came home. He looked anxiously round the crowd that pressed about the gates of the terminal, but there was no one for him.

Well, he might have expected that, he supposed. Only

He hurried out and took the first taxi. The streets were bright in the spring sunshine, and a flower seller passed with a tray of violets and daffodils. It was all curiously the same, and he resented it a little, feeling such change in himself.

At last he reached his apartment door. He took his so long unused key from his pocket as he went up in the elevator, and then he slipped it back again and rang the bell.

After a heart-searching minute he heard the tap-tap of light footsteps, and then the door was flung open. A woman stood before him, and it was the woman of his memories, slim and pretty and sparkling.

"Oh, Frank," a cool voice exclaimed. "So glad you're home again. Babe—Babe—come—here's daddy."

He came inside and kissed the apparition on the cheek—the same cool cheek he had kissed when he had gone away. Babe came racing and shouting, to fling herself upon him, keeping him engaged for some minutes, but not so much engaged that he could not see that his home was exquisite in its simplicity, a little rearranged and subtly altered as to color scheme, but very much for the better.

Cora moved here and there, and he was intensely aware of her. She was as slender as she had been when a girl, as bright in color—but more poised, more sure of herself. She asked him polite questions. Had his trip been comfortable? Would he have a bath before dinner?

At last he could stand it no longer.

"Cora," he said very humbly, "you're very lovely—and very wonderful. I've thought about you so much, dear, and wanted so often to beg your pardon with all my heart for my clumsiness, my brutal clumsiness and cruelty. Aren't you ever going to forgive me? Don't you realize that no matter what I said or did it was all because I loved you so, and couldn't bear to lose you? Cora ——"

Cora put her head on one side consideringly. It was nice to see him eating humble pie. "You were brutal, and you were cruel," she said. "And it wasn't the whole truth, either. I wasn't half as stupid and horrid as you made me out. And I just want to tell you, Frank, that I've been offered the position of assistant in some of the classes at the university next year—so I can earn my living without going out as a cloak model or without being what you call a marriage grafter." It was evident that she had been simply dying to tell him this. "And I never wasted any money, except what you gave me and told me to spend—remember that!"

And then she dropped her dignity and her aloofness and flung herself wildly into his arms.

"Oh, you darling old thing!" she cried. "You were as mean as you could be, and I deserved it, every bit. But I've done everything you told me, exercises and all, all the time, and I weigh only a hundred and twenty-eight now, and—and—oh, I've missed you so—and I've wanted you so to come home."

There was a moment or two when words were not necessary. But presently she lifted a flushed and laughing face from the region of his necktie and exclaimed: "And I guess you can call me now, without hurting yourself ——"

He finished the sentence for her: "Sweetie Peach!" And he meant it.

Medicine in Industry

MANY employers are finding that great profit results from the establishment of a system of physical examination of all applicants for work before employment. When men are simply hired without being subjected to a preliminary investigation the outcome is frequently mutually unsatisfactory. Often such men are unfit for the work in hand and after a few months they are sure to show a gradual decrease in efficiency due to the progress of disease or a dislike for the occupation they have engaged in.

When a company hires men who are wholly unqualified for the service at hand the corporation is sure to lose through increased accidents and large labor turnover or because of unrest created in the organization by these undesirable employees.

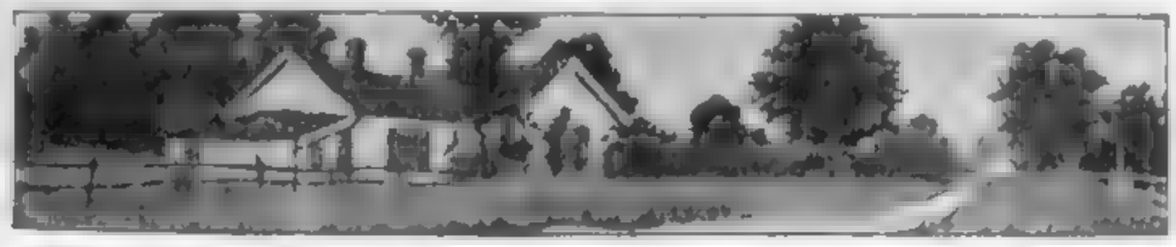
It has been found that in industries where medical examinations are unknown the prevalence of acute contagious diseases is far greater than in those businesses where all prospective employees are carefully investigated. It is also a fact that such examinations frequently enable the placement of men in positions where their efficiency is greatest.

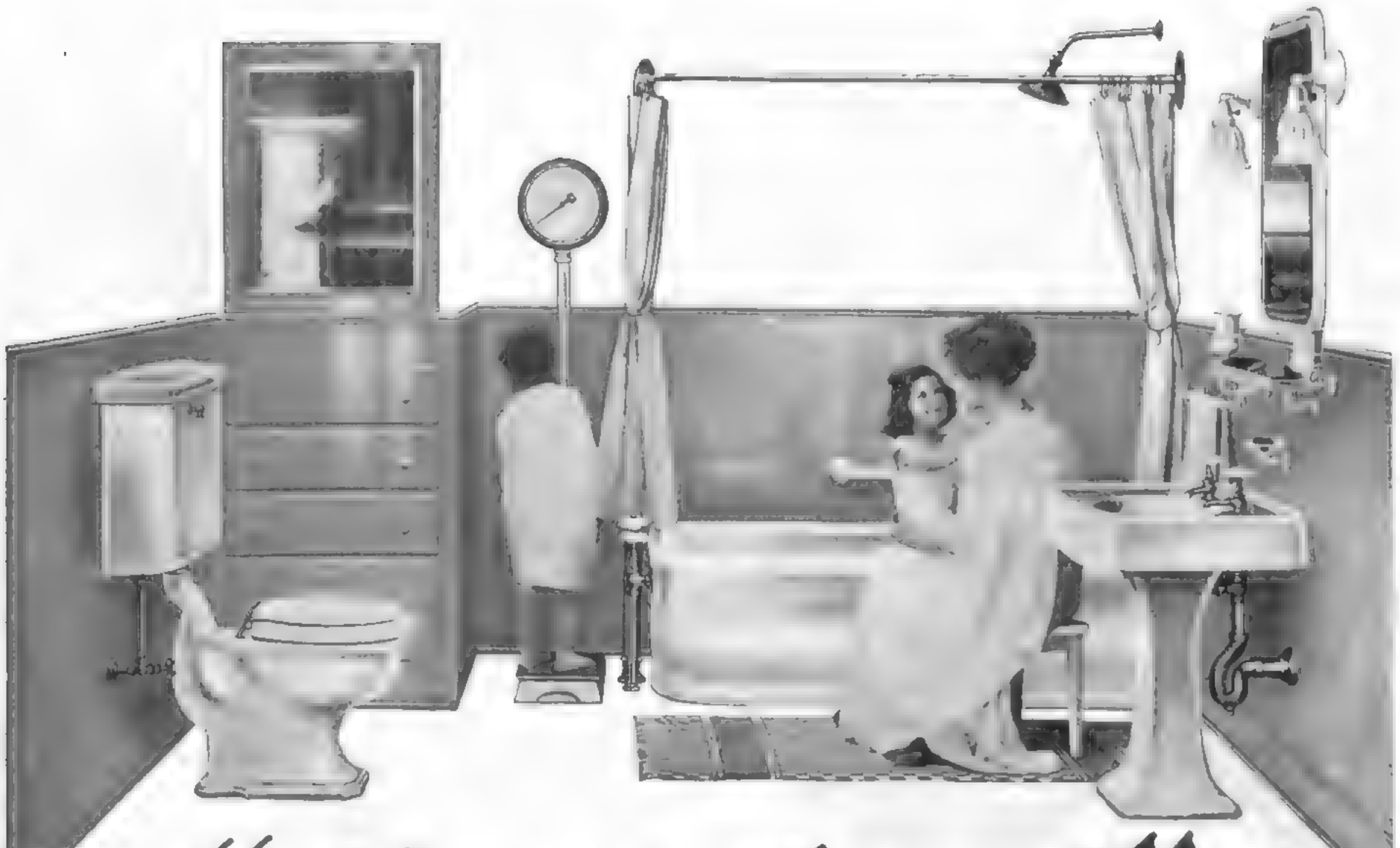
One investigator recently made a study of ten industries where medical examinations prevailed, and showed that of approximately 120,000 applicants investigated in one year only 66,000 proved to have no disabilities of any consequence. Nearly 12,000 applicants were wholly rejected and 41,000 were employed with a full knowledge of their disabilities. Most of these latter workers were placed in selected positions where their infirmities would cause them the least handicap.

Another investigator makes the statement that the practice in the United States with reference to medical work in industries indicates an average annual cost of $2.50 per employee for medical examinations. Let us assume that one of our big American industries employs 200,000 workmen. Let us further suppose that in this industry there are no medical investigations of applicants for jobs. In such an industry 20,000 men, or ten per cent of those employed, would be totally unfit for work and would soon be dismissed. This means 20,000 men added to the labor turnover, and if the cost of the labor turnover in the industry amounts to, say, forty dollars a person, then the employment of these undesirables has cost the industry $800,000. Now if we accept the figure of $2.50 for each examination, as stated above, we find that this particular industry could have adopted a system of examining all prospective employees at an expense of $500,000 annually. The yearly saving from the plan, therefore, to the industry would have been $300,000. It is further true that additional benefits from medical examinations of this kind would have resulted to all the individual companies making up the industry in question.

An authority on the subject of industrial hygiene called attention recently to one instance where an examination of 15,000 applicants caused the rejection in a certain industry of forty-four cases of acute contagious disease which would have caused the companies in question great loss, due to the starting of six different kinds of epidemic that undoubtedly would have started if the diseased applicants had been engaged.

In addition to the saving that is certain to come from this plan of carefully investigating all applicants, each employer is thus enabled to fulfill his duty, which includes the safeguarding of the health and happiness of all of the loyal employees who now serve him.





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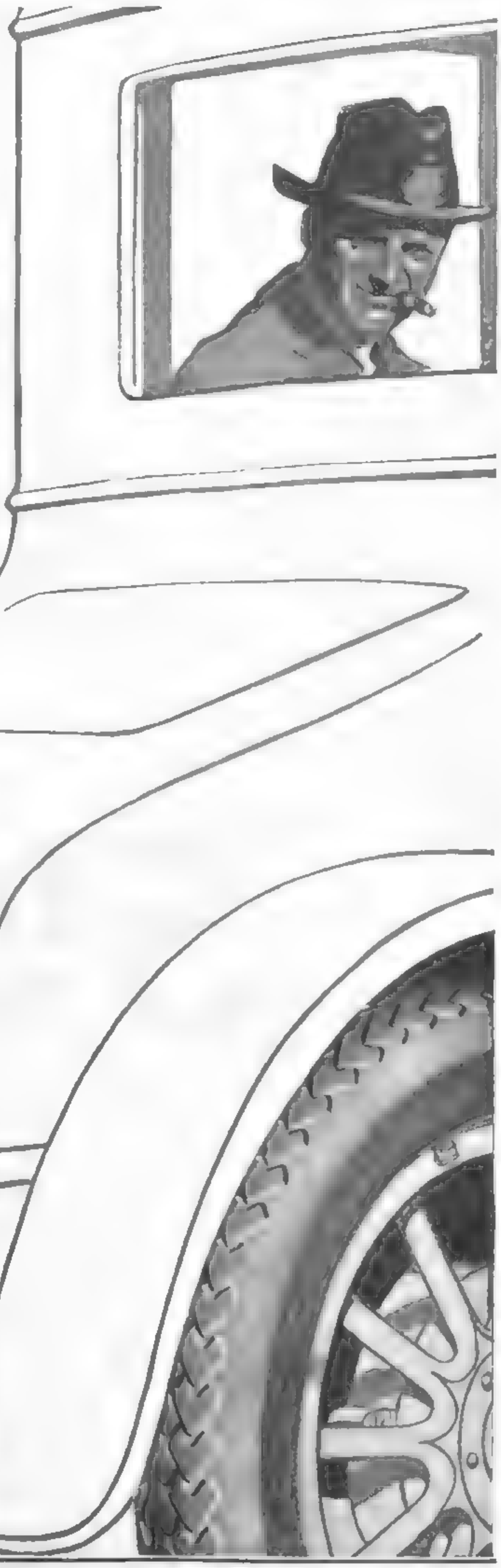

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OLD TANTRYBOGUS

(Continued from Page 9)

They did get started and without more delay. They went in the car, and after a mile or so stopped on a rocky ledge beside the road at what Chet was used to call the Dummy Cover—an expanse of half a dozen acres tangled with alders and birches and thorn and dotted with wild apple trees here and there. Two or three low knolls lifted their heads above the muck of the lower land—an ideal place for woodcock when the flight was on.

The men got out and belled their dogs and old Job stood quietly at Chet's heel while Chet filled his pockets with shells. The other dogs were racing and plunging, breaking across the wall, returning impatiently at command, racing away again. When they were ready the three men went through the bars, and with a gesture Chet sent Job into an alder run to the right. The great dog began his systematic zigzagging progress, designed to cover every foot of the ground, while the younger dogs circled and scuffled and darted about him, nosing here and there, wild with the excitement of the hunt.

Such dogs flush many birds and one of these dogs flushed a woodcock now fifty yards ahead of where old Job was working. The bird started to circle back, saw the men and veered away again. Though the range was never less than forty yards, Chet, who had a heavy far-shooting gun, took a snapshot through the alder tops as the bird turned in flight and he saw it jump slightly in the air as though the sound of the gun had startled it. Chet knew what that little break in its flight had meant and he watched the bird as long as he could see it and marked where it sealed to earth at last in the deeps of the cover ahead of them.

It was while his attention was thus distracted that Job disappeared. When Chet had reloaded he looked round for the dog and Job was gone. He listened and heard no sound of Job's bell. He blew his whistle and blew again. The other two dogs came galloping to their masters, heads up, eyes questioning, but Job did not appear.

The man Hayes said: "He's gone off alone. I wouldn't have a dog I couldn't keep in."

Chet looked at him with a flare of his native temper in his eyes.

"He's got a bird," said Chet. "He's right here somewhere and he's got a bird."

He turned and began to push his way into the alders and the other two men kept pace with him, one on either side. It was hard going; they could see only a little way. Now and then Chet whistled again, but for the most part they went quietly. Woodcock may not be found in open stubble like the obliging quail. You will come upon them singly or by twos in wet alder runs or upon birch-clad knolls or even in the shelter of a clump of evergreens—in thick cover almost always, where it is difficult for a man to shoot; and the bird must usually be killed before it has gone twenty yards in flight or it goes scot-free.

In such a cover as this the men were now hunting for Job; and at the end of fifteen minutes, in which they had worked back and forth and to and fro without discovering the dog, Hayes and the doctor were ready to give up.

"Call him in," Hayes told Chet. "Maybe we'll see the bird get up. We can't find him and we're wasting time."

Chet hesitated, then he said: "I'll shoot. Maybe that'll scare up the bird."

On the last word his gun roared and through its very echoes each of the three men heard the tinkle of a bell, and Chet, who was nearest, cried, "There he is! Careful! The bird's moving."

The dog was in the very center of the cover they had traversed—in a little depression where he chanced to be well hidden. They had passed within twenty feet of him, yet had he held his point. Hayes was the first to do homage.

"By gad," he cried, "that is some dog, McAusland!"

"You be ready to shoot," Chet retorted, "I'll walk up the bird."

They said they were ready; he moved in to one side of Job and the woodcock got up on whistling wings. Hayes' first shot knocked him down.

Job found another bird a little farther on and Chet killed it before it topped the alders. Then they approached the spot where he had marked down that first woodcock, the one which had been flushed by the too-rangy dogs. He called Job, pointed, said briefly: "Find dead bird, Job."

The dog went in, began to work. When the other men came up Chet said: "I think I hurt that first bird. He dropped in here. Job will find him."

"Let's send the other dogs in too," Hayes suggested. "Mine hasn't learned retrieving yet."

Chet nodded and the other two dogs plunged into the cover to one side of Job and began to circle, loping noisily. Job looked toward them with an air of almost human disgust at such incompetency, then went on with his business of finding the bird.

The men, watching, saw then a curious thing: They saw old Job freeze in a point and as he did so the other dogs charged toward him. One, Gunther's, caught the scent ten feet away and froze. The other hesitated, then came on—and Job growled, a warning deadly growl. The other dog stopped still.

Chet exclaimed: "Now ain't that comical? Hear old Job tell him to freeze?"

Hayes nodded and the three stood for a moment, watching the motionless dogs, silent. Then the young dog stirred again and Job moved forward two paces and flattened his head so low it almost touched the ground and—growled again.

Chet laughed.

"All right, Job," he called. "Dead bird! Fetch it in!"

Job did not move, and Hayes said: "Maybe it's not dead."

"I'll walk in," Chet told him. "I won't shoot. You do the shooting."

They nodded and he began to work in through the alders toward where Job stood. The others waited in vantage points outside. Chet came abreast of Job and stopped. But the dog stood still, and this surprised Chet, for Job was accustomed to rush forward, flushing up the bird as soon as he knew that Chet was near at hand. So the man studied the ground ahead of Job's nose, trying to locate the bird; and he moved forward a step or two cautiously and at last began to beat to and fro, expecting every minute to hear the whistle of the woodcock's wings as it rose.

Nothing happened. The two younger dogs broke point with a careless air as though to say they had not been pointing at all; that they had merely been considering the matter. They began to move about in the alders. And at last Chet, half convinced that Job was on a false point, turned to his dog and said harshly: "There's nothing here, Job. Come out of it. Come along. Come in."

Job watched Chet, but did not move. His lower jaw was fairly resting on the ground, and Chet exclaimed impatiently and stooped and caught his collar to drag him away. When he did this he saw the bird—saw its spreading wing beneath Job's very jaw—and he reached down and lifted it, stone dead, from where it lay. Not till Chet had taken up the woodcock did Job stir, but when he saw it safe in his master's hand he shook himself, looked at the other dogs with a triumphant cock of his ears and turned and trotted on down the run.

They left that cover presently, put in an hour in the Fuller pasture, where a partridge and two woodcock fell to their guns, and then drove back to the farm. It was beginning to rain—the thick brush soaked them. Chet bade them come and have dinner at the farm and wait on the chance that the afternoon would see a clearing sky. So they had a dinner of Chet's cooking, and afterward they sat upon the side veranda watching the rain, smoking.

Chet McAusland is an extravagantly generous man. If you go fishing with him you take home both your fish and his own. He will not have it otherwise. Likewise if you go into the covers the birds are yours.

"Sho, I can get woodcock any time! You take them," he will say. "Go on now."

And it is so obvious that he is happier in giving than in keeping that he usually has his way.

After dinner he brought out the birds that had been killed in the morning and laid them on an empty chair beside him and began to tie their legs together so that they could be conveniently handled. Job was on the floor a yard away, apparently asleep. The men were talking. And Job growled.

Chet looked down, saw there were kittens about—there were always kittens at

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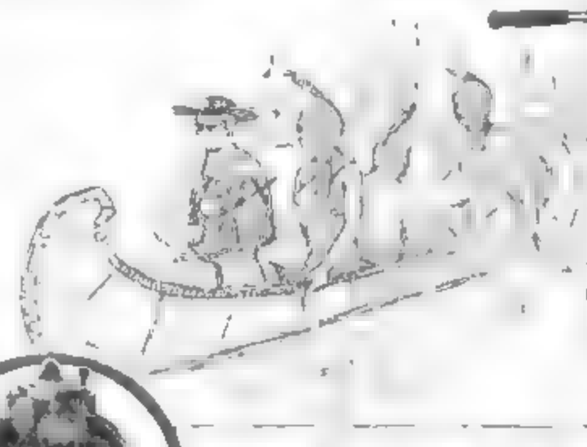

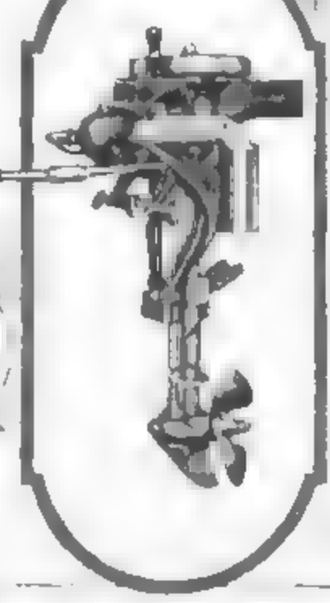

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the farm—and reproved Job for growling at the kits. He was a little surprised, for Job usually paid no attention to them, even permitted them to eat from his plate.

Chet said good-naturedly: "What are you doing, Job? Scaring that little kitten? Ain't you ashamed?"

Job was so far from being ashamed that he barked loudly and Chet bent to cuff him into silence. Then he saw and laughed aloud. "Now ain't that comical?" he demanded. "Look a-there!"

One of the kittens under Chet's very chair was laboring heavily, trying to drag away a woodcock that seemed twice as large as itself. The other men laughed; Chet rescued the woodcock; the kitten fled and Job beamed with satisfaction and slapped his tail upon the floor.

Hayes cried: "By gad, McAusland, that dog has sense! I'd like to buy him."

"You don't want to buy him. He's getting old. He won't be able to hunt much longer."

"Is he for sale?"

"Oh, you don't want him," Chet said uncomfortably. He hated to refuse any man anything.

"I'll give you three hundred for him," said Hayes.

Now three hundred dollars was as much cash as Chet was like to see in a year's time, but—Job was Job. He hesitated, not because the offer attracted him but because he did not wish to refuse Hayes. He hesitated, but in the end he said, "You don't want old Job."

Gunther touched Hayes' arm, caught his eye, shook his head; and Hayes forbore to push the matter. But he could not refrain from praising Job.

"I never saw as good a dog!" he declared.

"He is a good dog," Chet agreed. "He'll break shot, but that's his only out. He's staunch, he'll mind, he works close in and he's the best retriever in Waldo County."

"You don't lose many birds with him," Hayes agreed.

"I can throw a pebble from here right over the barn and he'll fetch it in," said Chet. "There's nothing he won't bring—if I tell him to."

Gunther laughed.

"You're taking in a good deal of territory, Chet."

"I could tell you some things he's done that would surprise you," Chet declared.

Hayes chuckled.

"Let's try him out," he suggested.

"All right."

Hayes pointed toward the barn. The great doors were open and a yellow and black cat was coming through the barn toward them. As Hayes pointed her out she sat down in the doorway and began to lick her breast fur down.

"Have him fetch the cat," said Hayes.

Chet laughed. He stooped and touched the dog's head.

"Job," he said, "come here."

Job got up and stood at Chet's knee, looking up into his master's face, tail wagging slowly to and fro. Chet waved his hand toward the barn.

"Go fetch the cat," he said. "Go fetch the cat, Job." The dog looked toward the barn, looked up at Chet again. Chet repeated, "Fetch the cat, Job."

And the dog, a little doubtfully, left them and walked toward the barn. The cat saw Job coming, but was not afraid. They were old friends. All creatures were friends on Chet's farm. It rose as Job approached and rubbed against his legs. Job stood still, a little doubtfully; he looked back at Chet, looked down at the cat, looked back at Chet.

"Fetch, Job!" Chet called.

Then the dog in a matter of fact way that delighted the three men on the porch closed his jaws over the cat's back, at the shoulder. The cat may have been astonished, but it is cat instinct to hang quietly when lifted in this wise. It made no more than a muffled protest; it hung in a furry ball, head drawn up, paws close against its body.

Job brought the cat gravely to Chet's knee, and Chet took it from his mouth and soothed it and applauded Job.

"I'll give you five hundred for that dog," said Hayes.

"You don't want to buy him," Chet replied slowly, and the two men saw that there was a fierce pride in his eyes.

III

A DOG does not live as long as a man and this natural law is the fount of many tears. If boy and puppy might grow to manhood and doghood together, and together grow old, and so in due course die, full many a heartache might be avoided. But the world is not so ordered, and dogs will die and men will weep for them so long as there are dogs and men.

A setter may live a dozen years—may live fifteen. Job lived fourteen years. But the years of his prime were only seven, less than his share, for in his sixth year he had distemper and hunted not at all then or the year thereafter. For months through his long convalescence he was too weak to walk and Chet used to go in the morning and lift the dog from his bed in the barn into a wheelbarrow; and he would wheel Job round into the sun where he might lie quietly the long day through. But in his eighth year he was himself again—and in his ninth and tenth he hunted.

When he was eleven years old his eyes failed him. The eye is the first target of old age in a setter. It fails while the nose is still keen. In August of Job's eleventh year he went into the fields with Chet one day when Chet was haying, and because the day was fine the dog was full of life, went at a gallop to and fro across the field.

Chet had begun to fear that Job was aging; he watched the dog now, somewhat reassured; and he said to Jim Saladine, who was helping him, "There's life in the old dog yet."

"Look at that!" said Saladine.

But Chet had seen. Job going full tilt across the field had run headlong into a bowlder as big as a barrel, which rose three feet above the stubble. He should have seen it clear across the field; he had not seen it at all. They heard his yelp of pain at the blow upon his tender nose and saw him get up and totter in aimless circles. Chet ran toward him, comforted him.

The dog was not stone blind, but his sight was almost gone. It must have gone suddenly, though Chet looking backward could see that he should have guessed before. Job was half stunned by the blow he had received and he followed Chet to the barn and lay down on a litter of hay there and seemed glad to rest. Chet, his eyes opened by what had happened, seemed to see the marks of age very plain upon the old dog of a sudden.

He took him into the covers that fall once or twice and Job's nose functioned as marvelously as ever. But Chet could not bear to see the old dog blundering here and there, colliding with every obstacle that offered itself. After the third trial he gave up and hunted no more that fall. He even refused to go out with others when they brought their dogs.

"My old Job can't hunt any more," he would say. "I don't seem to enjoy it any more myself. I guess I'll not go out today."

Hayes was one of those who tried to persuade Chet to take the field. An abiding friendship had grown up between these two. And late in October Hayes brought another puppy to the farm.

"He'll never be the dog Job was," he told Chet. "But he's a well-blooded dog."

"There won't ever be another Job," Chet agreed. "But—I'm obliged for the puppy—and he'll be company for Job."

He called the new dog Mac and he set about Mac's training that winter, but his heart was not in it. That Job should grow old made Chet feel his own years heavy upon him. He was still in middle life, as hale as any man of twenty. But—Job was growing old and Chet's heart was heavy.

Mary Thurman in the village—it was she whom Job called his mistress—saw the sorrow in Chet. She was full of sympathetic understanding of the man. They were as truly one as though they had been married these dozen years.

Annie Bissell, Will Bissell's wife, said to her once: "Why don't you marry him, Mary? Land knows, you've loved him long enough."

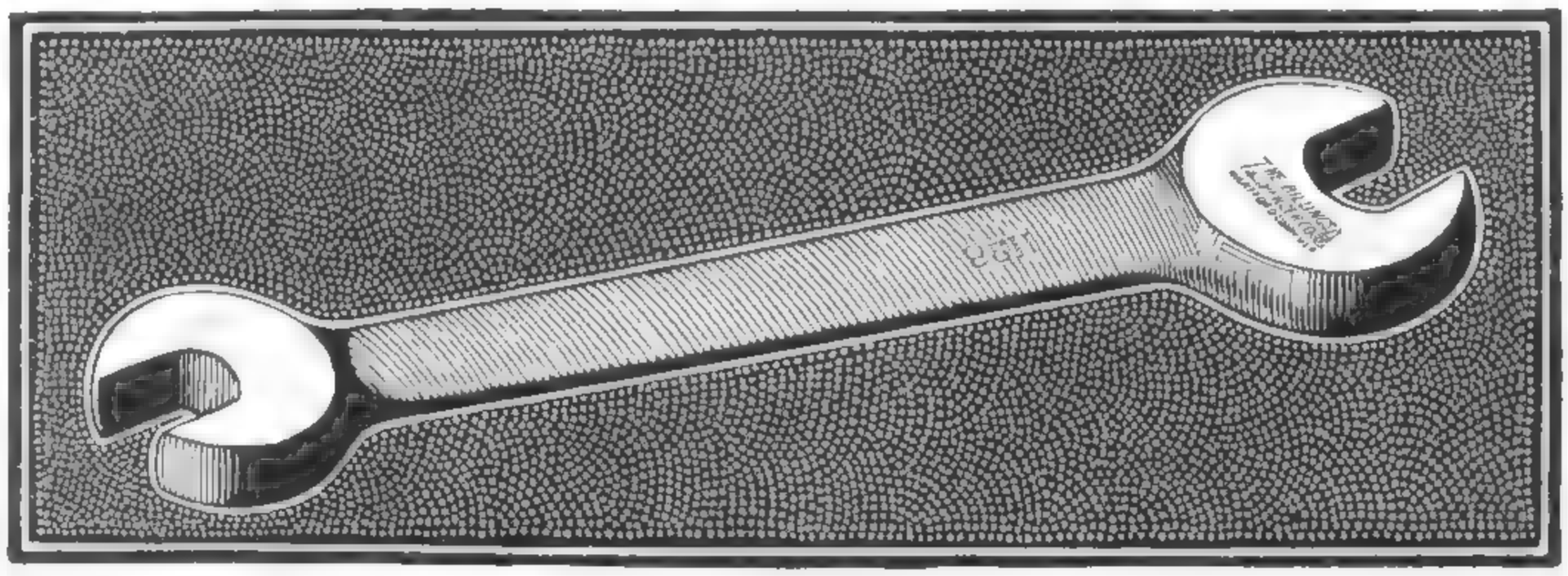
Mary Thurman told her: "He don't need me. He's always lived alone and been comfortable enough and never known the need of a woman. I'll marry no man that don't know he needs me and tells me so."

"Land knows, he needs someone to rid up that house of his. It's a mess," the other woman said.

"Chet don't need me," Mary insisted. "When he needs me I reckon I'll go to him."

She saw now the sorrow in Chet's eyes and she tried to talk him out of it and to some extent succeeded.

(Continued on Page 185)



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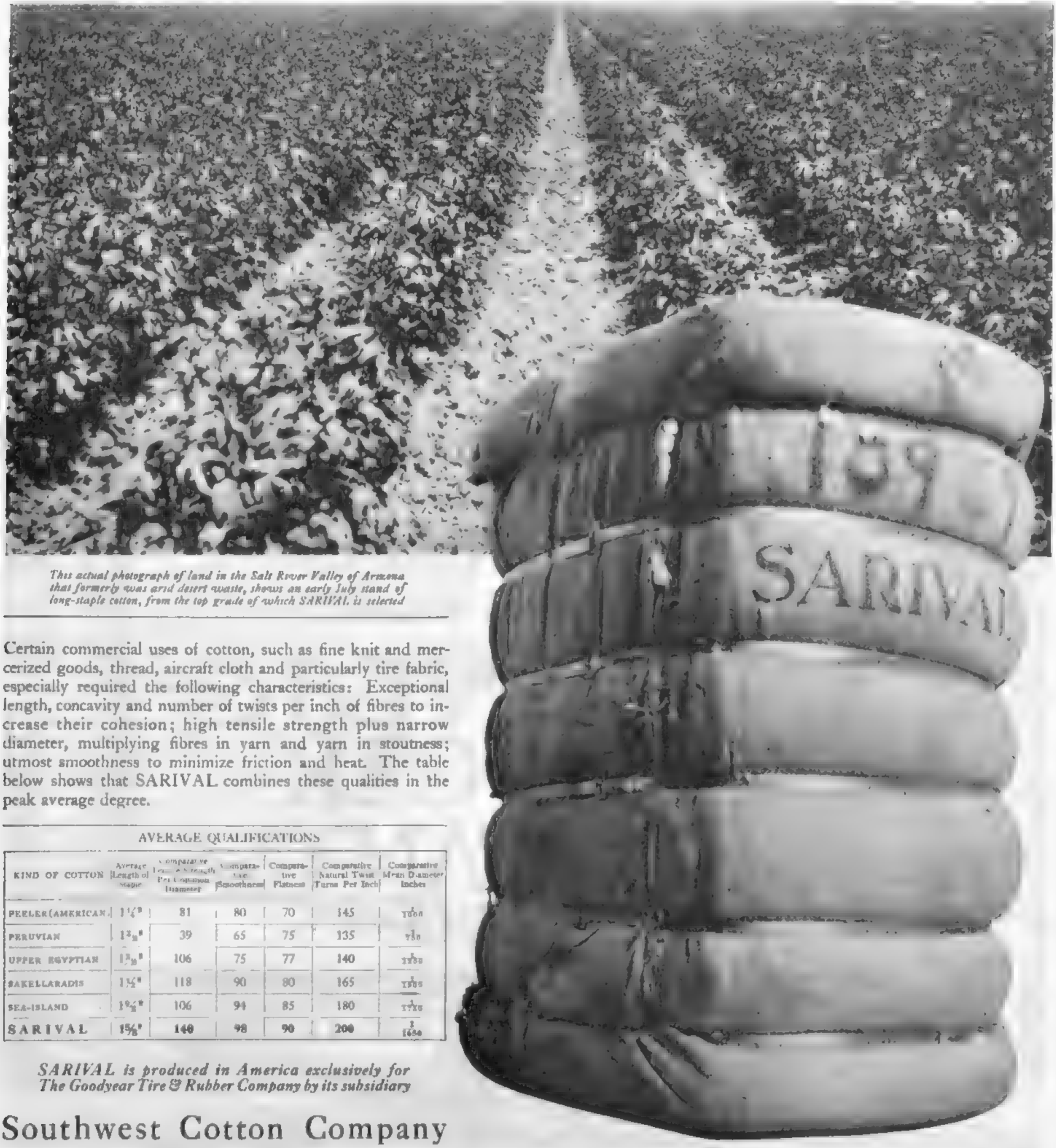

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SEA-ISLAND	1 9/32"	106	94	85	180	1/1720
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(Continued from Page 182)

Chet laughed a little, rubbed Job's head, said slowly: "I hate to see the old dog get old, that's all."

"Sho," said Mary, "he's just beginning to enjoy living. Don't have to work any more."

In the end she did bring some measure of comfort to Chet. And it was she who christened Job anew. He and Chet came down one evening, stopped on their way for the mail, and she greeted Chet and to the dog said, "Hello, Old Tantrybogus."

Chet looked at her, asked what she meant.

"Nothing," Mary told him. "He just looks like an old tantrybogus, that's all."

"What is a tantrybogus?" Chet asked. "I don't believe there's any such thing."

"Well, if there was he'd look like one," said Mary.

The name took hold. Mary always used it; Chet himself took it up. By the time Job was twelve years old he was seldom called anything else.

Chet had expected that Mac, the young dog, would prove a companion for Job, but at first it seemed he would be disappointed. To begin with, Job was jealous; he sulked when Chet paid Mac attention and was a scornful spectator at Mac's training sessions. This early jealousy came to a head about the time Mac got his full stature—in a fight over a field mouse. It happened in the orchard, where Chet was piling hay round his trees. Mac dug the mouse out of the grass, Old Tantrybogus stole it and Mac went for him.

Tantry was old, but strength was still in him, and some measure of craft. He got a neck hold and it is probable he would have killed Mac then and there if Chet had not interfered. As it was, Chet broke the hold, punished both dogs and chained them up for days till by every language a dog can muster they promised him to behave themselves. They never fought again. Mac had for Tantry a deep respect; Job had for Mac—having established his ascendancy—a mild and elderly affection.

In Tantry's thirteenth year during the haying Mac caught a mouse one day and brought it and gave it to the older dog; and Chet, who saw the incident, slapped his knee and cried, "Now ain't that comical?"

About his twelfth year old Tantry's bark began to change. Little by little it lost the deeper notes of the years of his prime; it lost the certainty and decision which were always a part of the dog. It began to crack, as an old man's voice quavers and cracks. A shrill querulous note was born in it. Before he was thirteen his bark had an inhuman sound and Chet could hardly bear to hear it. On gunning days while Chet was preparing to take the field with Mac, Old Tantrybogus would dance unsteadily round him, barking this hoarse, shrill, delighted bark.

It was like seeing an old man gamboling; it was age aping youth. There was something pitiful in it, and Chet used to swear and chain Tantry to his kennel and bid him—abusively—be still.

The chain always silenced Tantry. He would lie in the kennel, head on his paws in the doorway, and watch Chet and Mac start away, with never a sound. And at night when they came home Chet would show him the birds and Tantry would snuffle at them eagerly, then hide his longing under a mask of condescension as though to say that woodcock had been of better quality in his day.

In his thirteenth year age overpowered Tantry. His coat by this time was long; it hung in fringes from his thin flanks, through which the arched ribs showed. His head drooped, his tail dragged; his long hair was clotted into tangles here and there, because he was grown too old to keep himself in order. The joints of his legs were weak and he was splayfooted, his feet spreading out like braces on either side of him. When he walked he weaved like a drunken man; when he ran he collided with anything from a fence post to the barn itself. His eyes were rheumy. And he was pathetically affectionate, pushing his nose along Chet's knee, smearing Chet's trousers with his long white hairs. In his prime he had been a proud dog, caring little for caresses. This senile craving for the touch of Chet's hand made Chet cry—and swear. It was at this time that Mary Thurman told Chet he ought to put Tantrybogus away.

"He's too old for his own good," she said—"half sick, and sore and uncomfortable. He ain't happy, Chet."

Chet told her that he would—some day. But the day did not come, and Mary knew it would not come. Nevertheless she urged Chet more than once to do the thing.

"You ought to. He'd be happier," she said—"and so would you. You ain't happy with him round."

Chet laughed at her.

"I guess Old Tantry won't bother me long as he wants to live," he said.

"He makes you feel like an old man, Chet McAusland, just to look at him," she protested. But Chet shook his head.

"I won't feel old long as I can see you," he told her.

So Old Tantry lived on and grew more decrepit. One day in the winter of his thirteenth year he followed Chet down into the wood lot and hunted him out there—and was so weary from his own exertions that Chet had to carry the dog up the hill and home and put him to bed in the barn.

"I ought to put you away, Tantry," he said to himself as he gave the weary old creature a plate of supper. "It's time you were going, old dog. But I can't—I can't."

His fourteenth year saw Tantrybogus dragging out a weary life. Till then there had been nothing the matter with him save old age, but in his fourteenth summer a lump appeared on his right side against the ribs, and it was as large as a nut before Chet one day discovered it. Thereafter it grew. And at times when the old dog lay down on that side he would yelp with pain and get up hurriedly and lie down on the other side. By September the lump was half as large as an apple. And when Chet touched it Tantry whined and licked Chet's hand in a pitiful appeal. Even then Chet would not do that which Mary wished him to do.

"He'll go away some day and I'll never see him again," he told her. "But as long as he wants to stay—he'll stay."

"It's cruel to the dog," Mary told him. "You keep him, but you won't let him do what he wants to do. I'm ashamed of you, Chet McAusland."

Chet laughed uncomfortably.

"I can't help it, Mary," he said.

IV

OCTOBER came—the month of birds, the month when a dog scents the air and feels a quickening in his blood and watches to see his master oil the gun and break out a box of shells and fetch down the bell from the attic. And on the third day of the season, a crisp day, frost upon the ground and the sun bright in the sky, Chet decided to go down toward the river and try to find a bird.

When the bell tinkled Mac came from the barn at a gallop and danced on tiptoe round his master so that Chet had difficulty in making him stand quietly for as long as it took to adjust the bell on his collar. Old Tantrybogus had been asleep in the barn, and he was as near deaf as he was blind by this time, so that he heard nothing. But the stir of Mac's rush past him roused the old dog and he climbed unsteadily to his feet and came weaving like a drunken man to where Chet stood. And he barked his shrill, senile, pitiful bark and he tried in his poor old way to dance as Mac was dancing.

Chet looked down at the old dog and because there were tears in his eyes he spoke harshly.

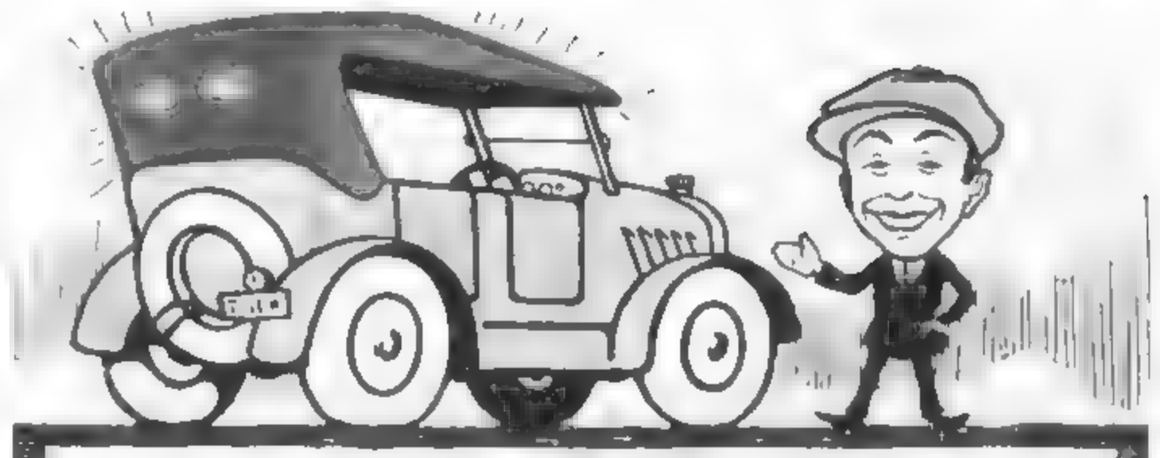
"Tantry, you old fool," he said, "go lie down. You're not going. You couldn't walk from here to the woods. Go lie down and rest, Tantry."

Tantry paid not the least attention; he barked more shrilly than ever. He pretended that it was a matter of course that Chet would bell him and take him along. This is one of the favorite ruses of the dog—to pretend to be sure of the treat in store for him until his master must have a heart of iron to deny him.

Tantry continued to dance until Chet walked to the kennel and pointed in and said sternly, "Get in there, Tantry!"

Then and only then the old dog obeyed. He did not sulk; he went in with a certain dignity, and once inside he turned and lay with his head in the door, watching Chet and Mac prepare to go. Chet did not chain him. There was no need, he thought. Tantry could scarce walk at all, much less follow him to the fringe of woodland down the hill.

When he was ready he and Mac went through the barn and across the garden into the meadow and across this meadow and the wall beyond till the hill dropped steeply toward the river. Repeated commands kept Mac to heel, though the dog



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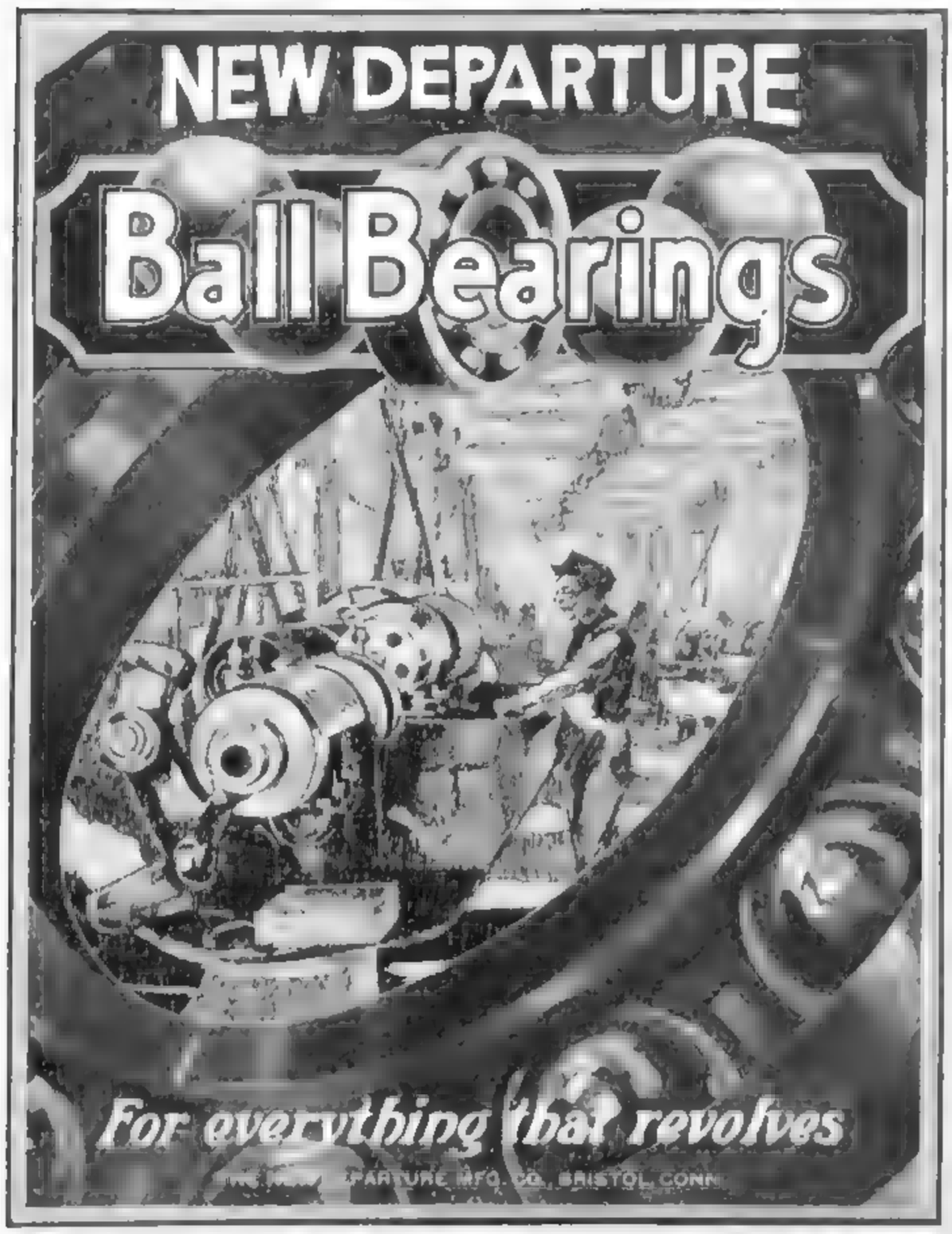

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was fretting with impatience. Not till they were at the edge of the wood did Chet wave his hand and bid the dog go on.

"Now find a bird, Mac," Chet commanded. "Go find a bird."

And Mac responded, moving into the cover at a trot, nosing to and fro. They began to work along the fringe down toward the river, where in an alder run or two Chet hoped to find a woodcock. Neither of them looked back toward the farm and so it was that neither of them saw Old Tantry bogus like a shadow of white slip through the barn and come lumbering unsteadily along their trail. That was a hard journey for Tantry. He was old and weak and he could not see and the lump upon his side was more painful than it had ever been before. He passed through the barn without mishap, for that was familiar ground. Between the barn and the garden he brushed an apple tree that his old eyes saw too late. In the garden he blundered among the dead tops of the carrots and turnips, which Chet had not yet harvested. He was traveling by scent alone, his nose to the ground, picking out Chet's footsteps. He had not been so far away from the farm for months; it was an adventure and a stiff one. The wall between the garden and the meadow seemed intolerably high and a rock rolled under him so that he fell painfully. The old dog only whimpered a little and tried again and passed the wall and started along Chet's trail across the meadow.

Midway of this open his strength failed him so that he fell forward and lay still for a considerable time, tongue out, panting heavily. But when he was rested he climbed to his feet again—it was a terrible effort, even this—and took up his progress.

The second wall, which inclosed Chet's pasture, was higher and there was a single strand of barbed wire atop it. Tantry failed twice in his effort to leap to the top of the unsteady rank of stones and after that he turned aside and moved along the wall looking for an easier passage. He came to a bowlder that helped him, scrambled to the top, cut his nose on the barbed wire, slid under it and half jumped, half fell to the ground. He was across the wall.

Even in the trembling elation of this victory the old dog's sagacity did not fail him. Another dog might have blundered down into the wood on a blind search for his master. Tantrybogus did not do this. He worked back along the wall until he picked up the trail, then followed it as painstakingly as before. He was increasingly weary, however, and more than once he stopped to rest. But always when a thin trickle of strength flowed back into his legs he rose and followed on.

Chet and Mac had found no partridges in the fringe of the woods, so at the river they turned to the right, pushed through some evergreens and came into a little alder run where woodcock were accustomed to nest and where Chet expected to find birds lying on this day. Almost at once Mac began to mark game, standing motionless for seconds on end, moving forward with care, making little side casts to and fro. Chet's attention was all on the dog; his gun was ready; he was alert for the whistle of the woodcock's wings, every nerve strung in readiness to fling up his gun and pull.

If Mac had not found game in this run, if Chet and the dog had kept up their swift hunter's gait, Old Tantrybogus would never have overtaken them, for the old dog's strength was almost utterly gone. But Chet halted for perhaps five minutes in the little run, following slowly as Mac worked uphill, and this halt gave Old Tantry time to come up with them. He lumbered out of the cover of the evergreens and saw Chet, and the old dog barked aloud with joy and scrambled and tottered to where Chet stood. He was so manifestly exhausted that Chet's eyes filled with frank tears—they flowed down his cheeks. He had not the heart to scold Tantry for breaking orders and following them.

He reached down and patted the grizzled old head and said huskily: "You damned old fool, Tantry! What are you doing down here?"

Tantry looked up at him and barked again and again and there was a rending ring of triumph in the old dog's cackling voice.

Chet said gently: "There now, be still. You'll scare the birds, Tantry. Behave yourself. Mac's got a bird here somewhere. Be still—you'll scare the birds."

For answer, as though his deaf old ears had caught the familiar word and read it as an order, Tantry shuffled past his master and worked in among the alders toward where Mac was casting slowly to and fro. Chet watched him for a minute through eyes so blurred he could hardly see and he brushed his tears away with the back of his hand

"The poor old fool," he said. "Hell, let him have his fun!"

He took one step forward to follow the dogs—and stopped. For Old Tantrybogus, a dog of dogs in his day, had proved that he was not yet too old to know his craft. Unerringly, where Mac had blundered for a minute or more, he had located the woodcock—he was on point. And Mac, turning, saw him and stiffened to back the other dog.

Tantrybogus' last point was not beautiful; it would have taken no prize in field trials. His splayfeet were spread, the better to support his body on his tottering legs. His tail drooped to the ground instead of being stiffened out behind. His head was on one side, cocked knowingly, and it was still as still. When Chet, frankly weeping, worked in behind him he saw that the old dog was trembling like a leaf and he knew this was no tremor of weakness but a shivering ecstasy of joy in finding game again.

Chet came up close behind Old Tantry and stopped and looked down at the dog He paid no heed to Mac. Mac was young, unproved. But he and Tantry, they were old friends and tried; they knew each the other

"You're happier now than you've been for a long time, Tantry," said Chet softly, as much to himself as to the dog. "Happy old boy! It's a shame to make you stay at home."

And of a sudden, without thought or plan but on the unconsidered impulse of the moment, Chet dropped his gun till the muzzle was just behind Old Tantry's head. At the roar of it a woodcock rose on shrilling wings—rose and flew swiftly up the run with never a charge of shot pursuing. Chet had not even seen it go.

The man was on his knees, cradling the old dog in his arms, crying out as though Tantry still could hear: "Tantry! Tantry! Why did I have to go and—I'm a murderer, Tantry! Plain murderer! That's what I am, old dog!"

He sat back on his heels, laid the white body down and folded his arms across his face as a boy does, weeping. In the still crisp air a sound seemed still ringing the sound of a dog's bark—the bark of Old Tantrybogus, yet strangely different too. Stronger, richer, with a new and youthful timbre in its tones: like the bark of a young strong dog setting forth on an eternal hunt with a well-loved master through alder runs where woodcock were as thick as autumn leaves.

Half an hour after that Will Bissell chanced by Chet's farm and saw Chet fetching pick and shovel from the shed, and something in the other's bearing made him ask: "What's the matter, Chet? Something wrong?"

Chet looked at him slowly, said in a hoarse voice: "I've killed Old Tantrybogus. I'm going down to put him away."

And he went through the barn and left Will standing there, down into the wood to a spot where the partridges love to come in the late fall for feed, and made a bed there and lined it thick with boughs and so at last laid Old Tantry to sleep.

His supper that night was solitary and cheerless and dreary and alone. But Will Bissell must have spread the news, for while Chet was washing the dishes someone knocked, and when he turned Mary Thurman opened the door and came in.

Chet could not bear to look at her. He turned awkwardly and sat down at the kitchen table and buried his head in his arms. And Mary, smiling though her eyes were wet, came toward him. There was the mother light in her eyes, the mother radiance in Mary Thurman's face. And she took Chet's lonely head in her arms.

"There, Chet, there!" she whispered softly. "I reckon you need me now."

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THE SPRINGS OF YOUTH

(Continued from Page 32)

"Yellow jack?" said William, proud of this phrase—he had read Tom Cringle's Log more than once. "That's bad. I didn't know you had it on the West Coast of Africa."

"Yes—I think we have everything."

Anderson smiled faintly and pulled up his trousers.

"I do wish, Johnny, that you would give up that service!" said Nelly in an energetic tone. "Do you know that it is making you quite an old, old man? Two lumps, isn't it?" Nelly spoke to Anderson, but her eye was on William.

William saw that he was expected to support the argument. He pursed up his lips and frowned in the manner of the great Judge A. William had attended several divorce cases in his researches.

"Yes," he said, "it is a bad climate. It ages a man—ages him before his time."

He sprang up then to carry teacups. Anderson indeed made a sort of gesture as if to rise—he slightly moved one foot—but he was intercepted.

"Don't move!" cried the active William in sympathetic tones. "I'm sure you oughtn't to do too much."

"Thanks. I do feel rather ancient."

William studying the yellow skin and sunken eyes thought he looked as old as he seemed to feel

"That's a bad sign," he remarked. "Why do you stay out there?"

"Yes, why?" cried Nelly, still with her eyes on William.

"Nowhere else to go," replied Anderson, glancing also in William's direction. "You see, Nelly, I've no special knowledge, except general office work and correspondence. Of course I know some law ——"

"Much sport out there?" asked William; and added: "But I beg your pardon! I interrupted you."

"Not at all. No, not much where I am."

"Lions?" with a sonorous roll of the last syllable. William looked almost fierce.

"No—a few leopards."

"You've bagged a leopard, what?"

Anderson shook his head, and made an effort to reach the cake stand, but it was an inch or so too far for him, and he gave up the attempt with indifference—as if he had scarcely expected to succeed.

William leaped up and offered him the scones. The movement had quite an acrobatic neatness and agility—but William probably could have turned somersaults that afternoon, especially in the presence of Mr. Anderson. The contrast of that poor decayed young man's languor was very stimulating.

"I don't see why you shouldn't be a private secretary," said Nelly, catching William's eye, as if by accident. But William was still the dauntless adventurer.

"I would give a good deal for a chance at big game," he said, sitting very straight and balancing his cup like a weapon.

"I ought to be able to manage a secretaryship," said Anderson.

"As a matter of fact I did very nearly go to Africa one year—East Africa. And I should have liked a shot at those Tsavo lions. By Jove"—William wagged his head gently—"I envy that fellow!"

"I actually did do secretary's work for a time ——"

"And, of course, you typewrite quite well, don't you? Try the pink cake. It is better inside."

"I wonder you haven't had a shot at a leopard," said William. "Dangerous beasts, aren't they?"

"I don't know. I never saw one. In fact I don't think I want to see one."

Anderson laughed, and something unexpectedly youthful seemed to be revealed for that moment in his candid look.

"After all, he's only a boy," was William's reflection as he noticed it, not without surprise.

Anderson did not stay long after tea. He remembered in his peculiar vague manner, as if by the working of time-worn and eccentric machinery, that he had promised to meet a man in the Sports Club at half past five, and left as soon as he had swallowed his second cup of tea.

Nelly, solicitous, took him to the door herself, and returned to William with an expression almost mournful.

"Poor Johnny, I'm so worried about him!" she said. "He's a cousin of ours, you know—a second cousin."

"He didn't look very strong."

"He looks very ill. But let me give you some more tea. Didn't you think he looked ill?"

"Very."

"If only he could find something else to do," sighed Nelly. "Won't you have some more tea?"

William vaulted toward the table with his cup.

"He certainly ought to leave the Coast."

"And you see," Nelly continued with a thoughtful frown as she placed the first finger of her left hand on the knob of the teapot and tilted it over William's cup—an action much admired for its extraordinary grace by the attentive William—"Johnny is getting to look like an old man. It's not only looks—it's feelings. Johnny feels old."

"And a man is as old as he feels," said William, breaking his rule for once upon such an excellent occasion.

"Oh, I hope not!" said Nelly, smiling.

"But it's true—absolutely!" William very nearly added "Look at me."

"No, no!" Nelly gently repudiated this sophistry. "It's nothing to do with feelings. Johnny is only as old as he is—I mean from the date he was born. But he looks older than he ought to, and that's what I was going to ask you about."

"But why me?"

William was a trifle dashed by Nelly's cool destruction of his whole theory of life. He had hardly yet discovered his new bearings, and spoke somewhat at random.

"Because you are the only one who can help."

Nelly fixed an earnest gaze on her friend. William revived amazingly.

"You know, Nelly, that anything I can do ——"

"Thank you, but I was sure you would."

"Not at all. Surely you must know, my dear Nelly——"

"Do you know anyone who wants a secretary? You see, if Johnny could only get something to do at home but it's so hard to find anything, and I wondered ——"

Nelly colored slightly and looked away.

"I dare say I might hear of someone. But there is a lot of competition for that sort of thing."

Nelly took a deep breath and began again:

"I thought—Mr. Elton told me—that you were looking—but, of course, Johnny would hardly do for you. At least, he's very clever, you know, but still ——"

William almost grinned.

"Why wouldn't he do?"

"Oh, if you think he would do—then, of course—only I don't want to seem to be influencing you in any way."

"Will Johnny take it on if I ask him?"

"Of course he would. Why, we were only talking about—I mean—I was suggesting—but I know he will. He'd be simply delighted!"

"Then I'll ask him," said the magnanimous William.

Nelly was greatly moved.

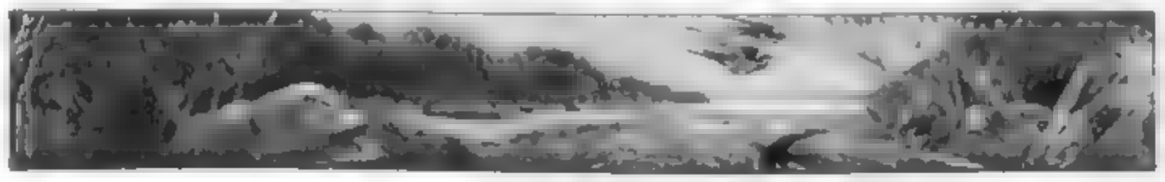
"How good you are to me," she murmured with a tender glance.

"Not at all. After all, Nelly, we are old friends, aren't we? And that is little enough to do ——"

"More than friends," said Nelly warmly. "I don't know how to thank you."

William saw that his great moment had arrived. Perhaps never again would he find so good an opportunity or Nelly in so affectionate a mood. He had a speech ready. It required only a few words of introduction to join it quite nearly with the conversation. He began in an admirable manner:

"I'm glad you think that, Nelly, because"—here began the speech—"for a long time I've been wanting to say something to you—something very important, at least to me." William began to lose his wind. "I'd have said it long ago—only—that is—I've nearly said it over and over



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again—but I was afraid ——" William felt as if his collar was too tight for him, and thrust a finger between his front stud and his neck. Then he put his cup down on the rug, with exact care, cleared his throat and continued: "I was afraid it might spoil our friendship."

Nelly was sitting close to the impassioned young man, and her gratitude had long been seeking expression. With a charming impulse of affection she laid her hand on his

"You need never be afraid of that. If you only knew how much I depended on you"

"Nelly, dear ——"

"But I admit I was rather nervous at one time. I saw you had heard something." Nelly smiled archly.

"Heard something?" William stared.

"And I was afraid you didn't approve. You see, I knew mother wouldn't approve, so I had only you; in fact mother doesn't know anything yet."

"Approve of what?" blurted William.

"Of my engagement to Johnny. But don't you see what a difference it makes if Johnny has not to go away again to that horrible Coast? You know"—Nelly shook her head—"that we had agreed that we couldn't be married till Johnny did get something to do at home. So you see what it means to me—your giving him the secretary work."

"Wait a minute!" said William, suddenly coming to life.

He picked up his cup and carried it carefully to the tea table, flicked a crumb or two off his coat and returned to his seat. His expression was cheerful.

"I was afraid of treading on it," he explained; "and it's a very nice set. So you didn't think I approved?"

"I was afraid not. I've been awfully nervous about this afternoon." Nelly smiled.

"And how did you know I knew?"

"Just by the way you looked."

"Intuition?" William asked gravely. He knew that Nelly had much faith in intuition.

"Perhaps—I expect so," said Nelly.

William mused for a moment and then looked up.

"Well, I do approve. I congratulate you, Nelly. I hope you will be very happy."

Nelly seized William's hand and pressed it warmly.

"I shall owe it all to you. If you weren't helping Johnny like this, I don't know what we should have done."

When William was departing he stopped in the doorway, as if he had recollected something.

"By the way, Nelly, when I came in you were looking at a photograph."

"Was I?" Nelly laughed and blushed.

"Yes; mine, I think."

"You see," explained Nelly—"but you won't mind, will you?"

"No, of course not."

"It's like this—but you're sure you won't mind?"

"No, no, Nelly; go on."

"It's because you always remind me so much of my father."

"In that case," said the gallant William, "I might as well have the privilege of a father, and say good-by properly."

Whereupon he kissed Nelly on both cheeks.

Just opposite the Albert Hall, William ran into Elton. Elton was returning from two hours of aimless strolling, for he had nothing to do with his time until his first examination in bankruptcy. His face lighted up when he saw William, who was one of the few people to whom he owed neither money nor assistance.

"Hello! I see you're limping a bit. What's wrong?"

"My rheumatism again," replied William.

"Didn't know you had it."

"Had it for years. And I'm over fifty, you know. One can't expect to escape these things. By the way, Nelly Power is engaged."

"Oh! Whom to?"

Elton was taken by surprise. For a moment he thought that William was announcing his own engagement, with characteristic reserve.

"A Mr. Anderson, cousin of theirs."

Elton gazed curiously at William. He had not a great deal of tact. William bore himself with impassive courage.

"Well, well. You and I are getting old. It's unlucky to get old."

"It will be all the same in a hundred years," said William, looking keenly at Elton.

Their eyes met, and they smiled with a new understanding and sympathy.

"So long, old man."

"So long."

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